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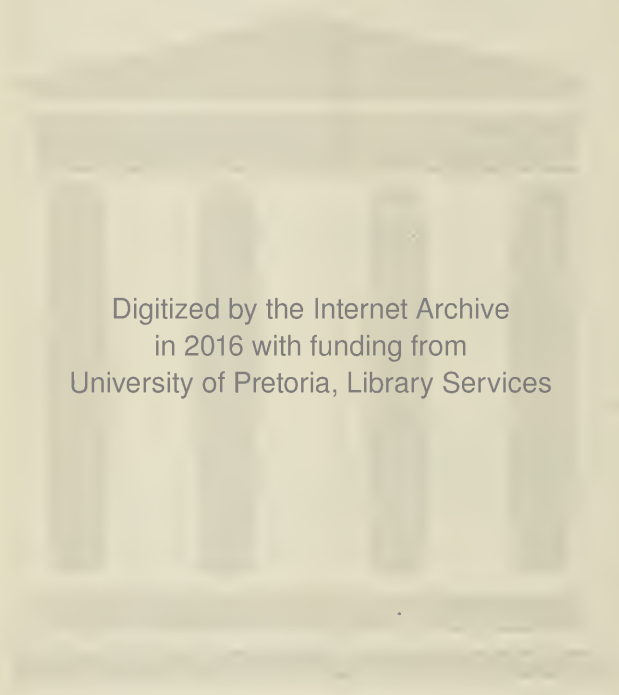
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# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Capital Punishment.

THE question of the retention or abolition of the present extreme penalty of the law is still an open one, on which the intelligence of the age has as yet pronounced nothing approximate to a decisive judgment; but many thinkers in many countries are strenuous opponents of the infliction of capital punishment, and their number appears, on the whole, to be slowly increasing.

Several Continental States in the van of civilization have struck the death penalty from their penal codes. In more than one State the penalty has been abandoned and again imposed, re-abandoned, and re-imposed. In England the thin end of the wedge has been inserted by limiting the death penalty to the one crime of wilful murder, and by abolishing the traditional system of public executions; but the British Legislature has repeatedly—and on a very recent occasion—solemnly recorded its intention to retain the right, as a supreme resource, of inflicting the punishment of death. "The maxim of Publius Syrus, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*," is held by the State still to apply in the case of grave crimes, and in the existing undetermined state of public opinion we see no immediate prospect of the inauguration of what we venture to characterize as a higher law.

We cannot presume within the compass of a short article to do more than indicate briefly a few of the leading arguments for and against the abolition of capital punishment. Very little can be said on either side that has not been said before. All we can hope to achieve is to gather the various scattered pleadings in a more or less compact form, and to add what we can in favour of our own views. The principal discussions have surged, as it were, round the Scriptural, historical, philosophical, and legal aspects of the question.

One party claims for society an inherent right to terminate the existence of great criminals, and founds its claim on Mosaic authority, on the experience of centuries, or on the even broader plea that there is an unwritten law of necessity for States, as for individuals, which not only warrants, but compels, our destruction of those who have proved themselves dangerous to the community at large. The

wits of this party, when urged to respect the life even of a murderer rejoin with the grim witticism of a celebrated Frenchman, "Let the murderers commence first."

There is, however, as we have said, another growing school of thought, who wish to see our Code robbed of its last relics of barbarism; who dispute the validity and obligatory force of the Mosaic covenant, and who declare that the best way to impress the criminal classes with a just notion of the sacredness of human life is ourselves to show, in our legal enactments, an example of its sanctity; and finally, that under no conceivable circumstances is man entitled, judicially or otherwise, to take the life of his fellow-man, and hurry a soul all unprepared out of time into eternity.

There are other disputants who argue the question apart from its strict legality, but on the grounds of expediency and experience. By some, for instance, it is said that the punishment is efficacious as a deterrent, and thus fulfils the main object of all criminal legislation; or, again, that we have advanced to the utmost verge of safety in limiting the extreme penalty within such narrow bounds, and that upon its total abolition the wretch who now only robs would then rob with violence, indulging in murder because it could be done "at the same price." It is needless, perhaps, to add that all parties have one great argument in reserve—the *argumentum ad hominem*, and that all are equally given to appeal to those oft-times faithless guides, statistics, in support of their views.

Such being the present aspect of the controversy, let us see if we may venture without dogmatism to draw any conclusions of our own.

First, as to the Scripture argument. What said God to Noah? "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by men shall his blood be shed." To those who believe in the verbal inspiration of Holy Writ, and who are bound by their creed to accept its statements literally, the above text is decisive. Those, on the other hand, who see no irreverence in a freer interpretation, and who recognize the absolute necessity of admitting the existence and frequent use of poetical and metaphorical figures of speech in the Hebrew Scriptures, will fail to notice in this commandment more than a lofty generalization—an emphatic amplification of another saying, "They who live by the sword shall perish by the sword." As a general proposition it is unquestionably true that none are more likely to perish by violence than the sons of violence themselves. Profane literature, both ancient and modern, abounds with instances to this effect. The Latin writer sententiously tells us, *Neque enim lex justior ulla; est quam necis artifices arte perire suâ*; and the Spanish proverb is equally true to nature, "*Matarias y matarte han, y matarian a quien te matare.*"

But that the rule admits of exceptions is abundantly clear from Scripture itself, to say nothing of history, for Ehud killed Eglon



without reproach, Jael murdered Sisera, and was highly commended for it; Samuel hewed Agag in pieces in cold blood, and was charged with no crime; David, the man after God's own heart, murdered Uriah the Hittite, and was not punished *capitally*. We do not learn that the life even of the first murderer, Cain, paid the forfeit, and that of the most accursed of all murderers, he who betrayed his Master for forty pieces of silver, was taken by himself. In fact, if the Scriptural argument proves anything it proves too much, for the same chapter in Exodus that says, "He that smiteth a man so that he die shall be surely put to death," says also, "He that curseth his father or his mother shall surely be put to death," yet no one would seriously propose to send a man to the scaffold for using abusive language to his parents. Moreover, a regulation in the same Book which enacts that "He who smites his servant with a rod, and he die under his hand, shall be surely punished," is modified in a subsequent verse, most repugnant to modern ideas, by the proviso, "Notwithstanding if he (the servant) continue a day or two, he (the master) shall not be punished, for he is his money." This most unsatisfactory distinction between beating a man to death and beating him within an inch of his life is made doubly distasteful by giving an unqualified sanction to slavery by the emphatic declaration that a servant is the money of his master.

In point of fact, the Levitical legislation was a code of revenge pure and simple. Every wrong had its money value; every crime was to be commuted or retaliated. "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." We have long since learnt to look on this as Lynch law, as justice only in its crudest and most elementary form, and adapted to none but the rudest savage tribes. In the criminal code of the Pentateuch the punishment of a murderer was not relegated to the calm, dispassionate process of law. The *lex talionis*, that primal type of summary justice, was openly encouraged. We are told, for instance, that "The revenger of blood shall himself slay the murderer: when he meeteth him he shall slay him." One can readily imagine the chaos that would come again were the administration of justice thus conducted now-a-days. Yet the Mosaic legislation abounds in similar instructions. Any enticement to idolatry was to be met with stern and unrelenting vigour. The criminal was to be tried at a drum-head court-martial, and executed without benefit of clergy. This, at least, is the precise direction given, "Thou shalt surely kill him: thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death."

In such times as these, innumerable blood feuds, no doubt, disgraced humanity. Revenge, that "braver name for fear," as Davenant calls it, must have been uppermost in the minds of men; the *vendetta* was transmitted from father to son, and the world was filled with violence, while men went to and fro upon the earth revenging private wrongs under pretence of doing God a service. In short, it is impossible to conceal from ourselves that the Levitical

legislation, however much in conformity with the spirit of its age, would be a gross anachronism in the present state of our civilization, and must be taken to be abrogated so far as modern communities are concerned. It is, of course, very true that the punishment of the evil doer is insisted upon in the New equally as in the Old Testament; but however we may torture isolated texts, the whole scope and tendency of the Christian dispensation inclines to mercy rather than to strict justice, and the infliction of capital punishment is nowhere made an article of our faith. St. Peter, indeed, invoked Divine vengeance on Ananias and Sapphira for the sin of lying, but we may be allowed to remember that a more merciful measure was meted out to the erring Apostle himself when he, too, uttered a more awful untruth, and denied his Master thrice.

A striking instance of the abrogation by Christ of the death penalty laid down in the Mosaic code is to be found in the case of the woman taken in adultery, and who was brought up before Him for judgment by the Scribes and Pharisees. The crime was clear, for "she was taken in the very act"—the punishment was equally clear, for "Moses in the law commanded that such should be stoned." But the verdict was characterized by mercy and sublime simplicity, "Go and sin no more."

So much for the Scriptural argument on the subject of capital punishment. We will now proceed to investigate the historical argument. It is said that all civilized nations have claimed the right to bring great criminals to the bar of justice, and to deprive them of life in cases of urgent necessity, on the broad ground that the safety of the State is the supreme law. Not only have ordinary murderers been thus dealt with, but so-called witches, unsuccessful conspirators, and obstinate heretics have for many centuries been committed to the flames without compunction. For alleged encroachments on the inherent rights of their subjects, Kings of England and of France have been solemnly tried, convicted, and put to death. From age to age the most frightful tortures were inflicted by the State for acts of the purest patriotism, and by the Church for acts of supreme conscientiousness. The King *de facto* murdered the adherents of the King *de jure*, and *vice versâ*. Orthodoxy pursued Nonconformity with fire and sword, till the bones of the slaughtered saints cried aloud to God for vengeance from the loathsome dungeons of the Inquisition, the smouldering fires of Smithfield, and the blood-stained Alpine valleys of Piedmont and Savoy. But we may admit the occurrence of these facts without admitting them to be justified. The cruelty of former ages may be past controversy without being past censure.

Few statute books are disgraced with fouler enormities than our own. It is not so very long ago that our penal code carried out, with awful consistency, the ferocious maxim of Draco, "Small crimes deserve death, and I have no higher punishment for the greatest." For treason a man was stretched on the rack, and introduced to the varied tortures of the "boot," the "thumbscrew,"

and the "maiden," and thereafter was not only hanged, but drawn and quartered. In other countries he was mutilated in the face, pressed to death, broken on the wheel, or torn asunder by wild horses. All over Europe at one time a man, however honest in his life and conversation, however blameless in his morals, was liable to be burnt alive for "confounding the substance" of the Trinity, or for denying the claim of a fallible mortal to infallibility.

A century ago Voltaire's sarcasm that "England is the only country where murder is carried on under the sanction of law," was little else than a home truth. Ordinary theft, petty larceny, and a hundred other minor offences, were expiated on the gallows, and had the English code been transmitted in its integrity to the various dependencies of the Empire, and continued in force to this day, it is not too much to say that a majority of the native population of South Africa would have suffered the extreme penalty of the law for their inability to distinguish the precise difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

Thanks to the growing force of public opinion, the brutality of the law has been gradually ameliorated. We begin to admit that to revenge an illegal murder by a legal one is neither sound law nor equity. The indisposition of jurors to usurp the functions of the Almighty, and destroy the creature whom the Great Creator has made, is already producing important consequences. Few jurymen now pronounce the fatal sentence in capital cases without visible compunction. Their struggles become more and more frequent to avoid a direct verdict by recommendations to mercy; by illogical riders of "extenuating circumstances," as in France; by the colourless evasion of "Not proven," as in Scotland; and even by the oft-times transparent perjury of "Not guilty," as in England. A judge, when summing up in critical cases, goes almost out of his way to afford the prisoner the benefit of every doubt, and should the issue of the trial leave him no alternative but to don the black cap, the fatal sentence is promulgated with an almost overwhelming sense of responsibility. Even after conviction a large section of the public is now always found entreating the Home Secretary to remit the penalty of death. In this entreaty the jurors themselves often join, and the pressure brought to bear on the Minister in question is year by year becoming more unendurable.

These are but a few of the symptoms tending to show the dislike, now very generally entertained, to the infliction of the supreme punishment known to the law. It has, indeed, been asserted that in the Swiss Cantons, in Italy, and elsewhere, crime has increased since capital punishment was abolished; but it is right to add that this assertion has met with prompt contradiction. Our greatest English orator, John Bright, has lately declared in the House of Commons that there is no properly-authenticated instance of the abolition of the death penalty having led to increased insecurity of life.

One of the strongest arguments against capital punishment is, of course, the fact that it is irretrievable. In the most degraded specimen of humanity there is still some faint resemblance to the "image

and likeness" of God, and while there is life there is hope—hope of reformation ; but this hope can never blossom into fruition while the criminal, however guilty, can be put to death. In the dead there is no change. The dark portal of the grave once passed, there can be no repentance. Even more awful is it to reflect that the dread penalty against which we protest is at times inflicted on the innocent. There can be no doubt that errors of judgment, excited passions, inveterate prejudices, and the many "undesigned coincidences" of circumstantial evidence, have led frequently to the judicial murder—for we can call it nothing else—of men entirely guiltless of the crime for which they were made to suffer. From this point of view it is difficult to place any limit on the precautions that should be taken to avoid an error that, once committed, is beyond redemption or recall. Such avoidance of error can only be secured by the abolition of an irretrievable sentence.

Another formidable argument against capital punishment is its demoralising effect—an effect extending far beyond the narrow circle of the criminal classes. Public executions were long a scandal to our mother country, and the assizes were but preludes to the shambles. At a time when the nation was fighting the greatest military genius of modern days, when all Europe was arrayed in arms against her, and she imperatively required the services of all her sons ; at such a time of supreme danger, stalwart men were hanged in batches, some of them for offences which deserved little more than reprimand. Men bought "execution suits" of broadcloth as we now buy dress clothes. The scaffold was surrounded by thousands who came from vulgar curiosity to see if the prisoner "died game," and a majority of the spectators left the scene more hardened and brutalized than before.

The private execution system now in force is perhaps even worse. The publicity so prized by our race has ceased to exist, and a suspicion of cruelty and foul play, however groundless, is left in the minds of the criminal classes. The execution is now witnessed by the sheriff, the gaoler, the chaplain, and a special reporter of the "Daily Aggravator." From the latter's facile pen flows a florid description of the hangman and his office, and a sensational account of the ghastly ceremony is next day disseminated by a cheap press throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. Such a familiarity with the harrowing details of crime and its punishment cannot but have a disastrous effect on the minds of all, and especially on the young. The minute and almost *verbatim* reports of crime and vice that fill the columns of those papers, which circulate among the lower classes, are probably far more brutalizing than the practice of public executions. We are sometimes disposed to believe, with De Quincey, that murder is now on a level with the fine arts, and the dramatic secrecy of private executions places the punishment of the crime on the same level as the crime itself. Ministers of Grace and Justice are reduced to the footing of Familiars of the Inquisition and executive officers of the "Vehmgericht," and a prison instead



of being in its truest sense a reformatory, becomes the threshold of a tomb whereon might be written the terrible lines of Dante,

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate."

Thanks, indeed, to the growth of sounder public opinion, the supreme penalty has gradually become of rarer infliction. And have any evil effects followed its restriction? Is life less respected, and property less secure than in the "good old times?" On the contrary, have we not a feeling of security unknown before? And if the partial, why not the total revocation of the death penalty? In this, as in all things, we should have the courage of our opinions.

For our part, we not only express a hope, but a confident belief, that a day will come when, throughout our vast Empire, no soul shall be sent unannounced into the presence of its maker by any deliberate act of the law. We expect no sudden Utopian reform: the Millenium is not demonstrably at hand: there are no immediate signs of the lion lying down with the lamb, or of European nations turning their swords into ploughshares; but we rely much on the gradual progress of enlightenment, on the silent but certain forces of advancing civilization, and consequently on the ultimate "reign of law" of a loftier order than now prevails. Meanwhile, it is the duty of all earnest believers in the regeneration of humanity to soften by every means in their power the barbarities of our penal code, and to accentuate that conviction, lying deep down in many hearts, that man has no such inherent right, even on the most solemn pretext, as to take the life of his fellow man, and to send an erring brother, by swift and irreversible process, to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

This is no day-dream of republican fraternity; no gush of sickly sentimentality; no mere theory of unpractical philanthropy. Statesmen of every school, and all who have felt the responsibilities of office, are equally desirous to at all events mitigate the terrors of the law. It is by reducing temptations to crime, not by aggravating its penalties, that we must look for reformation in the character of our "dangerous classes." Superior civilization and sounder morality are not to be obtained by bar and bolt, the gibbet and the axe. In other words, men are not to be made virtuous by Act of Parliament, but by a more extended system of education, by as far as possible bringing the necessities of life within the reach of all, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, giving shelter to the shelterless, and comforting the heart of the mourner. Hunger, wretchedness, and want are potent incentives to crime: virtue is of comparatively easy attainment to those who enjoy happiness and content. It is human misery, not human depravity, that drives many amongst us to the commission of illegal acts, and it is generally only when we are driven to what a great poet has called

"Our last and best defence, Despair,"

that we are tempted to wage war on society, and bid defiance to the laws of God and man.



We hear much cheap assertion about the increase of offences, whereas the increase is apparent only, and is obviously due to more vigilant police supervision, and the more accurate record of criminal statistics. It is not true that crime was less frequent a century ago, but only that it was less frequently discovered. The reign of law, the sway of the magistrate, the efficiency of the police, are for ever extending; the chances in favour of undetected crime are for ever contracting. Innumerable offences once committed with impunity are now dragged to the light of day, but it is the publicity of the crime, not the crime itself, that has increased. A century back seventy-five per cent. of criminals went scot free, and only the remainder were caught in the meshes of the law. The position, roughly speaking, is now reversed. It is the seventy-five per cent. that are punished, and only the remainder that escape. But this is no proof that crime is more common, nay, it is easy to prove by statistics that, man for man of our population, crimes have relatively decreased. This decrease is contemporaneous with marked ameliorations in our code. While the law was cruel it was weak; the milder it has grown the more effective has it become, and now that it is strong it should be merciful. Every reduction in the scale of punishment has mitigated the brutality of our criminal classes. Theft is less common, now its punishment is light, than when it was a hanging matter. The inference is irresistible, and Christianity and human experience unite their testimony in favour of mercy and against ineffectual severity. We record our plea against capital punishment because we believe it is not demanded by the laws of God; because it is opposed to the spirit of the age; because it is unnecessary, demoralizing, and irretrievable. The last bulwarks of legal murder are falling one by one, and we look forward to the day when the infliction of the awful and irrevocable penalty of death will be erased from the Statute Book of our Empire.

M.

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## *The Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.*

DE BARROS' ASIA. *Dec. I., Liv. iii., Cap. 4.*

How the King sent Bartholomeu Dias and João Infante to make discoveries, in consequence of information received from João Afonso d'Aveiro and the Ambassadors whom he brought with him from the Kingdom of Benij, during which voyage they discovered the great Cape of Good Hope.

AMONG many things which King John learnt from the Ambassador of the King of Benij, and also from João Afonso d'Aveiro, and which the inhabitants of those regions had related to the latter, was this:—That to the east of the King of Benij, twenty moon's journey, which, judging from their mode of reckoning, and the short distances they are in the

habit of travelling, might amount to about two hundred and fifty of our leagues, there dwelt a King—the most powerful in that country—called Ogané, who was held among the Pagan Princes on the frontiers of Benij in as much reverence as the High Pontiffs with us.

To this individual, by ancient custom, the Kings of Benij, when they had just commenced to reign, used to send Ambassadors, with large presents, to inform him how, on the death of the late monarch (Foao ; literally, such a one) they had succeeded to the Throne in that Kingdom of Benij, in which they besought him to confirm them. And in token of such confirmation Prince Ogané used to send them, instead of sceptre and crown, a rod and a covering for the head like a Spanish helmet, all of glittering brass, and also a cross of similar brass, resembling those worn by the Commanders of the Order of St. John, to wear on the neck as a relic (*como cousa religiosa e sancta*), and failing these (*sem as quaes peças*), the people used to consider that they did not reign lawfully, and were not entitled to call themselves true Kings. And during all the time such Ambassadors remained (*andava*) at the Court of this Ogané, the latter, as if he were something sacred, was never visible to him (the Ambassador), all that he saw being silken curtains, behind which he (the Prince) was stationed ; but when the Ambassador was being dispatched a foot was thrust forward (*the mostravam hum pé*) from behind the curtains as a sign that he (Ogané) was there, and gave the articles which he (the Ambassador) received. This foot they worshipped as something sacred. A small cross, similar to that which he had to take to the King, was then given to the Ambassador, and fastened on his neck, as a reward for the fatigue of so great a journey ; whereupon he became free and exempted from every kind of servitude, and privileged in the land of his birth in the same manner as Commanders with us.

These facts I learnt in the year 1540, when some Ambassadors of the King of Benij visited this Kingdom, so that I am able to write with more truth, although King John had, in his time, gained full information upon this point. One of these Ambassadors, a man about seventy years of age, wore a cross of this description, and on my asking him the reason he replied in accordance with the above account.\*

And since in the time of King John a very powerful King, called Prester John of the Indies, supposed to be a Christian, was always mentioned in speaking of India, the King (*i.e.*, of Portugal) fancied that he would by means of this man be enabled to obtain some entrance into India, as he had been informed by the Abyssinian Priests who visit these parts of Spain (*i.e.*, Portugal), and by some Friars who had proceeded hence to Jerusalem, and whom he had enjoined to gather information with regard to this Prince, that his (Prester John's) dominions consisted of the territory above Egypt extending to the Southern Sea. For this reason (*donde*) the King, in conjunction with the Cosmographers of the Kingdom, consulting Ptolemy's General Map of Africa (*a taboa geral de Ptholomeu da*

\* The construction of this passage in the original is somewhat involved, and consequently a slight deviation has been made from the Portuguese, which reads as follows :—*Sabendo eu isto, pera com mais verdade o poder escrever (peró que El Rey D. João em seu tempo o tinha bem inquirido) o anno de 1540, vindo a este Reyno certos Embaixadores del Rey de Benij, trazia hum delles, que seria homem de Setenta annos huma Cruz destas ; e perguntando—lhe eu por a causa della respondeu conforme ao assima escrito.*

*descripção de toda Africa*), and (marking off) the pillars on the coast as set up by his own discoverers, and the distance of 250 leagues eastward where the men of Benij said the domains of Prince Ogané were situated, came to the conclusion that he must be Prester John, since both were stationed behind silken curtains, and held the sign of the cross in great reverence. He also thought that if his ships proceeded along the coast, which was then being explored, they could not fail, ultimately, to reach the point at which Cape Prusus,<sup>\*</sup> the extremity of the Continent, was situated, so that, reflecting upon all these things, which increased his desire to discover India, he resolved to dispatch, without delay, in the year 1486, two vessels by sea, and men by land, to carry out the plan which inspired him with so much hope.

Two ships, of about fifty tons each, having been fitted out, and a tender laden with superfluous provisions (since vessels employed in these discoveries had often been in want (of food), and were consequently compelled to return to the Kingdom), they set out towards the end of August of that year (1486).

The chief command on this voyage (the King) had given to Bartholomeu Dias,<sup>†</sup> Cavalier, one of the discoverers of that coast. This individual set sail in the ship of which Pero d'Alanquer was pilot, and Leitao master. Of the other vessel João Infante, another Cavalier, was captain, Alvaro Martins pilot, and João Grego master. In the tender laden with the provisions Pero Diao, brother of Bartholomeu Dias, went as captain, João de Sant-Jago as pilot, and João Alves as master, each skilled in his own department.

And although Diogo Cam had, in the course of two voyages, discovered 375 leagues of coast from Cape Catherine to the Cape called "do Padrão," nevertheless, having passed the river Congo, Bartholomeu Dias hugged the coast until he reached the point called Angra do Salto, on account of two negroes whom Diogo Cam had captured there (alli Saltecoo). These (negroes) having been already instructed as to what they had to do, the King sent back with Bartholomeu Dias, together with four negresses of hither Guinea. The first of these (negresses) he left in the Angra dos Ilheos, where he erected the first pillar;<sup>‡</sup> the second in the Angra das Voltas;<sup>§</sup> the third died; and the fourth remained in the Angra dos Ilheos de Sancta Cruz with two others who were captured there whilst gathering shell-fish. These last they did not wish to take with them since the King had commanded them not to use violence against or injure the inhabitants of the countries they might discover. The reason why the King ordered these people to be set down on that coast, provided with clothing, and well furnished with specimens of silver, gold, and spices, was that on reaching a town they would be able

\* Elsewhere (Dec. I., Liv. 7, cap. 2) he describes Cape "Prusus" or "Prassus" as "*o Prasso promontorio . . . ao qual os naturaes da terra chamam Maçambique.*"

† The Dias family was noted for its navigators, *vide* Major's "Henry the Navigator," p. 217; De Barros' *Asia*, Tom. I., pp. 92, 111, 123. Bartholomeu is mentioned as captain of a vessel bound for S. Jorge da Mina in 1481, Tom I., p. 154.

‡ Major, p. 217, writes, "This pillar was broken some eighty years ago, and was placed on Dias Point, or Pedestal Point."

§ Cape Voltas, Orange River.

to acquaint those whom they might meet (*pudessem notificar de huns em outros*) with the greatness of his Kingdom, and the contents of it, and (inform them) how his ships were cruising on that coast, and that he had ordered them to discover India, and more especially a Prince called Prester John, who was said to have his abode in that country, all with the object that these tidings should reach the Prester, and induce him to send (messengers) from the interior, where he dwelt, to the sea coast, for which purpose the negroes and negresses had received full instructions, and particularly the negresses, who, not being natives of that country, were in hopes of returning to the ships, and being brought back to this Kingdom. (They were told) to proceed into the interior, and to make these things known to the inhabitants, and also to inform themselves as well as possible (*muito bem*) of those things which they had been required to find out (*das que lhes eram encommendadas*—literally, with which they had been charged), and (were further) told that they would be safe, since being women (with whom men waged no war), no harm would be done to them.

They (the navigators) not only erected the pillars which they carried with them, at such distances along the coast as they thought fit, but put them up in places where they could easily be seen (*lugares notaveis*), as, for instance, the pillar called Sant-Jago, (erected) in the locality named Serra Parda, in latitude  $24^{\circ}$  S., one hundred and twenty leagues further than the last pillar put up by Diogo Cam. They also selected names for the capes, bays, and headlands which they discovered, either from the days when they reached them, or from some other incident, for instance, the bay called “das Voltas,” which received its name of “Angra das Voltas,” from the many tacks (*voltas*) they had to make in that place. This bay is situated in latitude  $29^{\circ}$  S., and here Bartholomeu Dias remained five days, being prevented by the weather from continuing his voyage. Steering thence seawards, the same weather compelled them to run thirteen days with sails shortened, and as the ships were small, and the seas exceedingly rough, and unlike those off the coast of Guinea, they considered them highly dangerous (*mortaes*), although off the Spanish coast they were bad enough (*mui feios*) in stormy weather. However, the tempest, which lashed the waves into fury, having abated, they tried to reach (*vieram demandar*) the land by shaping their course eastwards, thinking that the coast-line still extended north and south as heretofore. But, finding that they cruised several days without sighting it, they sailed northwards until they approached a bay,\* which they called “Dos Vaqueiros,” on account of the number of cows they saw on land tended by herdsmen. As they had no interpreter who could understand them, our navigators had no means of conversing with these men (who) as if in fear of such a novel sight, drove their cattle landwards, so that our men could learn nothing further about them than that they were negroes with curly hair, like those of Guinea.

Proceeding further along the coast on their new course, with which the captains were highly satisfied, they arrived at a small island in  $33\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$  S., where they set up a pillar called “Da Cruz,” which gave its name to the island, distant from the mainland a little more than half a league, and as

\* Flesh Bay, near Gauritz River.



there were two springs on this (island), many called it the "Penedo das Fontes" (the Fountain Rock) \*

At this point, as the men were weary and sore, afraid of the great seas they had passed through, they all began to complain as with one voice, and to implore that they should not (be called upon to) proceed further, pointing out how fast the provisions were being consumed, and how difficult it would be to turn back and seek for the vessel which they had left behind with the superfluous stores, and which was already so far off that they would all be dead of hunger before they could possibly reach her, and much more so if they continued their course.† That it was quite enough to have discovered so much of the coast in one expedition, and that they had already more news to tell than had (hitherto) been heard of discoveries on that coast (*que já levavam a maior novidade que se daquelle descubrimento levou*); that they were sure the land trended, generally speaking, eastward, whence it would seem there was behind them some great cape, and that it would be a better plan to turn back for the purpose of seeking it.

Bartholomeu Dias, in order to still the complaints of so many, landed with the captains, officers, and some of the chief mariners, and having administered an oath to them, he commanded them to state candidly what course they considered necessary to pursue for the King's service, and thereupon all agreed that they should return to the Kingdom, giving the reasons above set forth, and others to the same effect (*outras de tanta necessidade*). Of this decision he caused an act to be framed, to which all affixed their signatures. Yet, as he greatly desired to continue the voyage, and only went through these formalities in satisfaction of his official duties, and the commands of the King, since the latter had ordered him to consult with the principal officers in cases of emergency, he requested them all, when they had to sign the decision to which they had come, that they would approve of his proceeding two or three days further along the coast, and should they not, by that time, have made any discovery which might induce them to prosecute the voyage, they would then be at liberty to turn back; and to this they assented.‡

At the end of these days which he had asked of them they had done no more than arrive at a river twenty-five leagues further than the island Da Cruz, in 32 $\frac{2}{3}$ ° S., and because João Infante, captain of the ship *S. Pantaleão*, was the first to land, the river was called, as it still is, "Do Infante."|| From this point they turned back, as the crews began to renew their complaints.

On their arrival at the island Da Cruz, Bartholomeu Dias took leave of the pillar which he had there set up, with as much grief, and as many expressions of sorrow, as if he were parting from a son sentenced to perpetual banishment, recalling to mind with what peril to himself

\* This island is in Algoa Bay.

† This passage is rather difficult, but I believe my translation is very nearly correct. "*Dizendo como os mantimentos se gastavam pera tornar a buscar a não, que leixaram atrás com os sobresselentes, a qual ficava já tão longe, que quando a ella chegassem seriam todos mortos a fome, quanto mais passar avante.*"

‡ *lles* is evidently a misprint for *lle*.

|| Supposed to be the Great Fish River.



and all his people they had effected so little after coming so long a distance, since God had withheld from him the principal (object of his quest.)\*

After leaving that place they came in sight of that great and remarkable Cape, (which had remained) hidden for so many centuries, as if, when it should be presented to view, it would not only show *itself*, but lead to the discovery of another new world (*como aquelle, que quando se mostrasse não descubria sómente assi, mas a outro novo mundo de terras*). This cape Bartholomeu Dias and his companions called "Tormentoso," on account of the dangers and storms through which they had passed in doubling it; but King John, on their arrival in this Kingdom, bestowed upon it another and a more illustrious appellation, naming it the Cape of Good Hope (*Cabo de Boa Esperança*), on account of the promise which it gave of the discovery of the so much longed-for India, of which they had been so many years in search (*per tantos annos requerida*); and as this name was given by a King, and one of whom Spain was justly proud, it will remain in praise of him at whose command it was discovered as long as the memory of man shall last.†

Bartholomeu Dias then, after having noted down such particulars regarding it (the Cape) as related to navigation, and having set up a pillar called S. Filippe, resumed his voyage along the coast (as the weather gave him no opportunity of landing) in quest of the tender, which they reached, after having been parted from her exactly nine months. Of nine men who had been left in her only three were alive, one of whom a Scribe, Fernão Colaço by name, and a native of Lumiar, near Lisbon, was so much overcome with pleasure at sight of his companions that he died soon after, being much enfeebled by disease. The cause of death (of the others) they reported to be that they had trusted the negroes of the land, with whom they had communication, and that these had killed them out of covetousness for certain articles which they were bartering.

After taking in a large quantity of the provisions, and setting fire to the tender, which was already in a state of decay, as there was no one to navigate her, they set sail for the Ilha do Principe, where they found Duarte Pacheco, one of the King's Cavaliers, suffering from a severe illness. This man, not being in a situation to explore the rivers on the coast by himself, for which purpose the King had dispatched him, had sent his ship on a bartering expedition, during which she was wrecked. Part of the crew, however, were saved, and returned with him (Pacheco) in the vessels of Bartholomeu Dias.

As at this time a river named "Do Resgate" (the Barter River) so called from the barter of negroes which was carried on there, had already been discovered, and as they did not wish to return home empty-handed, they touched here, and also at the castle of S. Jorge da Mina, where João Fogaça was in command. The latter delivered over to him (Bartholomeu

\* This passage, to avoid obscurity, has been somewhat freely translated:—"Lembrando—he com quanto perigo de sua pessoa e de toda aquella gente, de tao longe vieram sómente aquelle effecto, pois lhe Deos não concedêra o principal."

† The next sentence, being parenthetical, reads better as a note:—"Of the nature and appearance (of the Cape) we have given a description in our Geography, as being more suitable (for such matters), although it might have been expected (that we would have done so) here."

Dias) the gold which he had obtained by barter, and with which they set sail for this Kingdom, where they arrived in December of the year 1487, having been absent from it sixteen months and seventeen days.

During this voyage Bartholomeu Dias discovered three hundred and fifty leagues of coast, being twice as much as Diogo Cam had made known on two occasions.

Within the space of seven hundred and fifty leagues which these two captains discovered there are six pillars ; the first, called S. Jorge, in the river Zaire, which is in the Kingdom of Congo ; the second, Sancto Agostinho, on a cape bearing the same name ; the third being Diogo Cam's last in Manga das Arêas ; the fourth in order, and first of Bartholomeu Dias, on the Serra Parda ; the fifth, S. Filipe, on the great and remarkable Cape of Good Hope ; and the sixth, Sancta Cruz, on the island of the same name where Bartholomeu Dias put up his last pillar, and the last voyage of discovery made in King John's time came to an end.

M. L. WESSELS,

## Adèle ;

### A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

#### CHAPTER V.

Venus flew back ; the boy was free,  
 For Love on special mission,  
 Had sent him green-eyed jealousy,  
 Juno's own state physician.  
 The cure much worse than the disease,  
 Olympus shook with laughter,  
 For love was never at her ease,  
 And never slumbered after.

JOHN SHEEHAN.

IN a dingy-looking *voorbuis*, with bare white-washed walls, a clay floor, no ceiling, and a few pieces of home-made furniture, sat a solitary figure at one of two little tables, smoking, a glass of brandy at his elbow. This was Herman Stallenberg, the independent Fiscal at Drakenstein. He was apparently still in the prime of life, and would by some have been considered handsome but for a sinister stony look in his cold gray eyes, and the repulsive expression of his countenance. Usually his face wore the reflection of his dark and gloomy mind, where schemes of vengeance against the unfortunate victims of his ambition, vanity, or avarice, were ever revolving, and also the reflection of his guilty conscience, stained with the commis-

sion of many crimes and deeds of violence and cruelty against unoffending Burghers and poor helpless slaves. But upon this particular morning, he sat there, leaning his head on his hand, and completely bowed and crushed under the weight of his wounded feelings and mortified vanity, a martyr to his desires, a slave to the caprice of a woman, a humble suppliant at her feet, his whole soul possessed by the overpowering passion that consumed him—his love for Adèle. He had been powerfully impressed by her charms from the first moment he beheld her. But at first, finding the sensations new and strange—for no heavenly flower had ever blossomed in his dark heart before—he battled with them vigorously, but to no purpose; he soon discovered that they were not to be laid aside like a troublesome Government proclamation, but that they would assert themselves and that constantly, and so succumbing at last to their force and power, he became an earnest suitor for the fair hand of Adèle. In her presence he felt himself constrained; and, under the influence of a power he could not describe, he seemed to lose his very identity and submit meekly and quietly to rebuffs and coldness that would have called forth his anger and revenge under ordinary circumstances. He doubled his every effort to please, showered favours upon her family, shielded her stepfather from the direful consequences of his many unlawful acts; and indeed, like a modern Poet, seemed ready and willing to have his heart trampled out if only her little foot did the injury. But all his efforts were in vain; not only could she not reciprocate his feelings, but she felt positive aversion to him, avoiding his presence and resenting his every attention. Could it have been otherwise, it is possible that Adèle might have proved a benefactor to Drakenstein, by reforming and softening this hard-hearted Fiscal; but it was quite impossible, she felt herself daily receding further and further from the point he desired, and scrupled not to show him the state of her feelings.

He had been away on a sea-cow hunt, and hoped, in the excitement and danger of the chase, to forget his passion; but when on his return he dismounted before his door, his love for Adèle returned upon him with all its former force, and he felt maddened with a desire to see her and hear her voice. Throwing the bridle to a slave, he walked hastily to Meerhoff's house and opened the door with a trembling hand. To his infinite satisfaction he beheld her at a little table sewing, and saw that she was the only occupant of the *voorhuis*. He waited not a moment, but, advancing towards her, held out his hand as he said,

"Adèle, excuse this dust-stained jacket; when I arrived this evening I could think of nothing but you, and I have hastened to your side to assure myself of your welfare. Have you one word of welcome for me?"

Adèle who had for hours been dreaming of Francois, thought this repulsive Fiscal ten thousand times more hateful than ever, and she longed to make her escape; rising hastily she gave him the tips of her fingers and said, "I will go and call papa."

For a minute he looked searchingly into her face, and laid his hand on hers to detain her, then he said, fervently, "Adèle, it is *you* I want; have you not one kind word or look for me after my long absence?"

But the girl was fairly frightened; and feeling now, as she always did, that his hardness and sternness were far more endurable than his tenderness, she gathered up her work hastily, and said as she passed out of the room, "I am very sorry, but I cannot stay just now. I will go and see where papa is."

For a few minutes he sat silent, wincing under the unrelenting blow the haughty girl had dealt his vanity and his cherished schemes of love. He had hoped his absence might have softened her a little, but on the contrary he had never been treated with such undisguised scorn before. She had not deigned him one kind word or look on his return: he who had been at her feet a humble suppliant for months, bearing everything for the sake of his passionate love. As he went home, enraged and disconsolate, brooding over the insulting reception he had had, he determined that he would stand it no longer.

The next morning he rose unrefreshed, and took his accustomed seat at the little coffee table, with a dark and gloomy expression on his countenance, and presently his clenched hand descended heavily as he said, "This very morning shall I require you from your parents, you scornful girl, and claim you from your father as the reward of my indulgence and silence!"

Then he called loudly for his slave, and the trembling creature came timidly forward.

"What account can you give of yourself and of the vagabonds in the place?"

The frightened slave touched a little tuft of wool that hung over his black brow, and began by enumerating various cases of illegitimate trading with the natives, and unlawful acts that had been perpetrated during his master's absence, as he could declare for certain, having peered over garden fences and yard walls, and having listened at the key-holes of the rooms where the natives were secretly locked in, with their ostrich eggs, horns, and ivory, and where they were liberally dosed with brandy, to deprive them of their reason and judgment as to the price of these articles, and from whence they were finally sent forth, their heads very heavy but their pockets very light.

"Ah! the scoundrels!" said Herman; "they shall feel my iron grip ere long, I swear it. Anything else? By the lord be brief, slave."

"The Du Plessis have arrived and are living in Van Harwarden's house."

"What of them? Are they robbing the Government on the sly?"

"No, Baas! not that I know of. I have every night been at the key-hole, until their dastardly Hottentot nearly tore my ear off, coming unawares upon me, but I could hear nothing, but reading out of the Bible and praying, all in French

"Are you wasting my time, you vagabond, with all this nonsense?"



"I was just coming to the rest, Mijnheer, when you interrupted me. I was on the point of saying that when I was hiding behind the orange tree the other night, I heard the Burghers say that the eldest son talks like a rebel, and the youngest is very sweet on Adèle."

Not a word did Stallenberg utter ; the intelligence, so unexpected, quite staggered him ; but the white face he lifted as he searchingly looked at the slave boded death.

"Has he been to the house?" he presently thundered forth.

"Once, Mijnheer ; and once I have seen him under the orange trees while she was singing."

"Begone slave !" screamed the Fiscal ; and the poor black made haste to leave the room, for he feared his enraged master might wreak his vengeance upon *him* for want of a better object.

Then Herman paced rapidly up and down, dark thoughts reflecting dark shadows in his gloomy face. This then was the explanation of the insult she had put upon him the previous night. "She loves this French rebel," he thought bitterly, and struck out his hand furiously as he exclaimed, "Never ! scornful one, nay, never ! shall you clasp to your bosom this hateful French lover." Then he put on his hat, and walked out into the calm morning air, which presented such a complete contrast to the storm raging in his heart.

Coming to Meerhoff's house, he knocked rapidly and loudly at the door, and the Burgher, who was in one of his worst fits, storming against his wife, and had just thrown her teapot violently down and trampled upon it, started and turned pale. That knock was indeed very familiar to him, but its violence astonished him ; he began to fear that the day of retribution had at last arrived. But there was no help for it, he must open the door and let in the dreaded Fiscal. So assuming a meek and pleasant look, he turned the latch, and accosted the dignified functionary with a bland smile.

"I hope nothing is wrong !" said he, startled at the expression of wrath plainly visible in Herman's face ; and the latter, at once perceiving the effect his appearance had on the terrified Burgher, and feeling sure of the success of his mission, seated himself and replied abruptly, "Nothing ; that is, nothing of any consequence !" Then anticipating any further questions, he continued, "I have come this morning to speak to you about Adèle !"

"About *Adèle* !" replied Meerhoff, astonished and relieved ; "she is not in at present."

"That does not signify." Then looking sternly at Meerhoff he said, "It can be no secret to you that I have long desired to make your daughter my wife."

"I have seen it all along," replied the Burgher, "and ever considered you were honouring her greatly by your marked attentions."

"And I have always had your encouragement ?"

"Undoubtedly !"

"I have now come to ask your consent to the marriage, and to

ask *you*, Mrs. Meerhoff," said he turning to the latter—who had not once lifted her head during the whole conversation, and now unwillingly turned her face towards him—"to fix the day for the wedding as soon as possible!"

He had nothing to fear on the score of Meerhoff, who, perfectly regardless of Adèle and her feelings on the subject, and aware that a refusal would be his ruin, replied promptly, "I have no objection, and give my full and free consent."

Mrs. Meerhoff was silent.

Then Herman rose, and as he left the house enquired, "Where shall I find Adele?"

"In the garden," answered Mrs. Meerhoff, with tears in her voice.

Now poor Adèle had gone into the garden but an hour ago, merry and happy as a bird, feeling no shadow on her bright spirit of the coming events. Nature, ever eloquent and beautiful to her, had become ten thousand times more so of late, and she looked, if possible, nobler and lovelier under the holy and purifying influence of her virgin love. Gaily she tripped about the garden, filling the little basket on her arm, surpassing everything there in sweetness and beauty; then suddenly she stopped and looked around. The slaves digging about made the garden too public, and she longed for a private spot, where she might commune with her own heart. After a minute's hesitation, she entered the cornfield, the ears closing behind her, and sat down. And here she began mentally to call up the events of the past few days, and to dwell fondly on the image of him who had impressed her most. She was true to her nature, and her pure soul conjured up no false shame to stand as a warning ghost to her. She felt, and frankly acknowledged to herself, that she had at last met her kindred spirit, and that Francois, eminently worthy of her best affections, held in his hands her heart and future destiny, and she was happy in so believing.

But, though her joy seemed indeed full and her cup of happiness overflowing, she could not hide from herself the melancholy fact that there was one very bitter drop in it that seemed to poison all the rest, and that was Herman Stallenberg's ill-fated love for herself, a love that would prove the ruin of her whole family if she refused to marry him; and she felt now more firmly resolved than ever not to yield to his wishes. And yet her soul sickened at the thought of ruin descending on the gentle and beloved head of her mother.

So absorbed was she in her sad reflections, that her ear never caught the sound of footsteps softly approaching, until the corn in her immediate neighbourhood parted, and before her stood Herman, looking mild and conciliating.

"*Bonjour*, Adèle!" said he coming towards her; "I have been searching all over the garden for you, and, but for your little basket and the ears of corn very suspiciously moving just about here, I should have missed you altogether."

Adèle appeared rooted to the spot, and unable to rise for a moment,

so thoroughly startled was she ; but quickly regaining her presence of mind, she jumped to her feet, and tried to make her escape. The effort was vain : Herman caught her by the hand and held her back.

"Stay !" said he authoritatively ; "you *must* listen to me now."

"I cannot ; mamma is waiting for me."

"Not this morning. She knows I am here."

Had the blow fallen at last ? Poor Adele staggered, and, scarcely aware of what she was doing, leaned against the ears of corn for support. The frail stems gave way : Herman saw her tottering, and caught her in his arms ; and when Adele glanced up into his face, like a startled gazelle, and saw a hideous leer in his eye, and the flush of passion on his cheeks, she shuddered involuntarily, and thought that *death* would be preferable to his hateful embrace. But he only drew her half-swooning figure closer, and bent over her tenderly as he poured his passionate love-tale into her unwilling ears.

"Let me go !" the girl screamed. "Let me go, cruel monster !"

"Not before you promise that you will try to love me. Give me but some hope, Adele, I who have loved you so long and so passionately !" Then he bent down and kissed her fervently.

But Adele shuddered, screamed, and struggled so violently that he released her waist ; and holding her still firmly by the hands, he repeated his words, "Say you will try to love me !"

"Never !" said she vehemently, "never ! so God help me !" and she started aside like a wounded deer, her cheeks burning with shame, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Then your fate be on your own head !" said he, pressing her imprisoned hands tightly, and then casting them back to her with such violence as nearly to throw her down.

Released from him, she drew herself up to her full height, her delicate frame trembling with emotion, her lips parted to reproach him, and pour upon him the scorn he so richly merited ; but, poor child, she had been quite overpowered by the recent trying scene, and was on the verge of fainting. She sank on her knees, covered her lovely face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

Herman having once released her, went a few paces back, and was himself again. He looked unmoved upon her misery and trouble, and when he next addressed her, his voice was hoarse with suppressed anger.

"I regret that you should be so distressed," said he ; "I hoped that my passionate appeal to you might have met with more success ; but now I see you have determined to remain scornful to the end. I regret it for *your* sake, for I could have wished under the circumstances that you had met the proposal with less vehement resistance, but your obstinacy will not avail you in this instance. It was settled this morning by your parents that you are shortly to become my wife."

"I will *die* sooner !" said Adèle piteously.

"You are aware, among us, girls have to obey their parents ?"



"Not in this thing!" said she. "Here I shall obey my own heart, let the consequences be what they will;" and she laid her hand on it, and felt that in so obeying there was only one man she could marry, and that was Francois.

"I think you had better go home now, and hear what your parents will say to you."

Then she prepared to depart, and he parted the corn for her. As she stooped to pick up the basket, he laid his hand on hers, and held it there a moment, as he said, "I will carry the basket for you." He would willingly have given all his substance to possess the heart of this girl. She perceiving his altered look and tone, in which something akin to kindness trembled, dropped on her knees before him,

"Oh! Herman," she pleaded, "if you are generous have mercy on me!"

"How?" enquired he, softened. "Heaven knows I am only too ready to pity you."

"Then, for God's sake, release me from this engagement!"

He hesitated a moment.

"Adèle," said he, "if it were possible I would; but to give you up now, after these years of patient waiting, and loving, and longing, I cannot! no, I cannot!"

"But *I* don't love *you*!"

"You will learn to love me. I cannot believe that it really is such a hardship to you to marry me. Many women marry for wealth and station where their hearts are not engaged, and yet are happy afterwards; and let me tell you, Adèle, every woman is not fortunate enough to marry the man who is so passionately and devotedly attached to her as I am to you!"

He expected her to rise, for he believed that his last speech had been conclusive, but she still knelt and looked pleadingly into his face.

"Oh! Herman," she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "I love another!"

In a moment Jealousy had transformed him from a reasonable being into a very demon of rage and pitilessness.

"Rise!" cried he; and he pulled her up roughly as he said, "You ask for mercy who show no pity; know then, that I will *never* give you up, *never*!"

Scared by his look and tone she hurried home. Bestowing one withering glance on her stepfather, she passed on to her mother.

"Mother dear!" said the heartbroken girl piteously, "have *you* given your consent to this marriage?"

No answer.

"Speak, mother, for God's sake, speak!"

No reply came, but the poor woman's tears were falling fast.

"Certainly!" said Meerhoff, "your mother has consented, and so have I."

"Oh! mother dear," said Adèle, as she laid her weary head on her parent's lap and sobbed bitterly; "have *you* consented to degrade your own child and to make her unhappy for life?"

The poor woman dared not say anything, but she gently stroked her daughter's soft hair, while her bitter tears fell fast as she tenderly bent over her.

Meerhoff, displeased and enraged, for tears never softened him, left the house, thinking to himself as he did so, "That girl will give me trouble yet, but she shall obey."

## CHAPTER VI.

Thro' all ages,—Man is Godlike,—weak and erring suffering man,  
Godlike in the thoughts he thinketh, Godlike in the deeds he can.

When he strives for men around him, battles for his brother's right,  
When he spreads amid the darkness rays of never-dying light.

WATERMEYER.

It was one of those balmy September mornings when all nature looked bright and glorious, and called eloquently upon man to rejoice and be thankful, that two young men stood vigorously digging in their vineyard. One of them, apparently, found the work very irksome, for he frequently stopped and wiped his brow. At last energetically planting the spade into the ground, he exclaimed aloud,

"Were this life to continue much longer, it would be sufficient to crush the very manhood out of one."

"What is it you desire?" said Francois; "without the digging you would starve: it is little enough but it is our all. Fretting and fuming won't mend matters, Pierre."

"I am a fool to expect sympathy from you, Francois; you never will be able to understand me, simply because you do not feel *at all* on those very points which touch me nearest."

They went on digging for awhile, when Pierre again addressed his brother.

"We had rare fun here last night; you would have split your sides had you been present."

"What about?" said Francois.

"We caught that vagabond, Stallenberg, spying."

"Spying what?"

"I am going to tell you. You remember last night was the night I appointed for all the Burghers to meet me here under the trees to sign the petition against Van der Stell. Well, they unanimously approved of what I had written, and I had just succeeded in getting the last signature affixed, when we heard a heavy fall

close by, and ran to the spot. There lay the prostrate figure of the imposing Fiscal, his arm so severely injured that he could not rise immediately, and his wrath at such a pitch that he seemed to be actually foaming at the mouth. It was such a ridiculous spectacle, that all the fellows roared, and so did I."

"How do you account for his falling in that way?"

"I suppose he was out of earshot, and in trying to come nearer, chose the darkest part of the garden to escape observation, and so tripped over a vine. By St. Denis!" said Pierre, "when I presently looked round for my fellow Burghers to enjoy the joke, there was not a soul to be seen, every lion-hearted fellow had speedily decamped before the awful presence of the Fiscal, who now limped away, looking extremely dignified, ha! ha! ha!"

"Pierre," said Francois seriously, "what is to be the end of all these indiscreet doings? What good will all these secret meetings and talkings accomplish?"

"If I succeed," said Pierre earnestly, "in rousing one single desire for better and nobler things in *but* one of the slavish breasts around me I shall be satisfied; but I flatter myself that I have moved more than one to thirst for freedom."

"And for this you would run into danger and for ever ruin yourself? Is it worth while, Pierre? Suppose that you do succeed in rousing the whole of Drakenstein, what then?"

"The more voices there are crying out for liberty, the greater the probability that the Government will heed and amend its ways; for it will listen to the voice of the multitude, when the individual will be disregarded and crushed."

"Then take my advice, Pierre, and drop the whole thing; for heaven's sake drop it, for you are much more likely to suffer the fate of the individual, not having the multitude to back you."

"I would sooner be crushed for ever," said Pierre energetically, "and bear with me the consciousness that I raised my voice against tyranny and oppression, and was ready to lift my arm to uphold liberty and freedom, even though death were the penalty, than live on patiently under the present overpowering weight of corruption and despotism!"

Then Francois was silent. How could he plead with such a determined rebel. And yet he was proud of Pierre; he was a fine and noble fellow; and had his lot been cast in happier days, he would have been an invaluable citizen and a bright ornament to his country; but with such noble aspirations, under Van der Stell's *régime*, there was nothing but ruin before him.

They were about to resume their digging, when Annette came singing down the walk, a little tray in her hand, on which were two cups of coffee and some biscuits. "Have you heard the news?" said she, as she placed the tray on a rough garden bench.

"Not likely, Annette," said Pierre, "when we are earning bread daily by the sweat of our brows."

"Well, we are invited to a nice little dance at Mrs. De Villiers', to take place to-morrow night in the open air, and as it will be a glorious moonlight evening, I hope you will both go. I intend to enjoy myself immensely.

"So shall we!" replied both her brothers; "it is something to look forward to."

"And the next piece of news is of more importance," said Annette. "Adèle Rocher is engaged to the Fiscal, and they are to be married shortly!"

Poor Francois turned deadly pale and nearly dropped his cup. He was quite unprepared for such crushing news; but he was not going to betray his secret. One moment more, and before any one present had noticed his emotion, he was a man again, and went back to his digging with feelings too sacred to be described. But they were not long left undisturbed; for, coming down the garden walk, terribly agitated and very pale in the face, was De Villiers, who walked hurriedly up to Pierre, and said, "My boy, I have got bad news for you and for us all!"

"Let me *hear* the burden of your news first, and then I shall decide whether I think it bad or good."

"No one's decision is needed in this instance; it is as plain as a pike-staff, and it is just simply ruin to us all."

"What is it?"

"You remember we told you that the Stellenbosch Burghers had sent a petition secretly to Batavia, containing all their grievances. Well, Van der Stell has received intelligence that the petition reached its destination safely, and was numerously signed by the Stellenbosch Burghers. The names were not mentioned, but all the worse for the unfortunate Burghers, for he is arresting right and left everyone on whom his suspicion falls. I hear that the Landdrost and a band of soldiers entered one poor fellow's house at daybreak, and dragged him out of bed, disregarding the tears and pleadings of his unfortunate family, and the respectful prayer of the afflicted Burghers, who offered to give ample security for his appearance to answer to any crime he might be charged with. The order to the officials is, no mercy, and their doings at Stellenbosch are certainly most unmerciful."

"Horrible!" said Francois; "but I don't see how that can effect us at Drakenstein. We had nothing to do with that petition."

"No! but we have signed one to Amsterdam, and it is to ask Pierre to burn it at once, that I have come here. For God's sake, my boy, let it not fall into Van der Stell's hands, for then indeed are we all ruined men!"

"Never!" said Pierre haughtily, "shall I reduce to ashes the enslaved burghers' glorious cry for liberty, and so deprive them of the only means of obtaining their freedom. Nay, De Villiers, the risk shall be mine. I fear neither Van der Stell nor any of his depraved officers, and, after what you have just told me, I see more necessity

for such a petition than ever, and what I shall do at once will be to add another clause, setting forth his recent cruelties and despotic measures."

"All this may sound very well in an enthusiastic young fellow like you, who has no one absolutely dependent on him, but I am the father of a family, and can't afford to ruin myself in this reckless way. If you will not destroy the petition, then strike off *my* name."

"Certainly," said Pierre; "but—I say it with sorrow—I did not think that among many other troubles it would fall to my share to blush for a countryman and a brother Huguenot, who once gave up his all for the sake of religious and civil freedom, and is now about to sell the welfare and liberty of his brethren in order to purchase safety and degradation for himself and his family!"

"Pierre, Pierre!" said Francois sternly; "you allow your feelings to carry you too far, you don't take circumstances into consideration."

"No circumstances," said Pierre, "not death itself, can justify a man in doing what he knows to be wrong, degrading, and humiliating to himself and his country."

"I forgive you, Pierre," said De Villiers; "and I feel proud of you as my countryman; but when you have reached my ripe age, and have a young family of tender, helpless girls looking daily to you for support and protection, you will think twice before you bring ruin on their gentle heads, however much you might feel called upon to sacrifice all on your own account and for the public welfare."

"It would be well for Pierre were he to consider poor old father and Annette a little more."

"I differ from you," replied Pierre; "what I am doing is right, I defy any man to say it is not. And we are told in *The Book* ——"

"Be that as it may," said De Villiers, interrupting him; "we must to business now; bring out the petition and let me strike off my name, for I shall have to hurry home to be there before the Fiscal calls. He is going about reading a proclamation to warn the Burghers, and a petition to be signed in favour of Van der Stell. I am going to sign the petition myself, and I advise you to do the same."

Then he took his departure, and Pierre, turning to Francois, said, "What are you going to do?"

"Sign it, of course, for the sake of poor old father and Annette!"

"Then I am left alone!" said Pierre; "but I am not afraid: they can kill the body but not the soul."

The setting sun now warned the young men that the day's work was done. As they slipped on their jackets and turned to leave the garden, the last glorious rays of the departing sun struck full into their faces, but so absorbed were they in the overwhelming sadness of their thoughts—the cause of each man's sorrow quite dissimilar in its nature—that neither glanced at the fast sinking orb to profit by the lessons of hope and promise it taught. They walked



Drakenstein to learn all they could, and to hear the news of the afternoon confirmed, and returned late to supper, stunned by their experience of the faithlessness and feebleness of human nature, their hearts heavier and sadder.

As Francois sat down in his room and bowed his head on his hand, he groaned aloud ; darkness and desolation seemed closing in around him : the girl he had thought an angel in goodness and purity was base and false. "So be it !" said he bitterly ; "she shall never know the anguish I suffer !"

Pierre, meanwhile, according to his custom when greatly excited, paced rapidly up and down outside, his brow exposed to the cool night breeze. He was indeed left alone, to fight against corruption and oppression ; every Burgher had withdrawn his name, fearing the consequences,—not *one* helping hand was stretched out to him in this emergency. As he turned for the last time, he stopped and gazed into the starry depths above, the struggle seemed over, and he exclaimed aloud, "So let it be ! I shall not desert my post because I am left alone."

Annette's sweet voice now called to them to come to supper, and they went in.

The humble repast over, Francois lit his cigar. Into Drakenstein, where lived Adèle, the affianced of another, he could not go ; he therefore strolled to the bottom of the garden and, choosing the most secluded spot, sat down on the bank overlooking the stream. Here he decided he would think it out and determine his future conduct. But, alas ! poor Francois, as he recalled the events of the past few days, found his whole soul so powerfully wrung, and the anguish of losing Adèle so insupportable, that his reason and judgment seemed for the time to forsake him. He loved this girl too passionately and fervently ever to be happy without her ; but to resign her to another !—the thought was maddening. Oh ! that they could both have died before any ruthless hand had sundered them. For a moment he considered what De Villiers had told him. Was it possible that Meerhoff had delivered Adèle up to the Fiscal to save himself ? In that case it would be his duty to ascertain the truth from herself. But, suppose she choose, for the good of the family, to sacrifice herself ? The thought stunned him. Marry a man she hates ; she, with her high pure soul, impossible ! But yet, he said to himself, he was basing all his reasonings on what he had heard from De Villiers. She might not dislike the Fiscal, he had never seen them together, and her enthusiastic nature might have deceived him,—she might not care for him after all. The latter thought wounded him sorely, her love had been so precious to him, and he felt so sure of it. Then he recalled the last time he had seen her, and the last look she had given him, so eloquent in all it said of love and faithfulness. For hours Francois sat on the bank thinking. At last he rose. To-morrow night I shall see her, thought he ; if I can assure myself then that she loves the Fiscal, with God's grace

I shall act as an honourable man. A friend she can never be to me. She must be either all in all or nothing at all; and as he looked pensively in the brook below as it glided swiftly along, the substance of his thoughts at the moment might be told in the two last lines of Gœthe's little Poem, "The youth and the Mill-stream":—

"Go! whisper now in her soft ear  
All that I long and hope and fear."

Then turning he walked home, still dwelling sadly on the same sweet subject. As he emerged from beneath the orange trees, he saw a dark figure slowly ascending the steps leading to his father's house. Instantly he drew back under the shade and watched him. *Vat'il faire l'espion*, thought he. One moment more and his doubts were solved; a rapid knock sounded loudly in the still air, the door opened, and old Du Plessis' voice cordially welcomed the Fiscal.

Pierre bowed haughtily, and seated himself some distance off.

"I hope you are comfortably settled?" said Stallenberg, rather puzzled how to open the conversation, and feeling somewhat awed by the old man's noble presence.

"Thank you, I am quite comfortable; I have nothing to complain of. An old man's wants are few and easily satisfied."

"You are right!" replied the Fiscal; "it is the hot-headed young ones who run their heads into danger in their race after excitement."

As he concluded he looked sternly across to where Pierre was sitting, but to his astonishment found the latter coolly twirling his moustache, apparently scarcely aware of the Fiscal or his words.

"Contemptuous young villain!" thought Herman, as he scowled and bit his lip, "I'll bring down your high looks presently." Then turning to old Du Plessis, he said severely, "I regret to say that my visit here this evening is of a very painful nature."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that!" and the old man leaned forward, while he put his hand to his ear, the more readily to catch the Fiscal's next words.

"May I enquire the object of your visit?" said Pierre haughtily.

"Yes, Sir," replied the Fiscal sternly. "In my office I am obliged to take cognizance of facts that are brought to my notice."

"When it suits your purpose," said Pierre coolly.

"Silence, Pierre!" exclaimed old Du Plessis, alarmed.

The Fiscal proceeded, looking towards the father. "I regret to say, Sir, it has been brought to my notice that your eldest son is not only a rebel himself, but incites others to rebellion and sedition by openly declaring against the Government and its officials, calling secret meetings, and drawing up petitions against the Government."

"Is that so, Pierre?" said his father sorrowfully.

The former rose, and the old man, glancing up into his face, felt alarmed, and commanded him to sit down, but his son's blood was up.

"Father!" said he, "do you blame me for the very spirit that made you choose poverty and exile, rather than enjoy honour, title, and wealth under a tyrant monarch?"



The old man was silent. It was no use curbing that bold spirit; and Pierre, as he turned fearlessly to Stallenberg, drawing himself up to his full height, his tall dignified figure, and bold, frank brow stamping him the nobleman, was quite amused to see how he awed the coward Fiscal, and wrested unwilling admiration from the tyrant, who had certainly never been so treated by rebels whose fate lay in his hands.

"You have accused me of rebellion and sedition," said Pierre, severely. "If a manly resistance to tyranny and despotism, and an attempt to rouse a desire for liberty and freedom in the breasts of craven cowards and abject slaves be *rebellion*, then I *am* guilty."

"Whatever view you may take of these matters, young man, they will convict you of rebellion and sedition," replied the Fiscal; "and I suppose you know the penalty?"

"Were death the penalty," replied Pierre, boldly; "my *last* breath would be a prayer for liberty, and a call upon the Burghers to throw off this galling yoke!"

"I see," said the Fiscal, "you are not to be persuaded to forego your headstrong course. I have come this evening, not to accuse you, but to warn you, and to give you the chance to obtain a free pardon for all that is past. If you will not take a friendly warning, and if you *will* persevere in your present headstrong conduct, your fate be on your own head!"

"Your warnings are falser and hollower than your accusation. But, pray, what are the conditions upon which you would purchase my silence and good conduct?"

Then the Fiscal took out the proclamation, and turned to Pierre as he authoritatively read to him the following clause:—"That we have heard, with sorrow and high displeasure, that as well here at the Cape as in the country, there are within this Government, malicious and wicked inhabitants who have not alone been guilty of entering into a conspiracy against the lawful authority and government of this settlement, but have also, by means of libellous writings against the Government, to which they, partly by persuasion and partly by force, obtained signatures!——"

"That is false!" cried Pierre; interrupting him; "no signatures were obtained by force."

The Fiscal continued,

—"Seduced others from their virtuous course and drawn others into their pernicious schemes;—"

"Good God!" cried Pierre, again interrupting him; "poor slaves, groaning under oppression and tyranny, and crying out in their distress for liberty, are said to be *seduced* from virtuous ways and drawn into pernicious schemes! I can hear no more of this lying petition!"

"Stop me at your peril!" said the Fiscal; then turning towards old Du Plessis, he continued in a loud voice, laying great emphasis on his next words.

—“ And whereas all such proceedings cannot be deemed in any other light than as public mutiny and sedition, and disregard of the lawful authority of Government, tending to the destruction and ruin of the people and of the country !——”

“ Nay ! say rather the groans of an oppressed country and people, crying out for help.”

The Fiscal, not heeding the interruption, continued, and presently turned to Pierre again as he read,

—“ And we do, by these presents, authorize the Independent Fiscal and the Landdrost to inform themselves respecting all such persons, and to *apprehend* all such as may be under suspicion of being engaged in the disgraceful and slanderous conspiracy, wherever they may be found.”

Then he concluded with the last clause, and looked round the room, as if he addressed all present.

“ But inasmuch as it is possible that some may regret their part in these proceedings, having been misled by the malicious ringleaders in the matter ——”

“ The self-sacrificing saviours of their country, you mean ! ” said Pierre sternly, as he rose and advanced to where the Fiscal was sitting.

The latter rose too, and placing himself opposite Pierre, continued,

—“ These are informed that they must instantly appear before the authorities, to avow their repentance for their misdeeds, otherwise they shall receive the same punishment as the other mutineers.”

“ Have you finished ? ” said Pierre.

“ Not yet,” replied the Fiscal ; “ I have a petition here in which have been freely set forth the virtuous character and wise administration of the Governor. The Burghers are required to put their signatures to it ; and I am authorized to say that all who sign it will receive free pardon for all past misdemeanours, but those who refuse shall be accounted rebels and prosecuted accordingly.”

“ Perish your fraudulent petition with you ! ” exclaimed Pierre boldly ; “ and perish this hand if it dare affix the signature of Du Plessis to a lie intended for the ruin, degradation, and enslavement of the country and people ! ”

“ Then I account you a rebel, and shall proceed against you forthwith.”

“ Do your worst, false tyrant ! Nothing that you or your cowardly master have the power to inflict can for a moment shake me in my purpose, or compel me to do a deed, disgraceful alike to the name I bear and the country that owns me, and that could never be effaced were every drop of my heart’s blood shed upon it ! ”

Then the Fiscal rose to depart ; but old Du Plessis detained him a moment and pleaded with him. “ Don’t visit the sins of a young man upon him while his blood is up ! ” said he.

The Fiscal, never having encountered such a determined rebel

before, felt fairly afraid of Pierre ; and having no means at his command for immediately apprehending him, said with some show of humanity, "I am willing to spare him and shall allow him two days in which to consider the matter. If, at the expiration of that time, he does not express his repentance for past misconduct, and promise amendment for the future, I shall arrest him." Then he walked out.

"Pierre !" said his father ; "my beloved son, I would not have you less bold and free, but oh ! my boy, if ruin descended on that brave head, it would bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Be wise and prudent in time !"

"Father !" said Pierre, softened ; "I have no power to annihilate my nature, and would not if I could. I am the victim of circumstances ; and, surely, dear father, you would not see your son, in whose veins the proud and free blood of Du Plessis runs, demean and debase himself by signing a lie for the destruction of the land and people !"

The old man was silent, but he prayed inwardly that God would protect his noble son from the malice of wicked men.

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### Recent Poetry by a New Writer.\*

THAT distinguished British orator and economist, John Bright, in a speech delivered at Bradford some months ago, took occasion to refer to a poem lately published, which he said had interested him very much, and which he viewed as "another gem added to the wealth of the poetry of our language." We are indebted to this reference of Mr. Bright for the pleasure of our acquaintance with a New Writer, whose work is exceedingly beautiful, and well worthy of the high praise bestowed upon it.

The "Epic of Hades" reproduces in a fresh and most graceful form the impersonations with which Pagan mythology has made us familiar. The classic characters of olden time are presented to us, refined and idealized, each in turn giving expression to thoughts and themes of everyday nature and life, which carry with them practical and profitable lessons. And all this is worked out with such power and feeling, and beauty of imagery and language, as to afford genuine enjoyment to every lover of true poetry.

The Epic in its title and design, as well as in its opening lines, brings up some reminiscences of Dante's Divine Comedy. Both represent the spectral occupants of the weird land "beyond the fabled river and the banks of Charon ;" but there the similarity ends. The spirits described by this new author are not in "a land where no hope comes." Even in Tartarus, where each soul suffers in its own jail of woe, apart, alone, there is the thought that when the "concrete

\* THE EPIC OF HADES,—In three books. By a New Writer. Third edition. London : H. S. King & Co., 1877.

stain of life and act " are purged by the avenging furies, they may yet soar "after aeons of days." In Hades proper, again, the spirits are waiting, "as we shall wait, the Beatific end." But as each tells his or her story, revealing the bitter lessons of their lives, we realise and feel that the ancient myths are but the symbolisms of living men and women, and we become impressed with the affinity of human nature throughout all time :

For while a youth is lost in soaring thought,  
And while a maid grows sweet and beautiful,  
And while a spring-tide coming lights the earth,  
And while a child, and while a flower is born,  
And while one wrong cries for redress and finds  
A soul to answer, still the world is young !

The volume is divided into three books, the titles of which—Tartarus, Hades, and Olympus—express their subject. In the first we have Tantalus, the sensualist, with Desire—unsatisfied, sick, impotent desire—pursuing and ever mocking him ; and following him is Sisyphus, conscious of effort spent in vain, and the doom of constant failure—

A gaunt form  
With that great rock above him poised and strained,  
Now gaining, now receding, now in act  
To win the summit, now borne down again,  
And then the inevitable crash—the mass  
Leaping from crag to crag.

The legends of Clytæmnestra and Phædra again, show the effects of woman's passion, and of love divorced from duty—in each case leading to violence and bloodshed, and bringing the penalty of agony and despair following upon their sin.

Phædra, failing to secure her wished-for prize, turns against her lover with "all a woman's armoury of hate," and secures his destruction. By cunning device, "the liar's art, and hypocrite tears, and feigned reluctance," she dupes his father, who in anger bids Hippolytus to drive forth his chariot on the margin of the sea, where the waves overwhelm him. The scene is worked up with powerful effect, but we can only give a short passage from it :—

Even as we stood  
Gazing upon the breathless blue, a cloud  
Rose from the deep, a little fleecy cloud,  
Which sudden grew and grew, and turned the blue  
To purple ; and a swift wind rose and sang  
Higher and higher, and the wine-dark sea  
Grew ruffled, and within the circling bay  
The tiny ripples, stealing up the sand,  
Plunged loud with manes of foam until they swelled,  
To misty surges thundering on the shore.  
. . . But on the verge,  
As I cast my eyes, a vast and purple wall  
Swelled swiftly towards the shore ; the lesser waves  
Sank as it came, and to its toppling crest  
The spume-flecked waters, from the strand drawn back,

Left dry the yellow shore. Onward it came,  
 Hoarse, capped with breaking foam, lurid, immense,  
 Rearing its dreadful height. The chariot sped  
 Nearer and nearer. I could see my love  
 With the light of victory in his eyes, the smile  
 Of daring on his lips : so near he came  
 To where the marble palace-wall confined  
 The narrow strip of shore—his brave young eyes  
 Fixed steadfast on the goal, in the pride of life,  
 Without a thought of death. I strove to cry,  
 But terror choked my breath. Then like a bull  
 Upon the windy level of the plain  
 Lashing himself to rage, the furious wave,  
 Poising itself a moment, tossing high  
 Its wind vexed crest, dashed downward on the sand  
 With a stamp, with a rush, with a roar.

And when I looked,  
 The shore, the fields, the plain, were one white sea  
 Of churning, seething foam—chariot and steeds  
 Gone, and my darling on the wave's white crest  
 Tossed high, whirled down, beaten, and bruised, and flung  
 Dying upon the marble.

In the second work, we have Marsyas overbold, challenging Apollo, and even in his torture, declaring that it is better to have failed gloriously than to be contented with mere ignoble success. Somewhat similar, is the story of Endymion, climbing the steep in search of his high ideal, till one early dawn finds him stretched cold and stark with life's fire nigh burnt out ; then the heavens open and the goddess comes down, kisses his eyes and half-closed lips, and in one precious ecstasy dissolves his life. " 'Tis better," says the spirit, " to seek some such fair impossible love, or high ideal, and failing even,

Cease to be,  
 Than to decline, as they do who have found  
 Broad-paunched content and weal and happiness :  
 And so an end. For one day, as I know,  
 The high aim unfulfilled fulfils itself ;  
 The deep, unsatisfied thirst is satisfied ;  
 And through this twilight, broken suddenly,  
 The inmost heaven, the lucent stars of God,  
 The Moon of Love, the Sun of Life ; and I,  
 I who pine here—I on the Latmian hill  
 Shall soar aloft and find them.

To our mind, however, the adventures of Helen forms one of the most charmingly touching and pathetic conceptions of all the group. It creates in us a gentle sympathy with the "once loving woman," whose fatal gift of beauty plunged the kingdom in war, and brought every form of woe on all the land. The description from her own lips of her first meeting with the shepherd who won her virgin love, is simply exquisite :—

For I remember well  
 How one day straying from my father's halls  
 Seeking anemones and violets,



A girl in spring time, when the heart makes spring  
 Within the budding bosom, that I came  
 Of a sudden through a wood upon a bay,  
 A little sunny land-locked bay, whose banks  
 Sloped gently downward to the yellow sand,  
 Where the blue wave creamed soft with fairy foam,  
 And oft the Nereids sported. As I strayed  
 Singing, with fresh-pulled violets in my hair  
 And bosom, and my hands were full of flowers,  
 I came upon a little milk-white lamb,  
 And took it in my arms and fondled it,  
 And wreathed its neck with flowers, and sang to it  
 And kissed it, and the spring was in my life,  
 And I was glad.

And when I raised my eyes,  
 Behold, a youthful shepherd with his crook  
 Stood by me and regarded as I lay,  
 Tall, fair, with clustering curls, and front that wore  
 A budding manhood; as I looked a fear  
 Came o'er me, lest he were some youthful god  
 Disguised in shape of man, so fair he was;  
 But when he spoke, the kindly face was full  
 Of manhood; and the large eyes full of fire  
 Drew me without a word, and all the flowers  
 Fell from me, and the little milk-white lamb  
 Strayed through the brake, and took with it the white  
 Fair years of childhood. Time fulfilled my being  
 With passion like a cup, and with one kiss  
 Left me a woman.

Ah! the lovely days,  
 When on the warm bank covered with flowers we sate  
 And thought no harm, and his thin reed pipe made  
 Low music, and no witness of our love  
 Intruded, but the tinkle of the flock  
 Came from the hill, and 'neath the odorous shade  
 We dreamed away the day, and watched the waves  
 Steal shoreward, and beyond the sylvan capes  
 The innumerable laughter of the sea!

Ah! the joyous days  
 Of innocence, when Love was Queen in heaven,  
 And nature unproved! Break they then still  
 Those azure circles, on a golden shore?  
 Is there a spot upon the older earth  
 Where, spite of all, gray wisdom, and new gods,  
 Young lovers dream within each other's arms,  
 Silent, by shadowy grove, or sunlit sea?

Then follows the story of Helen's life, as told by the blind old bard, of how all the dark, high-crested chiefs of Argos wooed her, until she grew so tired of loving and of love that when they brought news that her shepherd on the hills had done himself to death for her, she felt no more than a passing pang. Afterwards, when she remembers "what she might have been," she is devoured with remorse, "hating her own fair face which wrought such woe," and praying the gods some plague divine might light on it, and leave her curse a ruin.



Her beauty, however, still clings to her; even when enshrined in marble,

They came and knelt to me,  
Young men and maidens, through the long-drawn years,  
While the old gods bore sway; but I was here,  
And now they kneel no longer, for the world  
Has gone from Beauty.

But I think, indeed,  
They well might worship still, for never yet  
Was any thought or thing of beauty born  
Except with suffering.

The last of the fair shades with whom the spirit converses is Psyche, the soul herself. There is a most delicate blending of the spiritual and the material in her narrative, as she inculcates the lesson that Faith is the foundation of Love. She was conscious of a Presence walking with her, but never on his eyes had she looked, nor knew the fashion of his nature, for she was warned that the gods link Love with Faith, and He withdraws himself from the full gaze of inquiring Knowledge. For a long time she held "her love too dear for doubt," but one sad night her curious girlish heart is tempted to gaze upon his figure as he sleeps. As a glad tear from her too happy eyes falls upon his shoulder, he awakes, and uttering "Farewell," the Immortal One departs. Finding that he does not return, she wanders from fane to fane, o'er land and sea in search of him; and at last comes to the, to her, hateful shrine where rules the Queen of earthly love. Here she is laughed at for seeking a disembodied love; she is bound fast, and set to hard tasks among the slaves and ministers of Cypris, binding the wounds and feeding the pitiful lives of those pent up in her prisons.

There is no sight  
Of suffering, but I saw it, and was set  
To succour it; and all my woman's heart  
Was torn with the ineffable miseries  
Which life and love have caused; and dwelt long time  
In groanings and in tears.

And then, oh joy!  
Oh miracle! once more at length again  
I felt Love's arms around me, and then the kiss  
Of Love upon my lips, and in the chill  
Of deepest prison cells, 'mid vilest tasks,  
The glow of his sweet breath, and the warm touch  
Of his invisible hand, and his sweet voice,  
Ay, sweeter than of old, and tenderer,  
Speak to me, pierce me, hold me, fold me round  
With arms Divine, till all the sordid earth  
Was hued like Heaven, and Life's dull prison-house  
Turned to a golden palace, and those low tasks  
Grew to be higher works and nobler gains  
Than any gains of knowledge, and at last  
He whispered softly, "Dear, unclothe thine eyes,  
Thou mayst look on me now. I go no more,  
But am thine own for ever."

Then with wings  
Of gold we soared, I looking in his eyes,

Over yon dark broad river, and this dim land,  
 Scarce for an instant staying till we reached  
 The inmost courts of heaven.

Following the soaring soul, the poet is carried to Olympus. "A spring-tide land it seemed," clothed in beauty; and, with prodigal imagery, he thus tries to fix the picture:—

Methinks

He knows the scene, who knows the one fair day,  
 One only and no more, which, year by year,  
 In spring-time comes, when lingering winter flies,  
 And lo! the trees blossom in white and pink  
 And golden clusters, and the glades are full  
 Of yellow primrose, and sweet odorous beds  
 Of violets, and on the tufted fields  
 With kingcups starred, and cowslip bells, and blue  
 Sweet hyacinths, and frail anemones,  
 The broad west wind breathes softly, and the air  
 Is tremulous with the lark, and thro' the woods  
 The soft full-throated thrushes all day long  
 Flood the green dells with joy, and thro' the dry  
 Brown fields the sower goes, sowing his seed,  
 And all is life and song. Or he who first,  
 Whether in fair free boyhood, when the world  
 Is his to choose, or when his fuller life  
 Beats to another life, or afterwards,  
 Keeping his youth within his children's eyes.  
 Looks on the snow-clad everlasting hills,  
 And marks the sunset smite them, and is glad  
 Of the beautiful fair world.

The only denizens of Olympus are the shades of the old gods, and they form a joyous company, reclining, like Tennyson's immortals, upon the slope of a fair hill,—

For they lie beside their nectar, and their bolts are hurl'd.

'The first to address him is Artemis, the fair, the pure, the undefiled. By her side stands colossal Herakles, the personification of Strength, who says:—

I have done my work; I rest  
 For ever from the toilsome days I gave  
 To the suffering race of men. And yet, indeed,  
 Methinks they suffer still. 'Tyrannous growths  
 And monstrous vex them still. Pestilence comes  
 And sweeps them down. Treacheries come, and wars,  
 And slay them still. Vaulting ambition leaps  
 And falls in bloodshed still. But I am here  
 At rest, and no man kneels to me, or keeps  
 Reverence for strength mighty yet unabused—  
 Strength which is Power; God's choicest gift, more rare  
 And precious than all Beauty, or the charm  
 Of Wisdom, since it is the instrument  
 Through which all Nature works. For now the earth  
 Is full of meekness, and a new God rules,  
 Teaching strange precepts of humility,

And mercy and forgiveness. Yet I trow  
 There is no lack of bloodshed and deceit  
 And groanings, and the tyrant works his wrong  
 Even as of old ; but now there is no arm  
 Like mine, made strong by Zeus, to beat him down,  
 Him and his wrong together. Yet I know  
 I am not all discrowned. The strong brave souls,  
 The manly tender hearts, whom tale of wrong  
 To woman or child, to all weak things and small,  
 Fires like a blow ; calling the righteous flush  
 Of anger to the brow ; knotting the cords  
 Of muscle on the arm ; with one desire  
 To hew the spoiler down, and make an end,  
 And go their way for others ; making light  
 Of toil and pain, and too laborious days,  
 And peril ; beat unchanged, albeit they serve  
 A Lord of meekness. For the world still needs  
 Its champion as of old, and finds him still,  
 Not always now with mighty sinews and thews  
 Like mine, though still these profit, but keen brain,  
 And voice to move men's souls to love the right  
 And hate the wrong.

Then there is Aphrodite, the source of Love,—

A smile  
 Playing round her rosy lips as plays  
 The sunbeams on a stream.

Athené, the goddess of Knowledge ; Heré of Duty ; and Apollo, the god of Youth and Inspiration, each one describing to the poet the qualities they represent. The calm Heré here lays claim to bear rule in heaven and earth more constant and more wide than Athené—

*For Knowledge is a steep which few may climb,  
 While Duty is a path which all may tread.*

And she thus expands the thought :—

Mine are the striving souls  
 Of fathers, toiling day by day obscure  
 And unrewarded, save by their own hearts,  
 'Mid wranglings of the forum or the mart ;  
 Who long for joys of Thought, and yet must toil  
 Unmurmuring thro' dull lives from youth to age,  
 Who haply might have worn instead the crown  
 Of Honour and of Fame ; mine the fair mothers  
 Who, for the love of children and of home,  
 When passion dies, expend their toilful days  
 In loving labour sweetened by the sense  
 Of Duty ; mine the statesman who toils on  
 Thro' vigilant nights and days, guiding his State,  
 Yet finds no gratitude ; and those white souls  
 Who spend themselves for others all their days  
 In trivial tasks of Pity.

Then at last Apollo sings of higher Power, and of the

Ineffable Light ; and all the bright company of the gods seem to fade and melt away, shaping themselves into other forms—

Blent in a perfect woman ; and in her arms,  
Fused by some cosmic interlacing curves  
Of Beauty into a new Innocence,  
A child with eyes divine, a little child,  
A little child—no more.

In the concluding passage, the author gives his reasons for bringing back, in Christianized form, these tales of the old world, reminding us that nothing but the “weird beat of time”—Youth and Age—divides us from the fresh young days which men call Ancient, and that now, as then, the record of the “little journey of our lives” exhibits still the same unchanging human heart and soul :—

The weary woman  
Sunk deep in ease and sated with her life,  
Much loved and yet unloving, pines to-day  
As Helen ; still the poet strives and sings,  
And hears Apollo's music, and grows dumb,  
And suffers, yet is happy ; still the young  
Fond dreamer seeks his high ideal love,  
And finds her name is Death ; still doth the fair  
And innocent life, bound naked to the rock,  
Redeem the race ; still the gay tempter goes  
And leaves his victim stone ; still doth pain bind  
Men's souls in closer links of lovingness  
Than Death itself can sever ; still the sight  
Of too great beauty blinds us, and we lose  
The sense of earthly splendours, gaining heaven.

And still the heavens lie open as of old  
To the entranced gaze, ay, nearer far  
And brighter than of yore ; and Might is there,  
And Infinite Purity is there, and high  
Eternal Wisdom, and the calm clear face  
Of Duty, and a higher, stronger Love  
And Light in one, and a new, reverend Name,  
Greater than any, and combining all ;  
And over all, veiled with a veil of cloud,  
God set far off, too bright for mortal eyes.

We have not half exhausted the beauties of the book, but we think we have quoted sufficient to give our readers some idea of the merits of this new writer, whose poetic work fully justifies the eulogistic comment of Mr. Bright, that he has added another gem to the wealth of our language, and gives promise of his taking yet higher and permanent rank among the “sweet singers” of the present generation.

## Heroism in a Coal Pit.

To the more civilized of our South African community, it is not a difficult exercise of memory to recall the time, and the feverish excitement of the time, when De Beer's—New Rush—Du Toit's Pan, were names of places which everyone's lips had learned to pronounce. These places and the regions around formed a centre, outside the northern limit of the old Colony, a magnetic pole which attracted to it continuous streams of most sanguinely hopeful adventurers, converging from the extremest east to the extremest west. The diamond-fever infection had spread, and was felt in every house. How men then hastened forward, lest all the gems should be gathered before they reached, and the one chance of making a fortune in an hour lost!

Fortunes were made, without doubt,—some rapidly, others the reward of much hard toil and long-exercised patience, kept alive by hope of success. The general result has been a very sensible financial relief to the whole Colony, also causing its capabilities to be better known, which is of no little importance, and exciting an interest in South Africa beyond what it ever before had called up in the commercial world and among communities where intelligence and enterprize have a place. *Spes bona* be our motto.

It is not here intended to raise the question whether the same amount of energy, toil, perseverance, outlay of capital, all directed to and spent in what may be called the more natural or common resources of the Colony, and the development and improvement of these, would not have produced general results quite as great and beneficial. A steady continuous industry, having for its object the supply of the necessary wants of man, has very obvious commendations, and reasons of preference, when thought of in connection with a spasmodic temporary expenditure of skill and energy, with the mere object of making rich.

The diamond has an incomparably higher nominal value than has coal or iron, but compare what the possession of coal and iron has done for those States in Europe and America, where the said minerals are most plentiful, with what the diamond has done for ourselves, then the real intrinsic value of the grosser, more earthy, less attractive, ministrants of industry—coal and iron—shines out with a brilliancy which makes the worth of our sparkling gem look dimness itself. What built and what gives prosperity to Glasgow, and Birmingham, and Liege? Where is our young Kimberley, when the names of these places bids us realize what we remember or know about them!

Are we to have a discovery of coal, and, if so, will it indeed build us cities on our tenantless plains or on the sunny slopes of our mountains? And will it people these cities with the highest intelligence, skill, honest industry, and moral worth, as well in this South Africa as in Great Britain and Belgium? *Spes bona* again!



Let us have an anticipatory exploration of some of these coal workings in the neighbourhood of Dordrecht or any other neighbourhood where we can. We shall thus renew adventures of other days, call back youth, fearless youth, again. In those days, which are ours now only in memory, we have swung down the dark drenching pit in the hutch used for drawing up the coal to the surface, and, when at the bottom, made our way for many hundreds of yards along a passage some four feet wide and no part of it over two feet in height, rock above and rock below. Our stiffening limbs would ill accommodate themselves to the inconveniences of so narrow an opening now. And narrower still was it where the men were at work, the seam of coal which they were taking out being only eighteen inches in thickness. We promise ourselves a visit to Ferguson's in the Stormberg one day, under the hope that wider elbow-room shall be enjoyed there.

But what of the men who work away down in those regions of darkness? Miners, as a class, do not occupy the highest pinnacle. In the great community of working-men, there are others who compare favourably with the workers underground. They are credited, and not without some show of reason, of being less on their guard against the formation of habits of intemperance than those who are most interested in them would wish to see.

It is admitted that their occupation has in it special elements of danger, but we see here, as in many other cases, that exposure to danger does not tend to foster caution or a character of provident carefulness. In a large proportion of the accidents which take place, some of them very disastrous, the men are themselves at fault. By due caution the disaster might have been provided against or averted.

"The firing of the pit," that is the explosion of a highly inflammable gas—carburetted hydrogen—which is plentifully generated in many of the seams of coal, is one of the most formidable of these dangers; instantaneous death hath thus come upon many. But were the safety lamp, with which the workmen are provided, properly used, no explosion would ever take place.

"The flooding of the pit" is another of these dangers. This may be by water bursting through the rocky roof of the coal workings from the sea overhead, as in the case of Workington forty years ago, when a disastrous loss of life was the consequence; or, as near Hamilton a few months ago, when the river Clyde burst into the Home Farm Colliery, causing a lamentable loss of life also. At Workington the colliers were understood to be one hundred fathoms below the bed of the sea; and surely a thickness of six hundred feet of solid rock is a protection from the rolling waters so far overhead in which some confidence may be put. But no one had ever traversed that ocean-bottom so as to know where might be a sudden dip, or where that solid rock might give place to loose sand.

Not from water overhead alone is it there is danger. In the immediate neighbourhood of works at present in operation, and in



the same seam of coal as is now being wrought, there often exists old workings. All this hollowed out space from which the coal had been taken, as well as the shaft which led down to it, naturally fills with water which has no escape. It may have been beyond the memory of living men that these works were discontinued. No one may know that aught else is there but a continued bed of solid coal. Without a shade of suspicion that he has anything else before him, the workman may be using his tools with all the vigour which honest industry can put forth. A single stroke of his pick may disclose to him his true position and all its attendant danger.

He has driven his pick through the thin shelf of brittle coal which was all that held back that unmeasured waste of water. Once thus tapped, the pent-up flood soon bursts open a large enough channel, through which it rushes with resistless force. Its surging roar calls to the workmen in a tone which they well understand, that they have to win their lives only by reaching the bottom of the shaft and being drawn up before the sweeping torrent overtakes them.

Rude and untutored as colliers usually are, these occasions of sudden danger often bring to light true heroism of character among them. The name of the lad cannot be recalled to memory, else engrossed in capitals it should be here. A few years ago, near Bathgate, a mining centre in Linlithgowshire, one of these irruptions swept into a coal working. A father shouted to his boy to run for his life to the pit bottom. He replied, "I must first warn the other men," and with his life in his hand, he sped through the workings like an angel of mercy, and warned the men of the danger which was upon them, and by his means many lives were saved.

Hardly anything has ever more deeply excited the interest—the heroic humane interest—than the incidents connected with the late disaster at Porth Colliery, Glamorganshire. On the 11th of August last, the men were as usual at work. A sudden rush of wind was the warning voice which told them of danger at hand. With all haste those who first heard and felt it ran towards the shaft. The roar from behind told them that they were to be outstripped in the race for dear life. Thinking it to be an explosion of fire-damp, the signal was made to one of these escaping groups of workmen to fall flat upon the ground that the scorching death-blast might pass over them with less destructive effect. Just in time a voice checks the movement, "No, it is not fire, but water, Cymmer pit has broken in; it is all over with us!" and the advancing flood dashed upon them up to the knees. A boy would have been washed off his feet by the sweep of water but that two of the men, who had taken hold of his hands to help him to keep up with them in their flight, kept him from falling.

The workings always slope downwards to the bottom of the shaft. Water rushing down an incline, and with a pressure behind, such as was here, is more than a match for man, even when life is the prize for which he runs. As to making good their escape, this party run

in vain. Before they can reach the shaft the water has passed them, and stands in all the ways, filling them from floor to roof. They get into a higher part of the workings, where the compressed air is to them a protection against the rising water.

Others had succeeded in reaching the shaft before the water had closed all the ways. The signal, "Danger below!" is sent to those who above have charge of the engine, and it is at once put to its utmost capacity of speed and power, to have the men brought to bank. This done, the men all brought up, worst fears are confirmed. Roll-call discloses the painful fact that fourteen men were missing. Volunteers readily offered to again go down the shaft, up which they had just been drawn, to ascertain the state of matters at the bottom. They found the water to have risen in the pit quite to the top of the passages which led to the workings, so that no one could either go in or get out.

Hope had little enough foothold there. But ere these courageous explorers were drawn again to bank, they fancied that they heard faint tapping on the coal within the workings. They knocked upon the coal in the side of the pit, and were at once answered back by those who were imprisoned within. It was thus certain that some of the missing men were yet living. To reach and save them was the next question.

There was no lack of willing hearts and hands, and the work of cutting a way in to where the men were supposed to be was, without loss of time, proceeded with. Fresh relays of men every few hours kept the work going continually forward. By-and-bye the sound of their tools told that the imprisoned men were themselves at work, cutting out from their own side the solid wall which separated between them and their deliverers. But thirty feet of rock and coal cannot be cut out in a few hours.

When on the second day the two parties had so well succeeded as to have separating them only a thin slice of coal, fears then suggested themselves to the minds of those dauntless men who had ventured so much, and wrought so hard for the rescue of their fellows, as to what might be the effect of breaking this thin partition. They knew that the air within must be highly condensed, forced by the presence of the water into the narrowest space. It could not be, however, that within a foot or so of the imprisoned men they should leave them there. A pick was struck through the coal, and so irresistible was the rush of the pent-up air, that one of the men whom it caught was dashed with such violence, sucked into the hole opened for their deliverance, that he died in consequence. Four, however, were got out in safety, and quickly raised to the pit's mouth, where an excited multitude and their anxious kindred and friends, received them with joyful welcome, as men restored again from the dead.

These five recovered, left still nine of the missing men to be accounted for. Scarcely a hope could be entertained that of these any were alive. Men were, however, down the shaft, that any indica-

tions of living men yet in the workings might be observed and reported. On the afternoon of the same day on which the above five men were reached, the watchers fancied that they heard a scarcely audible tapping. A heavy hammer was then struck forcibly against the face of the coal, and this was at once answered from within by return knocks. From this it was ascertained that other imprisoned men were still alive.

From the first the excitement had been great over all the surrounding country. It now became greater than ever. People from all quarters collected at the village and colliery.

The parties best acquainted with the flooded workings could determine with some accuracy where the yet imprisoned men had found refuge from the dark flood of waters. It was at a much greater distance from the shaft than where those already rescued had been.

Had the ordinary ways been open, some three hundred yards of space must be traversed ere the men can be reached. But all this from floor to roof is filled with water. Divers were obtained, two of whom actually made their way some five hundred feet through those water-choked passages. It was a bold venture ; all honour to the men who made it. But even had they been able to reach the entombed men, it would have been impossible to have conveyed them through that water.

The engines on two pits had been working at their utmost pumping capacity, but made no appreciable reduction of the water below. It was then evident if the men were to be brought out of their living grave it could be only by cutting a passage through to them, as had been done to those already rescued, however much greater the distance.

When this had once been decided upon, picked workmen presented themselves in great numbers, each vying with the other who should strike out most of that thick wall of coal and rock which shut their brothers up in that prison, wherein lay the shadow of death—almost more than the shadow.

By night and by day the work is pushed forward. It is all the same, down in that darkness day is as night. Nay, the deepest darkness of night is not half so black. The men had already been four days shut up in their dismal prison-house when this last resort was fallen back upon, and the laborious work of excavation begun. From Monday till late on Wednesday the work goes on. Hopes rise high now. The voices of the imprisoned men can be distinctly heard. One of them called to the workers, "Cut a little more to the right, and you will soon reach us." One more yard of coal to be broken down, and the prison house is open.

But, alas ! it is not to be ! A terrible outburst of compressed air, or of gas, sweeps everything before it. All lights are extinguished, and the brave men who had been so near to winning success have to make their escape to the pit's mouth. But, however crushing the

disappointment, despair is not in it. However great the danger yet to be encountered, hearts are there to brave it. Fresh work is applied, and mechanical means adopted to compress the air outside that three feet of coal partition, till it shall more nearly balance the density of the air within, compressed by the whole weight of water, and having no escape. The effect of this would be to prevent the danger of explosion, or at least lessen the violence of it, when an opening was made in the coal. With the object of sending soup through, by means of a tube, for the support of the famishing men, holes were bored through the separating partition. Fresh dismay was carried to every heart. The pent-up air was forced out with a sort of pulsating jet, and detonating with a report, described as equal to the report of a small cannon. This, and the prolonged reverberations of the sound through the excavation and hollow shaft, for a time did much to paralyze effort.

To those inside, this well-meant endeavour to aid them brought new danger as well. As the air escaped the water advanced and rose higher. This made one of them group for the hole and stuff it up with a handful of small coal. They did not want food, but piteously begged to be taken out. The water was rising, they said, and it soon would be all over with them.

Yes; and why not at once clear away that then remaining shelf of coal? When so much has been done, so great difficulties overcome, why stand now at this? Yes, victory is within arm's length, but all the danger is concentrated around the point that keeps it from being laid hold of. That coal struck out, are not all the probabilities that there will be a repetition of that which took place ten days ago? That flood of water, in impetuous rush, sweeps into the new opening. And that pent-up air—they already have some experience of what that is, and if from a small opening it be such, what will it be when all at once its whole volume is set free? And how likely, that in addition to both these known to be risks a collection of explosive gas is also behind that coal? And from any one, or from all of these, what facilities of escape have they?

Between them and the shaft there is only the passage which they have opened. It is two and a half feet in width, thirty-five yards of it has a height of three feet, sixty yards more does not exceed eighteen inches in height. Is it to be wondered at that the men pause here?

But whatever the danger, there are eight men who volunteer to brave it. They are all ready. In case of explosive gas it was judged better they should not have lights. Whatever it shall be, they stand face to face with the danger. Duty is theirs, and they shirk it not; humanity is theirs, and they obey her impulse. They will rescue their brothers, if the will of God be, and if not——

Isaac Pride takes up the stout-handled, heavy iron mallet, he brings it down with a will, crash goes the coal, and W. Tod springs through the opening, and the entombed colliers embrace their



deliverers—the brave fellows with hearts not less full of gladness and joy than those to whom they had brought a timely rescue!

By groping only could the poor fellows be found. But be assured they were not far from where for days they had hopefully and anxiously listened to the nearing approach of their deliverers. One shouted, "Where is the lad?" "In my arms," answered G. Jenkins, from whom T. Ash received him and brought him out.

It had been well understood that the water behind stood several feet above the level of the imprisoned men, kept back only by the compressed air, but despite of what had been feared, it rose no higher about them now. What kept it back? Did He speak to it who says, "Hitherto shall thou come and no farther." Miracle, I do not say, but this I do know, that it is to aid such men, and to crown such undertakings with success, that Heaven does work miracles.

Means and appliances were all in readiness to have the disinterred men taken along that narrow passage—but to them, how wide and light! It connected with friends and a living world again. One by one they were brought out, and raised to bank, where an immense crowd had been gathering all these days of evergrowing excitement, and still remained till they should know the end. Some time before the rescue really had been effected, a signal from the bottom had produced the impression that the men had been reached, and a loud cheer, a spontaneous burst of gladness, rose from the throng, and firearms were discharged that the joyful news may be spread the faster and the farther. But now that they know that that rope, working in the pulley, is indeed raising to bank one of the delivered ones. There—there is the cage. Every eye is strained, many hands are clasped together, and down many cheeks the tears trickle, but every voice is hushed. The medical men, many of whom are in attendance, tenderly relieve the cage of its freight. It is the boy, David Hughes, that has been brought up, and ten thousand hearts beat in friendly interest towards him as if he were their own. He is carried to the shed fitted up as a hospital, a few yards back.

Has that mechanism human interest and feeling as well? The cage is at bottom again already! It is G. Jenkins whom it brings to bank this time, then John Thomas, then David Jenkins, and last Moses Powell, who refuses to leave the pit until all the others had been taken up. As he was carried to the hospital he recognized his brother among those standing near. He smiled and tried to say something but could not. He was carried at once into the shed, and his brother broke forth, "He sees me! He knows me!" and, quite overcome, he burst into tears.

Warm blankets had been prepared to lay the men upon and to cover them over with, and warm bricks for their feet. Hot coffee, milk and water, ammonia, and other restoratives were administered under medical direction. From Wednesday, the 11th, to Friday, the 19th, of the month, the term of their dreary imprisonment, the men



had been without food. The boy said, "For seven days we have had nothing to eat!" but they could ill divide into days that unbroken darkness. One long night it was rather, with hardly a hope of morning dawn.

But, poor boy, he thinks of his father and brothers, and forgets his hunger. He asks whether they have escaped, but may not be told now, that the dark cold flood, from which he has been so marvellously rescued, holds them as its prey.

From that vast crowd all around Porth colliery, a ringing cheer now rises. The rescued ones hear it, but they cannot join in it. For the Queen it is that that cheer is given; she has telegraphed an expression of her happiness at the rescue, and enquires as to the condition of the men. Such Queenly, womanly interest touches every heart. Three days later, the most skilled and expert in the art are making request to be allowed to photograph the rescued men in hospital. They decline thus:—

"Porth Cymmer Hospital, Porth, April 23rd.

"We don't wish to be photographed in hospital, as we want our dear Queen, who has sent to us, to have our likenesses in our collier dress when we are better, and no one shall have it before her.

"Signed for D. Jenkins, George Jenkins, Moses Powell, David Hughes, one collier not well enough to be asked, John Thomas.

"GERTRUDE JENNER, Nurse."

To the halls of Legislation, as well as to the palace of Royalty, Porth Colliery, and the efforts that are being made there to reach and to rescue its entombed miners, is a centre of absorbing interest. It is a humane and sympathising interest. Immediately the telegram announcing the rescue reached the Home Secretary, he had it posted up for the information of the members of the House of Commons. As expressive of their happiness at the result, and of their admiration as well of those noble men who had been so loyal to the promptings of humanity, and who had done so much and risked so much to rescue their entombed brothers, a subscription list was at once filled up by the members present, which realized several hundred pounds.

It is an expression of humane approving admiration and sympathy. As such it is well. But let not the thought find place that heroism like this is to be had for money! No such thought is present to the minds of those men when they spontaneously undertake to do what they in due time so happily effect. It is not for this that all that manly energy is put forth, and those blows so lustily dealt to the opposing rock through which they hew a way into the flooded cavern. Yes, that manual labour may be had for money, but not that moral courage which works on in the midst of danger, almost in sight of death.

ISAAC PRIDE.

Soil not heroic honours with reward,  
Nor taint his glory with receipt of pay,  
Whose honest bravery proclaims him lord  
Of that brave band, the hero of to-day.

Whose final blow struck down the sword of Death,  
And to release the life made sure the way  
For those who in long terror drew their breath,  
And, like the dead, so deeply buried lay !

Write but his name upon the roll of those  
Who have wrought noble deeds unselfishly,  
Who greatly dare to ease another's woes,  
Unconscious of their own nobility !

Yea, leave to him the mead that he has won,  
Whose name is sacred in a thousand homes,  
More honoured thus than if beneath the sun  
His statue glittered on a hundred domes.

Let him not envy conquerors their fame,  
Their martial triumphs, their imperial sway !  
Him let them envy rather, for their name  
Was never loved as we love his to-day !

The story is told out. We like it. It does one good to be brought into contact with men so forgetful of self, even though it be only by the narrative which recounts the proofs of their generous self-devotion.

Human nature hath a dark side but it ; as more ; and here we have brought out in well defined lines, what are surely redeeming features of character. There are few who would be ashamed of being distinguished by them. Self-interest, we seek it in vain here ! Whatever is done, whatever risked, it is all to bring relief to fellow men who are themselves helpless.

We greet these heroic rescuers of their fellows with all the approving of our moral being.

G. B.

St. Mungo.

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South African Folk-lore.

BISHOP CALLAWAY (St. John's River Territory) writes to *The Academy* that he has had for some time another instalment of his work on Zulu "Medical Magic" nearly ready ; also, a second volume of the "Kafir Tales" quite ready for the press. The Bishop says :—"The Zulu tales are much more like the Arabian, and it is quite possible, like those published by Bishop Steer, are largely indebted to the communications with Arab traders ; but if

indebted at times for subjects, they have been entirely Kafirised in the mode of telling. They are more Kafir than Arabic; and I have very great doubts whether the generality of Dr. Bleck's Hottentot tales are of Hottentot origin—I believe that most are due to the Dutch. The second volume alluded to above is much more interesting than the first. In it I have placed many fragments relating to Uhlakanyana and Usibuluni, from which it appears that what has been printed, or indeed collected, are but mere fragments of some large tale, in which, if restored, Uhlakanyana would figure as a Dwarf possessed of magical powers, a servant or subject of Usibuluni, the Chief Knight of a Round Table. The fragments are to me extremely interesting, and are doubtless of great antiquity. Also, in this second volume I find a magical use of medicines appearing for the first time, intimating probably tales of a more recent date. There is, too, a tale curiously like 'Mother Holt' of Grimm's collection, but so widely different in detail, that it is not easy to think they have any relation to one another beyond that which arises from there being men thinking alike everywhere. Another curious thing in these tales is several instances of resurrection after cremation; and the snake enters into them very much as the cobra into Indian tales. During the last two or three years my duties have led me among other tribes, and it has interested me much to find similar tales of the Creation existing everywhere with curious modifications; and also nursery tales of a different character, and even mere local modifications of these tales, among the Zulus. But the greater part of my notes refer to the notion the Kafirs originally had of Creation and Deity. Such notions are universal, and if rightly approached, it is easy to touch the sense of divinity and all that conveys among the most degraded of those I have met with. One very interesting discovery was that of the name *Ukqamata* for the Creator among a tribe of Frontier Kafirs. It is a name almost universally unknown to white men, and entirely so to white missionaries. What the natives said of this Being was more remarkable, more like 'theology,' than anything I have met with. And what was especially interesting is that my informants told me it was their tribal name for *Utixo* before they came into contact with the Hottentots, when they gave it up for the Hottentot word *Utixo*. Whether this is merely the echo of missionary teaching, or a fact, I cannot say. But it is clear that the Kafirs have an impression that they were much influenced by contact with the Hottentots, though in other things they express a great contempt for them. It is likewise worth noting that this word has also a click in it as well as *Utixo*, and it is supposed that the Kafirs owe their clicks to the Hottentots. It is possible this notion has also been too hastily adopted."

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## Letters on Banking.\*

### IV.

As bank notes are simply a means of substituting the credit of the banker for that of the trader, it may be safely assured that the credit of a bank is therefore superior to that of the exchange, or of the market-place, otherwise it would not have been necessary for notes to have usurped a part of the circulating function of bills; as bills are endowed with all the qualities possessed by notes as a money-payment, with an additional quality, in respect of their date, by which they are especially adapted for transferring money in safety from one place to another. The credit of the bank is no doubt partly acquired by its more permanent character, as compared with the uncertainties of the life and actions of an individual, but genuine trade obligations formed on credit carry at least quite as good a security for their redemption in gold, as that possessed by the unsecured bank notes of which we have now been speaking. When the individual B gives his bill to an individual A in payment of goods, the value received by B in exchange for the bill, forms a collateral security for repayment of the bill to A. And if the bill should circulate into the hands of a third party, C, for example, both A and B are equally liable to C for the amount of the bill when it becomes due. If B is unable to redeem his bill in gold at maturity, the holder of the bill may have recourse to A, and should the bill have been circulated as a money payment through other hands D, E, F, &c. (each of whom endorses the bill in turn), the last holder of the bill would also have recourse to those for payment. A bill is therefore continually gathering additional security the further it travels; and, in other words, the more it is used it becomes the better fitted for using, and when the credit which carries it can no longer command confidence, the bank will take up the bill and substitute currency, so that, in this way, its utility is maintained even after it has ceased to circulate as a money-payment. Now the gold-payment of notes, which are not "legal tender," can only be exacted from the bank which issued them, without reference to the hands through which they have circulated to the last holder; and if the bank should fail, the holder of its notes must prove his debt with the other creditors, unless he has been otherwise indebted to the banker, and in that event, the holder may apply the notes as a "set-off" against the banker's debt, and rank with the other creditors of the bank, for any remaining balance due to him which may not have been covered by the notes. If we, therefore, fairly put trade bills and unsecured bank notes together, and weigh the one against the other, we shall find a ready answer to those economists who would, on the responsibility of the banks, evolve a system of credit from the intricacies of the currency which

\* Continued from p. 283, Vol. XV.

will yield to meet every demand that can be made on capital. With our present currency the system of credit is doubtless an absolute necessity; and reliable credit without security is frequently of great advantage to commerce. But it must at the same time be kept in mind that nearly every commercial disaster is nursed and matured by an overstraining of credit, and when the tension becomes too great, there is nothing left to correct the mistake, if the credit has not been covered by security. The essential difference between the credit of the trader and that of the banker is, that the credit of the former is protected by the latter, while there is no institution for the bank itself to fall back upon to nurse and strengthen the impaired credit of the banker. Now although the credit of the trader may be equally as sensitive as that of the banker, it is more necessary that the latter should be secured, owing to its utter helplessness if threatened by any danger. A brief comparison between a bank note and a cheque drawn by a trader on his banker will lead us to a fuller understanding of this subject.

A bank note and a trader's cheque, in their capacity as mediums of exchange, are, as nearly as may be, precisely the same. The former is a promise to pay on demand a specified sum of the currency, and the latter is a note demanding the payment of a sum specified; and in either case, where the instruments have been issued and circulated in a regular manner, payment cannot be withheld. As we have seen in a former letter, a cheque is an instrument drawn by a customer on his banker, generally, but not always, against funds lodged with the bank. It is made payable to a third party whose name is either followed with the words "or order," or "or bearer;" if to order, the cheque must be endorsed by the party to whom it is payable before it can be negotiated, and if payable to bearer it does not require endorsement at all. The common form of a cheque is the following:—

London, 18th August, 1877.

Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smiths, Bankers, Lombard-street, London.

Pay Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, or order (or bearer) Ten pounds.  
£10 (Signed) Edward Jones.

A cheque is therefore, in form, an unaccepted bill of exchange payable on demand. The law has placed the complete control of the circulation of cheques in the hands of the individual who draws the cheque. The legal enactments on this subject leave it in the option of the drawer, either to allow his cheques (bearing the names of the parties with whom he is transacting business) to circulate into the hands of persons in the same trade, thereby revealing the nature of his business, or to cause the cheque to return at once to the bank. The circulation of a cheque may be impaired by what is known as the "crossing" of the cheque, and as the law bearing on this subject is regulated by two short Acts of Parliament, a brief quotation from the Preamble to the first Act will sufficiently explain the manner in which this object is accomplished:—"In every case where a draft on



any banker, made payable to bearer, or to order on demand, bears across its face an addition, in written or stamped letters of the name of any banker, or the words 'and company,' in full or abbreviated, either of such additions shall have the force of a direction to the banker upon whom such draft is made, that the same is to be paid only to or through some banker, and the same shall be payable only to or through some banker." The circulation of a cheque is more effectually stopped by the provisions of the second Act, which enables the drawer or any intermediate person between the drawer and the bank upon which the cheque is drawn, who may be a *bonâ fide* holder of the cheque, to cross it with the name of a particular banker, adding the words "not negotiable ;" and in this event, the cheque must be paid into the banker with whose name it has been crossed by the party to whom it is payable. The objection of publicity being therefore removed, a cheque becomes a better mode of discharging a debt than a bank note, as it can be more readily adapted to meet specific sums, and carries with it besides a direct proof of payment of the debt. The serviceable qualities of a cheque are now being recognized in the United Kingdom, and the practice of the old established banks in England will show that since 1844, the use of bank notes has been steadily decreasing, while the circulation of bills and cheques has been rapidly increasing. It would not be possible, however, to convey any adequate idea of English banking and to leave notes out of the account. Both the Scotch and Irish notes, as well as those of England, have a direct influence on the banking practice of England.

The metallic circulation of the country in 1844 was estimated by Mr. Newmarch at £36,000,000. I have not been able to trace any reliable statement of the gold circulation in 1874, but in 1872 Mr. Palgrave in his "Notes on Banking" estimates the specie circulation at about £105,000,000, which shows an increase of £69,000,000 during the period of twenty-eight years from 1844.

The note circulation in 1844 was £37,000,000, or about £1,000,000 in excess of coin; but up to 1874 notes have only increased £6,000,000, while the metallic currency has increased to at least seven times that amount during the same period.

The authorized note issue of the English Provincial banks has been reduced about £2,000,000 during the thirty years, from 1844 to 1874, and their actual issue has decreased to about one-half of the amount issued in 1844. The comparatively slight increase which has happened in the actual circulation of notes in the United Kingdom since 1844 has been traced to the issue of the Bank of England, and to that of the Scotch and Irish banks. The following paragraph from an admirable statement of the note circulation, by Mr. Palgrave in the "Banking Almanac" for 1874, will fully explain the operation of the Act of 1844 on the circulation of notes in the Provinces. "The effect of the Act of 1844," says Mr. Palgrave, "has been to transfer the portion of the English provincial note circulation, which has been swept away under the operation of

that Act, to the circulation of the Bank of England. The Act of 1845 does not fetter the Scotch and Irish circulation in a similar manner, but the provisions of that Act which compel gold to be held by the banks in those countries, for every note which they issue beyond the limit authorized by the law, have transferred the periodical fluctuations in the purely provincial circulation of those portions of the Empire to the reserve of the Bank of England."

The cause of these fluctuations affecting the reserve of the Bank of England in the manner they do is owing, as stated above, to the provisions of the Act of 1845, which requires that gold must be held by the Scotch and Irish banks, equal to the amount of notes which they issue beyond their authorized limit. These banks have always a considerable amount of their unemployed cash balances deposited at call with the Bank of England. When their issue of notes exceeds their authorized limit, they draw on these deposits in order to meet the excess, and for every note therefore which they issue beyond that limit, there is a corresponding diminution in the reserve of the Bank of England.

It has not been the custom, as already mentioned, until recent years, to publish the amounts passed through the Clearing House. Mr. Palgrave, in his "Notes on Banking," says that "in 1844 the sums passed through the Clearing House cannot have been less than forty times the amount of the note circulation of the country." According to this estimate the Clearing in 1844 would amount to £1,495,200,000 as compared with £5,916,195,000 in 1874, a sum about one hundred and thirty-five times greater than the amount of notes in circulation at that time. This enormous increase of the cheque circulation through the London Clearing House clearly demonstrates that since the passing of the Act of 1844 the banking practice of the country has been undergoing a gradual change, in consequence of the steady nature of the note circulation, and a greatly increased circulation of bills and cheques. And as commercial customs change, the banking practice of the country is bound to follow in the same course, as it is not only the function of the bank to act as the handmaid of commerce, but the same law which guides the operations of the merchant applies as a rule to the banker as well. The banker must always keep "alongside" merchant law and merchant customs. Accordingly, as traders have in a great measure abandoned the use of notes formed on the credit of the banks, and are now freely using obligations formed on their own credit, instead of the notes, the responsibilities of deposit-banking have become unavoidable, inasmuch as it is an absolute necessity that deposits should increase in some proportion to the amount of cheques in circulation, otherwise the cheques would not be paid when presented to the banker, if the money was not deposited to meet them. The substance of our banking practice in England is therefore to be found in the system of deposit-banking.

JOHN K. GUTHRIE.

## Maud Sylvester ; or, Home Life at the Cape.

A RAMBLING old farm-house, with French windows opening on to a grassy slope interspersed with flower beds. An avenue of oaks leading down to the fruit garden at the foot of the hill. Under the trees a group of children, apparently absorbed in play. This was the scene that greeted my eyes, as half an hour after my return from school I, Maud Sylvester, ran down the avenue to look for the little ones.

"Whatever can be keeping the little monkeys so quiet," I said to myself, and stole forward on tiptoe to satisfy my curiosity. They were busy moulding miniature horses, sheep, and cattle from a small heap of clay by their sides. As each one was completed it was placed on a rustic seat close by to harden. The little modellers were too preoccupied to notice my approach, and it was not until several minutes had elapsed that Harry, the eldest of the party, started up, exclaiming, "I say, one of us had better run to the house and see if papa has not got back with Maud yet ;" then catching sight of me, he said, "Why, there she is !" and I was soon dragged down on to the bench, and kissed and hugged by the whole party at once.

When the tumult and laughter had subsided a little, I began to answer the questions which poured forth almost as fast as the kisses had previously done.

"How long have you been looking at us ?" "When did you come ?" "How long are you going to stay ?" greeted me on all sides.

"Well, in the first place, young rebels, I arrived about an hour ago. I have been watching you some minutes, and I have come home for good. No more school for me, if you please. And in the second place, you are all to come up to the house with me at once, get rid of all the clay that is sticking to your hands and pinafores, and then see if I have not something prettier and cleaner for you each to play with."

The little clay animals were soon collected and put away in an old wooden box under the seat, and we all started for the house, the children running races to see who would be there first, all except my little pet sister May, who stayed to hold my hand and give me one more loving kiss. "I don't want anything but you," she whispered ; "I am so glad you have come home, and are never going away again !"

And this was the home I came back to, after an absence of four years in Cape Town, where I had been sent to complete my education.

I was the eldest of a family of seven, all girls but two ; and we were collected at home now for the Christmas holidays. So it was a merry party that met round the tea table ; and eager and animated

were the discussions that went on as to the best way of spending the time, until at last papa suggested that we should hear what he and mamma had decided on, which was nothing more nor less than a trip to the sea side ! This was received with a shout of delight, in which I felt very much tempted to join, but being seventeen years old, and having left school, I was afraid it might be looked upon as undignified.

The boys' holidays being already half over, it was agreed that we should start as soon as ever mamma could get ready. So the next two days were days of busy preparation : mamma packing the boxes of clothes and linen which we should require, I busy in the pantry making bread, cakes, tarts, and biscuits, papa superintending the loading of the large comfortable travelling wagon, even the two boys making themselves generally useful as porters. With so many willing hands to help, everything was soon ready ; and on the third day after my arrival the oxen, fourteen in number, were inspanned, we all clambered up, the driver mounted the box, the leader went in front, and off we went, papa and the boys following on horseback, and leading horses for mamma and myself.

Just as twilight was closing in, we reached a farm-house, where we hoped to obtain accommodation for the night ; nor were we disappointed, the occupants placing an unfurnished room at our disposal, where mamma and we girls made ourselves as comfortable as we could on the floor, while papa and the boys slept in the wagon. At sunrise we were again on the move, and noon brought us in sight of the sea. A couple of hours afterwards the wagon drew up before the door of a little cottage on the outskirts of a German fishing village, at the mouth of a beautiful river, and half an hour's walk from the beach. It was not a fashionable spot, but we loved it for its quiet beauty and retirement, and had often spent a happy month here in my childish days. The cottage contained only four rooms, scantily furnished with deal tables and benches, and bare wooden bedsteads—necessaries but not comforts. By sunset it had assumed a more cheerful appearance, the bare, unboarded floors being covered with a matting, the beds arranged, and the tables covered. To children there is always a charm in novelty, and ours were decidedly charmed. I even heard them drawing favourable comparisons between this unpretentious domicile and our own large, comfortably-furnished house.

The first fortnight soon passed ; boating, bathing, fishing, and riding, took up all our time. Our neighbours—quiet, unobtrusive people—beyond placing their boats at our disposal for hire, and supplying us daily with fresh fish, seemed to trouble themselves little about us. Yet they must have had their own petty rivalries and jealousies, for we were edified one evening on our return from the beach by seeing a woman, who was coming from the spring balancing a bucket of water on her head, throw it over another woman who was in the habit of laughing at her as she passed her door !



One morning I electrified papa and mamma by begging for the horses for myself and Harry, as I wanted to ride and see a young lady friend who lived about eight miles away, and whom I had not seen since we had paid our last visit here, some five years before. By dint of coaxing, and promising to ride quietly, I at last gained their consent, arranging to return the next day. I flattered myself that I knew the road perfectly, and we set off in high glee; but after riding for at least an hour and a half, and not coming to our destination, I came to the conclusion that we had lost our way, and, what was worse, large drops of rain were beginning to fall. We tried to retrace our steps, but the rain soon became so heavy that we were obliged to take shelter under some trees until the storm was over. When at last we emerged from our retreat, what was our dismay at finding that our horses, which we had fastened to a branch, had broken loose, and were nowhere to be seen! There was nothing for it but to make the best of our way back on foot. This was no light matter, for in the first place we did not know where we were, the grass was long and saturated with rain, and, moreover, we had to wade through a stream that was unpleasantly deep. We thought ourselves fortunate in reaching a low, mean-looking Dutch farmer's house just as darkness set in. The door was opened to our timid knock by a short, stout, dirty-looking man, with a pipe in his mouth, who bade us enter. We found ourselves in a long, ill-lighted room, filled with smoke from three or four pipes. The Dutch matron advanced and bade us welcome, presenting us at the same time to her two daughters, and after hearing our story, and telling us that it was impossible for us to reach home that night, she took me into an adjoining room, and furnished me with dry clothes from her daughter's wardrobe. I could scarcely smother a laugh as I re-entered the front room and met Harry's look, brimming with suppressed fun and amusement at my unfashionable attire. However, the laugh was not all on his side, for he looked if possible more ridiculous, in a suit of tan cords a great deal too small for him. After partaking of a substantial meal (of which we were in great want as we had not tasted anything since breakfast), our hostess, for such I must call her, suggested that probably I was tired, and would like to go to bed. I expressed my readiness to do so, and gladly followed her to a bed-room; but what was my horror at finding that I was expected to share it not only with her two daughters but also with herself and husband, while Harry would have to sleep on the floor in the front room with her sons, three or four in number, that being the limit of their dwelling! There was no choice left me, so I lay down without undressing, and "wished for the day." At early dawn we made the best of our way home, feeling dreadfully small, and never afterwards went roaming again.

The rest of our visit passed without any remarkable event occurring to break the pleasant monotony, and just four weeks from our departure we found ourselves once more at home. The boys' holidays were



now at an end, and mamma, having some shopping to do in town, decided to accompany papa, who was to escort them back to school in Graham's Town, which was about twenty miles distant.

Alas ! little did we think, as we saw the cart drive away, that that was the breaking up of our happy home, and that we should see our dear father's face no more. That night, as I was returning from the nursery, having seen the little girls comfortably in bed, a short note was put into my hand. It was in Harry's handwriting, and hastily opening it I read the almost illegible lines. They had met with an accident just on entering the town. The cart had cap-sized and, falling on papa, had killed him on the spot. Mamma, too, was terribly bruised and shaken, and almost beside herself with grief, and I was to lock up the house and come to town immediately in the wagon with the children.

There was a soul on Eve autumnal sailing  
 Beyond the Earth's dark bars,  
 Towards the land of sunsets never paling,  
 Towards Heaven's sea of stars ;  
 Behind, there was a lake of billows tossing,  
 Before, a glory lay,  
 O happy soul, with sails all set, just crossing  
 Into the far away—  
 The glooms and gleams, the calmness, and the strife,  
 Were death behind thee, and before thee Life !

When the first days of our sorrow were passed, and mamma was once more able to join our circle, it became necessary for us to face our circumstances. We had always lived comfortably and up to our income, and now all that was left for mamma to live on, and to educate the children, was the rent which the farm and stock would bring in when let—at the most £125 a year. So it was decided that she should rent a small house in town, that the boys should become day boarders at the College, that the two elder girls should also attend school daily, while mamma carried on the education of the younger ones as usual. And what was to become of poor Maud ? Maud, with her bright talents and love of liberty ? The truth stared me in the face—I must try and obtain a situation as governess. This proved more difficult than I at first imagined, my youth and inexperience being serious disadvantages ; and I found myself at last obliged to accept the only one that offered, as nursery governess to a family of the name of Wentworth, about a hundred miles inland, and of whom I knew nothing whatever. The salary offered was, however, liberal for a beginner, and then I need not remain longer than a year should it not suit me.

With a heavy heart I bid farewell to all my dear ones, and entered the post-cart which was to convey me to within a few miles of my destination. This was reached in safety, after a day and a night's incessant travelling, and here I was met by Mr. Wentworth, who brought a horse for me to ride the remaining ten miles, my boxes being placed in a Scotch cart drawn by oxen. My reception by

Mrs. Wentworth was not cordial to say the least of it ; in fact, I soon discovered that I was looked upon by her in the light of a "necessary evil." She seldom spoke to me, unless to give me some order ; indeed, treated me little better than a servant. She also expected me to do all the needlework and dressmaking for the family in my leisure hours. I was not allowed to visit or make any acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and I afterwards learned that she took care to inform everyone that I was haughty and conceited, and considered myself too good for their society. Of course, I was thoroughly miserable. I saw no one except on the rare occasion of anyone calling, when I was ordered into the room to dispense the tea and cake ; and my fingers were kept so incessantly employed that I seldom found time even for a solitary ramble. In addition to all my other troubles, just at this time the whole country was in a state of alarm respecting the intentions of the Kafir tribes. War, war, war, was in everyone's mouth, and certainly, if any dependence could be placed on the newspaper reports, or even on the judgment of old colonists, we were on the eve of an outbreak. Natives trekking past every day into Kafirland with their wives and children, driving their little flocks and herds before them, and laden with all their portable possessions, first aroused suspicion. Then the eagerness with which they were arming themselves with guns of every description, from the most improved breech-loader down to the old single-barrelled muzzle loader, was quite calculated to rouse the fears of the defenceless Frontier farmers. We never retired at night without feeling it quite possible that we might all be murdered before daybreak. Still no means of self-defence were adopted. Mr. Wentworth did not even possess a gun, at least not one that could be depended on ; there were two old ones in the house certainly, but the rifle barrel of one had burst, and the trigger of the other was broken off ! One night in particular I remembered being startled from my sleep by a loud bang, and some one exclaiming, "There they are !" I started up in a cold perspiration, expecting to be shot down every minute, but it turned out to be only a window which had been insecurely buttoned, and had blown open with a sudden gust of wind !

Farmers in all directions were packing the more valuable part of their furniture, with a view to removing it to some place of security prior to sending their families and stock away ; but none seemed to care to be the first to move, for fear of incurring the ridicule of his neighbours in case the alarm should blow over. There having been such a long interval since the last Kafir outbreak, people had begun to feel secure, and had indulged in many little comforts and luxuries, such as pianos, &c., which their forefathers had found it advisable to do without. They had been obliged to content themselves with three or four camp stools, a box or two, and a common table, all of which they could have afforded to leave behind them in case of a sudden alarm. Christmas at length drew near, and as this had been

the signal for all the previous outbreaks, everyone was on the alert. But no ! Christmas passed, and still there was no war, and New Year, and still there was peace ; and at last it began to be discovered that the alarm had been mutual, the natives having dreaded an attack from the colonists quite as much as the colonists had dreaded one from them. At least so said those who were at a safe distance from the Frontier.

But it is very certain that to those who lived on the borders, life at this time was anything but pleasant.—The life of a poor governess in particular, with no one near to take the least interest in her fate, or care whether she were killed by Kafirs or not, was almost unendurable, and I at length determined that I would not run the risk of a repetition of the events of the last six months, so informed Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth that I wished to leave as soon as my year had expired. Of course, Mrs. W. stormed and scolded, and wanted to know why I was dissatisfied, but when she discovered that I was quite resolved upon leaving, she changed her tune and declared it would be a good riddance, and she “hated upstarts.” I wonder what she considered herself !

My next situation, which was with a Dutch family, was a very different one in all respects. Instead of being looked down upon as a menial, I was treated with the greatest consideration, in fact the family seemed to stand rather in awe of me. I was never asked nor expected to busy myself about the household concerns. The young ladies entrusted to my care had already attained a considerable proficiency in the English language, and I was merely required to direct their studies, which were not supposed to embrace more than a slight acquaintance with history and geography. So long as they could read, write, and play correctly, their parents, and they themselves, appeared perfectly satisfied. The higher walks of literature were not for them ! The family consisted of three girls, whose ages ranged from fourteen to eighteen, and of two grown-up sons who contributed greatly to the amusement of the party by escorting us for rides every evening when the heat of the day was passed. Horses were always placed at our disposal by good-natured Mr. Van Reenen, who wished to see every one as jolly and merry as he was himself. To be sure they were only little grass-fed shaggy coated ponies, very different from our handsome stud at “Eden Grove,” nevertheless they were very sure footed, and altogether they were much better than they looked—at all events I never refused a ride. It was the one pleasant incident in the day’s routine ; I always hailed it with delight.

In this manner too I became acquainted with most of the families in the neighbourhood, and found the study of the different characters amusing in the extreme. One family in particular, consisting of a well-to-do farmer of the middle-class, with a wife and twelve children, amused me vastly. Mr. Jones wrote M.P. after his name, and was correspondingly consequential and patronizing in his

demeanour. Unfortunately, however, he had no great acquaintance with the English grammar and art of enunciation, the little letter (h) being a terrible poser and quite beyond him. During his yearly absences from home for the benefit of his country, "Eliza Jane," "Matthew John," and such others as were capable, could think and talk of nothing but what "father" had said in Parliament. Newspapers were simply devoured by them. Politics reigned supreme. Frontier defence, Burgher Law, Railway expenditure, these were the sole topics of conversation, and "father" was the little god who held the future of the Colony in his hands. The albums were filled with photographs of all the political characters of the day, with which each child was as familiar as with its food. After an absence of two or three months, Mr. Jones returned to the bosom of his family "'ail and 'earty and 'aving enjoyed 'is trip immensely!" A lucid period now intervened, and the family subsided into industrious agriculturists and sheep-farmers, the wife and daughters rivalling the male portion in their practical acquaintance with the diseases and requirements both of stock and farm produce, from which they were only aroused by the returning approach of "Session."

Farm No. 2 was occupied on the other hand by one who, with greater propriety, had represented his country in the Legislative Council. A fine old English gentleman was Mr. Brandon, every inch of him. He owned a park-like estate and a large family of unmarried daughters, and one only son. I made their acquaintance under peculiar circumstances. Returning from an afternoon ride with my pupils and their brothers, and loitering as usual behind my somewhat noisy companions, enjoying the cool evening air and the quiet of nature, I was abruptly roused from my reverie by my horse treading in a hole which had escaped my notice, being covered with grass. He turned a somersault and landed me on the ground in front of him. Fortunately I was not much hurt, for I found myself left to my own devices, my companions being already out of sight. I proceeded to catch the pony; when looking round in search of an ant-heap to assist me in mounting, I discovered that I was not alone, but that Miss Brandon and her brother, who appeared to be taking a stroll, having seen my dilemma, were hastening to my assistance. It soon became apparent that the pony had not escaped scatheless. He was too lame to admit of my mounting him again, whereupon Miss Brandon kindly insisted on my accompanying her home, while her brother dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Van Reenen to inform her of my accident and whereabouts. He added on his own responsibility that as it was already late I could not return until the following day, when he would drive me home. Mr. Brandon (senior) and I soon became fast friends, and ere we parted on the following day he begged that whenever my time permitted I would spend an afternoon with his daughters.

And so began an intimacy which, strengthening from day to day, threw a bright gleam of happiness on this portion of my



girlhood. It soon became an established custom for me to join the family<sup>o</sup> on Saturday mornings and remain until Monday.

I soon began to look upon "Grey Park" as my second home. No sisters could have been kinder to me than were the Misses Brandon. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that I became acquainted with all the family affairs. Miss Brandon confided to me as much of their history as she thought would interest me, at the same time informing me that she and her sister were both shortly to be married to two brothers, officers in the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police; that they had been promised a month's leave of absence at Christmas, when the double wedding was to take place in their father's house. She concluded by earnestly requesting my assistance as bridesmaid, adding that should I not intend returning to my friends for the holidays I must look upon their home as mine, instead of remaining at the Van Reenen's as I had usually done. Henceforth scarcely a day passed without some interchange of kindly feeling between myself and my new friends. Did circumstances not permit of our exchanging visits after school hours, or meeting at some appointed spot in our afternoon rides, I was sure to receive some little note or token of remembrance in the shape of a bouquet of flowers or basket of early fruit, which were generally delivered by Cecil Brandon himself. Poor Cecil! it never occurred to me that these opportunities were eagerly sought by him as furnishing an excuse for seeing me daily. My eyes were only opened when it was too late.

December came at last, and with it the holidays. With a delightful sense of freedom I turned my back upon the deserted school-room, and snatching up hat and gloves, set out at a brisk pace for a favourite haunt of mine in the woods. Here I sat down and prepared to enjoy myself. A little waterfall tumbled, and splashed, and sparkled among the stones at my feet, while I was completely sheltered from the fierce rays of the sun by the beautiful forest trees. Hat, scarf, and gloves were soon discarded, and taking out my last letters from home, which I had not yet looked at, I proceeded to devour them on the spot. The first I opened was from little May, my old pet, written on her twelfth birthday. Only a few lines of childish love and remembrances, but very precious to me who had been separated from all home ties so long. How I longed for a peep at the dear old home faces again. I determined on the spot that I should take them all by surprise as soon as the wedding at Grey Park was over. I had not been home for more than three years, and stay away longer I declared I would not for love or money.

There was a great budget from mamma, too, giving me all the family news. Harry had gone to England to complete his education at one of the universities, as he seemed bent on becoming a doctor. Guy, on the contrary, would hear of nothing but sheep or ostrich farming, so she had determined on sending him to Cape Town for a couple of years' schooling, and then an old friend of



papa's, one of our former neighbours, had promised to take him in hand for another year or eighteen months, and give him some practical lessons on the treatment of ostriches before he set up for himself. Kathleen, aged seventeen, was just about to leave school, which would enable mamma to send the two youngest in her stead, as they were growing big girls now, and would be all the better for the discipline of school life. They were still living in the cottage in which I had left them. Time had softened their sorrow, and now they only longed to have me home again. Could I not come to town, if only for a short time ; or perhaps I might find something to do in town if I was still bent on supporting myself ? Such was the sum and substance of mamma's letter, and it set me musing for some time. I became suddenly homesick, and putting my head down on my lap, I indulged in a good cry. When I was somewhat more composed again, and was gazing in a listless manner across the stream, I suddenly spied a beautiful bed of maidenhair ferns almost hidden under an overhanging rock, from which the water was trickling down. On the face of the rock, too, grew tufts of little scarlet bells. Have some I must. I speedily forgot all my troubles, and glancing hastily round to see that there were no intruders, I pulled off my boots and stockings, and paddled delightfully through the water. Gaining the opposite bank, I was soon luxuriating amongst the ferns. Having gathered as many as I could carry, my next move was to secure the flowers, which was not quite so easy a matter ; the rock on which I was standing was extremely slippery, and it was not until I had made one or two unsuccessful attempts to reach them that I bethought me of the handle of my parasol, which being curved at the bottom, would answer my purpose admirably. So making another journey across the stream, and back again, I soon captured my prize, and completing my bunch with some tiny arums with spotted leaves, which were nestling close to the edge of the water, I set about re-crossing for the last time. But, alas ! my good fortune deserted me, for just as I reached the middle of the stream my foot slipped on the rocky bottom, and I took an unpremeditated plunge.

Here was a pretty dilemma ! Of course I was drenched, and, how ever was I to reach the house without being discovered ? Suppose I should meet anybody ? I could not wait till dark, for I should catch my death of cold, so putting a bold face on the matter, and consoling myself with a glance at my flowers, I started homewards. I was scarcely prepared, however, for the shock which my nerves received, as coming suddenly round a turn in the footpath, I found myself face to face with Cecil. I turned short round, and fairly ran for the shelter of the wood which I had unadvisedly quitted, and so at last by a roundabout way reached the house and my room, without meeting any of the Van Reenen family. I made myself dry and comfortable, and then visited the kitchen, where I bribed the maid to dry my clothes and keep my secret. I heard from her that a host of visitors had arrived during my absence—relatives of the

family who had come on a visit—and that Mr. Brandon and his sister had driven over in their pony carriage to fetch me ; that Miss Brandon was still in the drawing-room, but that Mr. B. had gone in search of me.

What was I to do ? I could not face Cecil again, so I sent a message to Miss Brandon, requesting her to come to my room. On hearing my story she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, but showed no sympathy with my wounded vanity, and insisted on my accompanying her home at once. So trying to look quite unconscious and innocent, I followed her to the drawing-room, and bid adieu to my pupils and their mother, and thence to the carriage, but no Cecil made his appearance, so dismissing the boy who had been holding the horse, and settling ourselves comfortably, Miss Brandon took the reins, and away we drove at a quick trot, reaching our destination just as the dusk was beginning to close in. At supper I first saw Cecil again ; after a few minutes' desultory conversation, he with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, asked where I had got the flowers which I wore in my hair. Putting my hand up, I discovered that my mischievous friend had managed to adorn me, unknown to myself, with a spray of my dearly-bought ferns and scarlet bells.

The next day brought the bridegrooms, who, of course, monopolised their *fiancées*, and the two younger sisters and I set about making preparations for the wedding, which was to come off the following week. The wedding breakfast was a great undertaking, and as it was to be entirely the production of our united efforts, we literally confined ourselves to the pantry and kitchen, only emerging at meal times and in the evenings. We would take no assistance from the lovers, saying that if they insisted on making themselves useful they might take themselves off to the forest to gather evergreens, &c., for decorating the ball-room. In this manner, when Saturday evening arrived, almost everything was ready, with the exception of the decorations for the ball, which were to be put up on Monday morning, the wedding to take place on Tuesday.

On Sunday we spent a quiet morning, chiefly in our own quiet rooms, only assembling in the drawing-room for a short service at eleven, which was conducted by Mr. Brandon.

After dinner I coaxed him to join me in a stroll through the grounds, saying laughingly that he did not pay me half as much attention now as he did at first. For reply he gave me a speaking glance, which passed on to Cecil, who was standing in the window apparently absorbed in what was going on out-of-doors. I crimsoned, and then turned pale, and could scarcely keep the tears from falling ; so seeing my confusion he took up his stick and we set off without another word. Once outside, I was determined he should have no opportunity of alluding to that subject again, so I chatted away most untiringly on every subject which came uppermost. At last we found ourselves leaning over one of the gates watching the Dutch

farmers returning from Church, and we very naturally fell into conversation respecting the mode of life they led. I could not help expressing my surprise at seeing so many young fellows of twenty-four or thereabouts with wives and families, and, as far as one could see, no means of supporting them.

"What do they live on?" I asked.

"Principally on game," replied Mr. Brandon; "with perhaps the addition of bread when they manage to grow wheat, otherwise they subsist on mealies and wheat."

"They seem very contented under the circumstances!" I remarked.

"Oh!" said Mr. Brandon; "give a Dutchman a horse and a gun, and he will consider himself the luckiest of mortals and quite set up for life. If by good luck a small lot of ground falls to his share, so much the better. He expects his wife to keep it stocked with vegetables, while he roams the country in search of game. He hunts in season and out of season, and, gradually but surely, is exterminating all the wild bucks from the country."

"Have they no means of earning money, and making themselves and families more comfortable, to say nothing of educating their children?" I asked.

"A few of them are farmers on a small scale," replied Mr. Brandon; "keeping from fifty to a hundred sheep, which, however, through ill-management or otherwise, never seem to increase. The remainder spend the summer months, when pasturage is plentiful, in conveying goods from the posts inland, by which they manage to make a few pounds, which the increasing wants of their families soon swallow up."

"And in case of a drought," I suggested, "when they can no longer depend on their fields to supply them with the necessaries of life, and when the wild animals themselves are forced to migrate in search of pasturage, what then?"

"Then," said Mr. Brandon, "they are forced to hire themselves out, in order to get food for those dependant on them!"

"What a miserable state of existence; and yet they seem happy and light-hearted enough!" I rejoined.

"True; so long as they are not absolutely in want of the bare necessaries of life, they trouble themselves little about the future. Their children, for the most part, grow up in ignorance, fitted only to fill the same sphere as their parents before them. Their wives drag out their existence as household drudges, never seeking after anything higher than satisfying the claims of nature."

"What a contrast they present to their richer and better educated compatriots!" I exclaimed. "Why, your friends, the Van Reenens, for instance, are as agreeable a family as one would wish to meet with. Kind-hearted, generous, and refined!"

"Thus proving," said Mr. Brandon; "that education is all that is required to raise their poorer fellow-countrymen from the degenerate lives they are leading. Were I in authority I should pass a law

compelling parents to educate their children to a certain extent. Till then we shall see no improvement in the lower class—as it is they are little better than Hottentots!” And with a gesture of impatience he turned to rejoin the happy party on the lawn, while I slipped away unnoticed into the shrubbery, where I wandered about till the deepening shadows warned me that it was time to turn homewards.

“The hours of the day are over, and softly the season of light  
Goes out in a golden glory, and fades from our ravished sight.  
Eve is the season of rest, the season of thought and repose,  
The overwrought toilers hail it—herald of balm for their woes.

“Homeward!” I hear it whispered on each dying breath of the breeze,  
’Tis the burden of the sunset with its choral symphonies—  
Every night brings us nearer, nearer, and every departing sun  
Bids us take heart and labour, for soon will our work be done.”

The day before the wedding! What a busy, bustling one it was! Cecil was dispatched with the cart and horses to fetch the clergyman; the last touches were put to the sumptuous breakfast-table; the last flowers and wreaths placed upon the walls; and then the four sisters set off together to pay their last adieus to all the old loved haunts. I excused myself on the plea of a slight sick headache, and going to the deserted library, opened the piano and amused myself by singing all the old songs papa used to love, and playing his favourite low soft melodies. Twilight stole into the room uninterrupted; and, forgetful of all else, I was recalled to myself by some one capturing my hands, and some one breathing my name. It was Cecil, and Cecil asking me to return his love! I will not dwell on the scene that followed; suffice it to say that as gently and tenderly as I could, I put from me the love of this true heart, telling him what I had never before confessed to any one save my mother, that years ago, in Cape Town, I had exchanged vows of love with one whom I had never since seen, but to whom I still clung with all the force of my youthful passion, and whom I hoped eventually to marry. He was a young naval officer whom I had met frequently at the house of an aunt. His ship, which was then stationed in Simon’s Bay, had since been ordered to the Mediterranean, and I knew not when we should meet again. I only knew that he was faithful, for every mail brought bright hopeful letters from him and tokens of his love.

How ever we got through the next day I am sure I do not know. Fortunately there was no time for thinking. At eleven a.m., punctually, the large folding doors between the drawing and dining rooms were thrown open, and the bridal party entered. The ceremony was soon over, the breakfast partaken of, and the bridal party departed amidst the smiles and cheers from the assembled guests.

I felt that I must make arrangements for leaving at once, or otherwise Cecil would. He had already hinted that he should go off to the Diamond Fields, and remain there until I should have left the neighbourhood. But why should I bring such



sorrow and parting to a house and hearts so united ? I was determined that it should not be ; and yet I was puzzled how to act. I was still bound to remain in my present situation six months longer ; nevertheless I resolved to ask Mrs. Van Reenen to release me. So, hastily writing a few lines of explanation and apology to Mr. Brandon and of adieu to Cecil, I put on my walking costume, and getting one of the maids to accompany me, I set out for my former abode. I surprised the family at a late breakfast, and there and then requested to be released from my engagement, merely stating in explanation that circumstances required my presence at home. My employers, though evidently disconcerted and inconvenienced, with the greatest kindness, lent me all the assistance in their power to facilitate my immediate departure ; and before night closed in, I found myself snugly ensconced in their comfortable cart, and on my way to the nearest village through which the mail cart passed on its way to Graham's Town.

It was twilight on the succeeding day when we drew up before the door of my mother's house. No one saw us arrive : they were evidently all at supper, so alighting quickly and getting the driver to put my luggage under the verandah, I bid Mr. Sinclair adieu, after thanking him for his kindness, and begging him to call and see mamma before he left. Then I opened the hall-door noiselessly and stole on tip-toe into the dining-room, my heart beating so loud that I was almost afraid it would betray me. It was as I had fancied. They were sitting round the supper table, a merry party apparently, if one might judge from the chatter and frequent bursts of laughter.

"If we could only get Maud here in time !" George was saying, little thinking that Maud was only separated from him by the breadth of the room.

"Well, that is impossible !" said Ethel ; "but still we need not tell her before she gets here, and you are to go for her in a day or two, you know."

"Oh ! mamma, do let me go too !" pleaded my little pet, May.

Feeling that I had no business to be listening, I stole forward and with the one word "Mother !" folded her in my arms.

"Now, then, what were you all plotting when I came into the room ?" I asked, when, supper over, we betook ourselves to the cosy little drawing-room.

Guy glanced imploringly at mother, who with a smile replied, "We have a little surprise in store for you, but it is not yet quite complete ! Can you control your curiosity for a day or two ?"

"Well, I shall do my best," I gaily rejoined ; "but I do not believe that I shall survive more than two days, so, Master Guy, you had better hurry your preparations."

"That's just the worst of it !" replied Guy, "I positively cannot. However, I don't believe that you will have long to wait."

"And I should like to know, if it is a fair question, how it is



that Master Guy, whom I supposed to be safe in Cape Town, is just at this moment seated in our midst ?”

At this there was a fresh burst of merriment, and little May said she thought it would be safer not to ask any questions. At which I chased her into a corner and gave her a kiss for her sauciness.

The next day, as I was busy unpacking my luggage, and arranging my wardrobe, Guy put his mischievous face in at the door, and said,

“Maud, you are to make yourself pretty and come down to the drawing-room, there are some visitors who are very anxious to see you !” and without waiting to satisfy my curiosity as to who they might be, he ran away again.

Taking no notice of his injunction to make myself “pretty ;” and thinking, as I glanced in the glass, that I looked quite presentable in my simple morning toilet, I ran down stairs, and, pausing for a moment at the drawing-room door, went hastily in. Visitors there certainly were not, but some one advanced quickly from the recess of the window, and caught me in his arms ! And so this was the secret. Ernest Harrington had come to claim his promised bride. He had brought Guy with him, and he it was, young rebel, who had persuaded him to take me by surprise. I soon learnt from his lips that he had sold out of the Navy, having come into a small fortune, which would enable him to live comfortably on shore for the remainder of his days ; that having consulted mamma as to my probable wishes, he had bought “Eden Grove,” our early happy home ; that if I pleased we should all live there, the house being large enough for double our number. But he also proposed that he should spend a part of every year in a pretty house in town, which he had likewise bought, and was now busy furnishing ; and finally he wished to know what I would say to a trip to old England before we settled down to our new life ?

Of course, I had only to give a gratified assent to all his proposals. And so one bright morning not long afterwards, our quiet party entered the old Cathedral at the early hour of eight, and Maud Sylvester stood at the altar, and without a doubt or fear gave her heart and hand to the husband she had chosen.

ANON.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Sanitary Science in South Africa.

THE traveller, visitor, or future resident, who disembarks at Cape Town, after a quick and pleasant passage from England, imbued with roseate accounts of sunny South Africa, receives a somewhat rude shock as he drives through the capital of this flourishing Colony. Signs of commercial activity are evident enough, and docks, exchange, markets, offices, and stores, all show indubitable proofs of successful energy and enterprise. But in one important respect, distance lends enchantment to the view, and on this head Cape Town rivals Cologne and Constantinople. It is pre-eminently a city of smells, the causes of which are sometimes hidden, sometimes sufficiently apparent. First impressions may not go for much, but the first impressions of a stranger who, so to speak, "scores up" Cape Colony from the internal condition of its capital, must be very unfavourable. It is superlatively disappointing to find so many insanitary facts in a town that, as to situation and natural advantages, may venture to compete with Rio, Sydney, or the beautiful capital of Scotland. It is, therefore, satisfactory to be told that Cape Town is the dirtiest city of South Africa, and it is still more satisfactory to know that last year the Colonial Parliament appointed a select committee "to consider and report on the sanitary arrangements of municipalities," which committee collected a large amount of very valuable evidence, and submitted a brief but practical report. The committee, which was appointed at the end of June, was specially instructed "to consider the expediency, or otherwise, of the sanitary arrangements of the municipalities of the Colony, or any number of them, being in the hands of officers or commissioners appointed by the Government." Although, as will be seen, the enquiry was directed to all places in the Colony, most of the evidence adduced referred particularly to the capital. All readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* are undoubtedly more or less familiar with the unsavory particulars elicited by the committee. It appears to be sufficiently well established (1) that no reliable registration of births and deaths exists, so that it is impossible to compute the actual or

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the relative mortality; (2) that the water supply is insufficient and, in many cases, intermittent, so that the inhabitants do not possess the proper means to ensure cleanliness, either as to person or dwelling place; (3) that the drains—some of which are surface and some subterranean, are but scantily flushed at uncertain intervals—are, as a consequence, often choked, and the outlets are so arranged as to foul the sea-beach, and to accomplish little in finally dispersing the sewage; (4) that the plan adopted for the removal of rubbish and excreta is altogether inefficient, resulting in the exposure of large heaps of filth in the streets for several days together. Other questions were discussed in evidence, but these four headings may be said to include fairly the chief evils that urgently require a remedy.

And first, as to the registration. It appears that a severe epidemic of scarlet fever in Cape Town precipitated, if it did not originate, this official inquiry. The mortality in ordinary times is stated to be about equal to that of London, perhaps somewhat less. When the epidemic was at its height, the mortality rose to 52 per 1,000, but 152 only out of 900 deaths were stated to have been caused by scarlet fever. All the medical witnesses are agreed that the fatal cases of epidemic disease attended by them and by the other doctors in Cape Town, accounted for but a very small proportion of the deaths returned, so that many of these cases must have died without any professional aid, the diagnosis of the disease being therefore unreliable. It appears also that the actual number of deaths, as well as the causes of death, are not correctly ascertained. The registration of births is equally unsatisfactory. A witness deposed that the Town Hall returns show one birth for every three or four deaths. "Of course," remarks the witness, "the population would soon become extinct at that rate." It is evident, therefore, that the present mode of registration is utterly and entirely useless for all practical purposes. It was suggested that "the death rate of Cape Town is swelled considerably by casualties from ships." But anyone who knows the average number of ships that frequent the port can hardly think this proposition tenable, when it is considered how infinitesimally casualties on the Thames and in its docks swell the mortality of London. The assumption that "a good many people come here from England far gone in consumption, and die here a short time after landing," is not borne out by any statistical evidence, and it may be fairly inferred that Bloemfontein, Cradock, and other inland places come in for a greater share of this extraneous mortality than Cape Town.

Secondly, as to the water supply. The evidence adduced goes to prove that, at a liberal computation, the average allowance is twelve gallons per head per day, and it appears doubtful even if this small quantity is regularly supplied. The allowance is miserably inadequate for an urban and mixed population, who should have not less than twenty-five gallons per head for all purposes in temperate latitudes, it being advisable in warm climates to increase the allowance to, at least, thirty gallons. The washing arrangements have

evidently something to do with the high death rate, for a witness says, "I suspect that cases of scarlet fever and other infectious diseases are very often introduced into houses through the washing. There is only one stream of water where the washing is done. The washerwomen dam it up and stand in it. Those who are at the bottom of the stream wash their linen in the water which has been used by those above them, so that the process, especially in the dry season, is anything but a purifying one, and is well adapted for the dissemination of infectious or contagious diseases." It is sufficiently evident that in consequence of the scanty supply afforded by the present arrangements, little or no water is distributed for flushing the sewage, and next to none for closet purposes. The water in most houses is rendered (or is supposed to be rendered) potable by filtering. But the many who do not possess filters must perforce take the water as it comes to them, plus the various objectionable materials that exist in the cistern, cask, or other receptacle provided for its collection and storage. There appear to be no public wells or fountains, for no account of them is given by any witness. The only satisfactory item in a mass of very unsatisfactory evidence is to the effect that "the Town Council have now contracted for the construction of a reservoir, capable of containing fifty millions of gallons." It is, however, somewhat amusing to be informed that "some of the houses are so constructed that they have no place where a water-barrel can be put." If this be the case, the sooner these houses are altered or demolished the better.

Thirdly, the evidence as to drains is both various and curious. It appears that the town is under-drained, surface-drained, and, in some places, not drained at all; that the underground drains are continually blocked, because there is not enough water to flush them properly; and that the surface drains are as constantly choked, and so speedily become a nuisance both to eye and nose. According to one witness, "Things filthy, generally, are on the surface."—"I believe the covered crossings of the streets are made the receptacle of much filth." Another witness says, "If more attention were paid to the removal of house dirt, the drainage would not be so bad." The system of underground drainage is being carried out, and 35,750 lineal feet of granite gutters have already been laid down. It is considered by a medical witness that underground drainage in Cape Town is a mistake, because "the rubbish accumulates in the underground drains, and putrifies, and gives forth exhalations and poisonous gases which are very detrimental to health." It is acknowledged, however, immediately afterwards, that surface as well as underground drains require water to flush them, but that the water is not supplied. It is also declared that the outlets of the main underground sewers open nearly at a dead level with the beach; that in the summer they are choked up with dust, and in the winter with mud and rubbish; and that, even during thunderstorms, the water has a difficulty in getting into them, and so tears its way



to the sea along the open streets and gutters, *i.e.*, finds its own level without engineering aid. "Very little fæcal matter and house dirt goes away through the sewers." It is indeed difficult to discover from the evidence *what* kind of refuse is really removed by these underground drains, for we are told that "people have their cess-pools and dust-bins," and that there are lots of the former "in connection with water closets in the out-houses." Another witness says, "The majority of the water closets, connected with sewers, are without any ventilation; the sewers are open to the sea, and a draught of air goes up them and forces the foul gases up into the houses through the closets." The last important item of information afforded on this head is to the effect "that the Town Council has not the power to connect the sewage with drains." It may be fairly asked for what purpose the drains were constructed?

Fourthly, as to removal of excreta, as well as house rubbish and street sweepings. There is an universal consensus of opinion that the system and its working are glaringly, if not radically, defective. It is in evidence that a charge is levied for the removal of the contents of soil tubs, and hence (very naturally) poor people keep the vessels as long as possible, "and then very often empty them into the street." Ashes in the poorer districts are mixed up with fish offal and other offensive matter. "I have known," says one witness, "filth to be emptied in the streets in heaps on a Saturday and not removed till the following Tuesday." In narrow lanes "the dirt is taken to the end of the lane and lies there for days." The removal of house dirt is, nevertheless, said to be effected every day, under the supervision of the Town Council, at an expense of £11,000 a year. Air-tight carts are now employed to remove the excreta. The municipal authorities pay £1,300 annually to the police, who fulfil their duties as to reporting nuisances, by "reporting cabs obstructing thoroughfares, varied by occasionally reporting a fowl or a pig straying in the street." Another witness states that "rags and even rats lie about until they are pounded up by the wheels of the vehicles." Fish-heads and entrails are spoken of as being systematically deposited in the street, and so on.

In the foregoing records, an attempt has been made to bring together, as concisely as possible, the chief facts in connection with the four main points abovementioned. Many other important subjects, as overcrowding, inter-mural burial, vaccination, and medical attendance on the coloured races, all received a share of attention at the hands of the committee. Its members, however, being fully persuaded as to the insanitary condition of the capital, and being equally conscious that the municipality has, either from want of powers or want of energy, hitherto failed to bring about any radical reformation, very properly propose to give the Government a distinct voice in the arrangements made (both as regards towns and villages) for the prevention of disease and the maintenance of health. The report is very concise and incisive, but, as details are left to the consideration



of the Government, it may not be out of place to explain in brief the working of Sanitary Laws in the United Kingdom at the present time. Since 1848, the Metropolis has been divided into some twenty or thirty District Boards of Works, the authorities of which, in sanitary as well as general matters, have effected many useful reforms, all expenses being paid out of local rates levied for definite purposes from time to time. Various sanitary enactments have since been passed, giving Local Boards throughout the country special powers as to nuisances, the prevention of contagious disease, and the like. But five years only have elapsed since the United Kingdom was, so to speak, brought under systematic sanitary control. In 1872, the Public Health Act was passed, and in 1875 it was consolidated. By this Act (which does not deal with the Metropolis), the country is divided into urban, rural, and port sanitary districts, the sanitary authority (in all cases a local authority) being either the Town Council, the Board of Guardians, or any other body having power to levy rates for general or special purposes. Each and every local authority is compelled by the terms of the Act to appoint a Medical Officer of Health, and one or more Inspectors of Nuisances, *half of whose salaries are paid out of the Exchequer*, the other moiety being provided for out of the local rates. The duties of these officers need not be particularised here, but may be found in the various Schedules appended to the abovementioned Act. These officers are appointed for a term of years, but are practically removable only, in most cases, with the sanction of the Government, represented in this class of work by the Local Government Board, so that the latter, in this as in other ways, has a considerable amount of power over the local authorities, which power is continually, though indirectly, increasing. A very important part, however, of this sanitary organisation is the maintenance in London of a skilled staff of Medical Inspectors, under a chief styled the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board. To him are referred by the political chief of that Board all communications from local authorities, involving skilled sanitary work, or complicated with sanitary difficulties. And the members of this "Head Quarters" medical staff are continuously and actively engaged throughout the country making special inspections, hunting out the causes of special epidemics, and showing the local authorities and their officers the best way to combat such disasters. The expenses of this Department of the Local Government Board are paid entirely out of the Estimates, as distinct from the local rates.

There can be no possible doubt that the Public Health Act, as thus administered, has proved a great success. Administrative difficulties have, of course, in this, as in other new systems, arisen occasionally, but the general results have been, diminution of the poor-rates, diminution of mortality, and an improvement in the general standard of the health of the people; for categorical particulars as to which, reference can be made to the last annual report of the Local Government Board, which appeared in October of last year. It

will readily be seen that the system now working in England is very similar to that foreshadowed by the committee in their report. It has been found, there as here, very undesirable to relieve municipal authorities from responsibilities clearly local, and to "nurse" them, as it were, at the cost of the Government. But at the same time, inasmuch as the members of municipalities are in most cases the men who possess the largest amount of rateable property in the districts, it is necessary to ensure that no undue economy is practised in carrying out sanitary measures that slowly but most surely assist to benefit landlord and tenant alike. In the case of the Colony, it may be taken that one medical officer, attached permanently to the Colonial Office, would suffice. But he should be a man of very good ability, competent to advise the Government, or at their request the Municipality, on any and every question relating to public health, to inspect all the districts from time to time, to confer with the local officers, receive reports from them, and address an annual report to the Ministry on the sanitary condition of the entire Colony. Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, and perhaps two or three other places, are sufficiently large and important to be classed as urban districts, to each of which should be attached a Health Officer and an Inspector of Nuisances. The rest of the Colony should be mapped out into rural sanitary districts, the boundaries of which might be conveniently made conterminous with the several districts, the District Surgeon acting as Medical Officer of Health. It would appear desirable that a moiety of the salaries of these officers should be paid out of the Government funds, that the officers should consider the medical officer at the Colonial Office, Cape Town, as their professional chief; should refer to him for advice in all cases of sanitary danger and difficulty; and should report to him periodically. The machinery need not be cumbrous or costly, and the local authorities would have an opportunity of carrying out the necessary reforms in their own fashion, aided by their own officers as well as the professional referee.

As Cape Town was made the special subject of the valuable official report from which our text is taken, it is proper to note whether the many insanitary conditions that undoubtedly obtain are really and readily remediable. It cannot be doubted that, at comparatively little cost, an approximately, if not completely, correct register of births, marriage, and deaths could be secured. All interested could then see for themselves whether unsavory odours and severe outbreaks of epidemic disease influence the average rate of mortality in their metropolis as compared with other towns. From what has been stated before the committee, and recorded elsewhere, it is manifest that the question of Water Supply is by no means easy of solution; and an interesting article on the sanitary condition of Cape Town that appeared in the *London Sanitary Record* of August, 1877, does not do much in the way of suggestion. It is, in point of fact, an engineer's question. But it is

perfectly well known that the storage area is at present entirely insufficient, that the collecting areas are not properly protected from pollution, and that various streams from the mountain are not as yet properly utilized. It is, indeed, impossible to survey, however superficially, the beautiful site upon which Cape Town is built, without being convinced that a collecting surface must exist behind, above, and around it, sufficient for the wants of a city containing ten times the population.

It would be indiscreet, if not impertinent, without accurate local knowledge, to prescribe off-hand any special plan of drainage. It is not, however, difficult to be aware of the existence of a good fall, of an extended seaboard, and of a comparatively simple street geography—all conditions compatible with an effective and simple system of underground drainage. As to the stercus arrangements, earth closets are found to fail in England, if adopted in large communities, and cannot (as yet at all events) be safely recommended in the presence of a population of more than a few hundred persons. The tub system is, in the opinion of the writer, an odious means of disposal, calculated to create all kinds of nuisances unless very perfectly carried out. Cess-pools should, undoubtedly, be discouraged, because they usually pollute the water we drink, and the ground on which we live, as well as the air we breathe. Is there then really any insuperable *engineering* obstacle to the adoption of a *bonâ fide* underground system of sewers, either on the general, or what is called the separate, plan? If the general plan be chosen, provision must be made for ample flushing, and for outlets in such a position that the sewage shall not flow back on to the beach. The "separate" system was designed by Mr. William Menzies, deputy-surveyor of Windsor Forest and Parks, and is in operation at Windsor Castle, Abingdon, Eton, and several other towns. Two sets of pipes are laid down, one of which carries off the storm-water from the streets and houses, and the other for sewage proper, which is discharged and utilized on a farm in that case. The latter plan appears to commend itself, because the storm-water could be collected at the bottom of the city and appropriated to hygienic, and perhaps washing, purposes. Whichever plan be adopted, provision must, of course, be made for the *connection of all houses* with the main drains, and for the ample ventilation of the latter. As to the disposal of dust and dry kitchen stuff, it seems reasonable to assume that a decently-arranged dust-bin, emptied weekly or oftener, is a more satisfactory plan than precipitating such refuse into the street, to scatter promiscuously and speedily create a nuisance. There are many comparatively minor details relating to cisterns, water-butts, closets, sinks, and the like, all of which require careful consideration. The presence of a mixed native population seriously complicates sanitary reform. But if with skilled engineering aid the difficulties be fairly faced, and the remedies well chosen, Cape Town should speedily be classed among the healthiest, as she is undeniably one of the most beautifully situated, cities in the world.

On board an Outward-bound Steamer.

I read and try to banish thought,  
 But memory fondly turns,  
 To my loved home, the dear old land,  
 And my heart within me burns.

I see the dear familiar form  
 Of him who loved me well,  
 His grey hairs fluttering in the breeze,  
 As when we said farewell.

I feel the clinging of those arms  
 Which bore me long ago,  
 And I feel the tear drops—long since dry—  
 In my heart, as marks of woe.

Oh ! shall I ever hear those tones  
 Which vibrate in my heart,  
 Making sad music with the waves,  
 And ne'er from me depart ?

And if I see not now those forms,  
 No more those voices hear,  
 Thank God there's yet a far-off land,  
 Which day by day draws near.

A land where partings never come,  
 Or tears bedew the eye,  
 But loved ones with their own once more  
 Meet for Eternity.

L.

## The Higher Education.

BY PROFESSOR GORDON.

THE following suggestions for the improvement of some of the regulations made by the University to advance Higher Education in South Africa, are humbly offered as the results of a few years' experience in the training of students for the B.A. Examinations.

At present matriculated students require to study for a period of two years at least, in order to qualify themselves for graduation, and at the end of this period they are confronted with sixteen or seventeen examination papers on almost as many different subjects, each requiring about three hours to answer properly. Now, if any particular system of examinations has a tendency to encourage *cram*, this one certainly has. The candidate goes up to his examination with his mind, so to speak, choke-full of the results of two, or it may be three, years continuous study of four different languages with their literatures, and three or four histories of different nations, and in addition to these he must be familiar with the numerous formulæ of mathematics, both pure and mixed, together with the science of logic and the whole range of mineral chemistry. I believe that most of our B.A. graduates, if questioned on this point, would freely confess that they were obliged to cram in some of their subjects, in order to bring up at one time the whole stock of knowledge necessary for the examination weeks. I have heard of a case in which one of the most distinguished B.A. graduates *got up* a certain subject in such a way that he had to make all haste to the examination room to write down quickly the results of the cramming process to which he had been subjecting himself for an hour or two before, and this he did before even looking at the examination paper, knowing well that unless the *cram* was speedily written down it would vanish from his memory. Such a mode of answering a paper is, in an educational point of view, worse than useless, and the question now is, what is the remedy?

One remedy can be applied by the examiner, and that is not to ask what are called *cram questions*, depending for their answer on pure memory alone, but such as require, in addition, the exercise of the candidate's intellect. Another way in which the University Council could lessen the candidate's temptation to cram, would be to divide the B.A. examination into two parts, one to be taken at the end of the first year after matriculation, and called the First B.A. Examination, and the other at the end of the second year, and called the Second B.A. Examination. This is the plan adopted by the London University, and it has more than one advantage. It reduces the number of subjects to be studied for one examination, and thereby promotes thoroughness. It affords to the student an authoritative test of his progress after a year's study, and would thus, on the one



hand, encourage diligence, and, on the other, discourage idleness or incapacity with greater promptitude than under the present biennial or triennial period of study. Again, it would cause what is very much needed, a division of the B.A. class into two distinct parts, viz., students training for their first, and others for their second, B.A. Examination. Under the present system all the members of the B.A. class meet in the same place at the same time, and the Professor is liable to go on either too fast for the first or too slowly for the second year students; or he is obliged to devote the first part of the hour to one section and the remainder to the other, a mode of procedure very unsatisfactory to all parties concerned. Again there are some students who would pass a first B.A. Examination, but who for various reasons might not pass a second, and it seems desirable that this class should be provided for.

The following division of the B.A. subjects appears to me to be the most suitable for the two examinations :—

| First B.A. Examination.            | Second B.A. Examination.             |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| English Language and Literature.   | Logic and Mental Philosophy.         |
| Latin Language.                    | Latin Literature.                    |
| Roman History.                     | Greek History.                       |
| Greek Language.                    | Greek Literature.                    |
| Dutch, French, or German Language. | Dutch, French, or German Literature. |
| Algebra.                           | Constitutional History of England.   |
| Plane Geometry.                    | Plane Co-ordinate Geometry.          |
| Plane Trigonometry.                | Mechanics and Physical Science.      |

It will be observed that the languages, with the exception of English, occur in both examinations. This is quite necessary, as it is impossible to acquire a fair knowledge of a foreign language and its literature in less than two years, the first year being devoted to the study of the language itself as a medium of thought, and the second year to the best thoughts in the language. Every matriculated student ought to have a good knowledge of arithmetic before entering upon the mathematics of the first year. Algebra and plane geometry should be studied simultaneously, and plain trigonometry ought to conclude the first year's mathematical course. The second year includes the higher mathematics and physical science, as well as logic, to which it would be advisable to add a little mental philosophy, or at least its history.

Allow me to draw your attention to another suggestion, and one which was mentioned in the Vice-Chancellor's address last year, viz., that some of the existing educational institutions might become worthy of a closer union with the University as affiliated Colleges. This was said in connection with the remark that a Teaching University would be merely a Cape Town University. Now it seems to me that this happy idea of affiliated Colleges will form a basis on

which a union can be effected between the advocates of a Teaching University and those who believe that an examining one is all that is necessary. If those institutions in which graduates are trained become affiliated to the University, then the University becomes practically a teaching one ; and, on the other hand, it retains all the advantages of an Examining University in being impartially constituted with respect to its affiliated Colleges.

It only remains to be determined in what affiliation ought to consist, and here I could have wished that the Vice-Chancellor had explained what he meant by it. Perhaps he may have the goodness to do so at some future time ; but I trust I shall not be considered too presuming if I here venture to mention what I think ought to be some of its provisions.

The union called affiliation, if it is to be something more than a mere name, should imply certain reciprocal duties and privileges.

The chief duty of an affiliated College to the University is obviously to train candidates for graduation. No institution that has not successfully trained such candidates ought to be affiliated. Again, there should be some reasonable prospect that the institution will continue to afford at least the same if not greater facilities for acquiring the higher education. This implies the proper maintenance of a competent staff of Professors or Lecturers, and the possession of approved class-rooms furnished with all the necessary apparatus employed in teaching. Now, if an institution merits affiliation by being possessed of such qualifications, let us next inquire what privileges or advantages the University can afford to give in return. From the very general nature of the University Incorporation Act as it now stands, it seems difficult to grant any privilege to particular Colleges that may not be inconsistent with some clause in it, or that may not be claimed by any institution whatever. It would evidently not be advisable, if it were not impossible, to pass a law excluding from graduation all candidates except those trained in affiliated Colleges. To do so would be to make a step backwards. Wherein, then, would an affiliated College differ from another that is not affiliated ? or what privilege should the University grant to the one and deny to the other ? The question, like many others, is more easily asked than answered ; but, in reply, I would venture to propose that the teaching staff of an affiliated College should have a seat *ex-officio* in the University Council, and thereby a voice in the direction and control of University affairs. In this way, not only would an affiliated College receive a distinction through its Professors or Lecturers, but the University itself would be benefited by the knowledge and experience of educational matters which such men must have acquired in training candidates for graduation. There are already some representative Professors in the Council, but they do not sit *ex-officio*, and the Colleges in which they teach, although they so far enjoy an advantage above others, could not be distinguished as affiliated Colleges in consequence. Then again, if the teaching staff

of affiliated Colleges had an *ex-officio* seat in the Council, there could be no objection to their appointment as examiners, provided as many more gentlemen not connected with these Colleges were appointed as co-examiners, and a by-law passed that the names of candidates should not appear on their papers when given to the examiners. Such a by-law ought to have been passed already, in order to afford no excuse to anyone for insinuating that partiality has been unconsciously shown to any individual candidate.

Again, as the affiliated Colleges would in this way be able to exercise a considerable influence over the University, so, on the other hand, the University, by means of its Council, should have a direct control over the Colleges. It should have, in common with the Superintendent-General of Education and the local managers, a voice in the appointment or dismissal of their Professors or Lecturers, and in the regulation of their work and emoluments. Under such University control affiliated Colleges would become more effective instruments of education than it is possible for them to be under local managers or shareholders alone, or even under the combined influence of the latter and the Superintendent-General of Education. Such a University connection would give them a higher standing, set before them more enlightened views, and foster in them a more liberal spirit than they at present possess; and would, moreover, furnish a powerful argument in favour of Parliamentary representation. If it be objected that the University, as at present constituted, forms too small a constituency to merit representation in Parliament, this objection would not hold against the University with its affiliated Colleges. The interests of education are, to say the least, as important to the Colony as those of trade and commerce; but while the last two are largely represented by members who are directly concerned in their prosperity, and who consequently affect legislation very powerfully in their favour, the cause of education has no direct and not many indirect representatives, and the consequence is that educational matters are sometimes neglected. But give to the University with its affiliated Colleges a representative in Parliament, and education will receive a new impetus, and exert upon the Colony a greater influence than it has hitherto possessed. Wealthy colonists will be emulating the munificence of Mrs. Jamison in Cape Town, and of Captain Hughes and others in Australia, and will be recorded "in their country's story" amongst those who have been its greatest benefactors.

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## Herman de Ruyter.

[FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLLENS.]

Where Maas and Waal their waters join,  
 Not far from Gorkum Town,  
 Above the left bank towers on high,  
 The broad stream flowing fast thereby,  
 A castle old and brown.

That castle's name is Loevestein,  
 Whereof our sons shall speak ;  
 With rampart, moat, and drawbridge long,  
 For battering-ram it is too strong,  
 For woman's love too weak.\*

*There* was a famous deed once done,  
 The poet's favourite theme ;  
 When Philip cruel, unrestrained,  
 With wheel, and rack, and gibbet reigned  
 Uncurbèd and supreme ;

*There* was a famous deed once done  
 We never can forget,  
 When Alva lashed the shrinking land  
 With blazing fire and gleaming brand,  
 Nor ever felt regret.

“ By heaven, I will not suffer this !  
 No never !” Ruyter cried,—  
 “ Yon fiend, with laws of dirk and rope,  
 Depriving young and old of hope,  
 Shall be by me defied !

“ From me a bitter draught of blood  
 He gains, his thirst to slake ;  
 For, though I yield me to his grip,  
 And from his blade my gore should drip,  
 ‘This arm shall make him quake !’”

He spoke, and in a friar's cowl  
 He hid his scheming brain ;  
 Equipped himself, and with a guard  
 He hastened to the Bommelwaard,  
 And knocked at Loevestein.

\* Alluding to the escape of Grotius from this castle in 1619.

“ Open, Spanish brothers, open !  
Crafty treason doth impend,  
Too weak the foeman to withstand,  
Too weak, O warder, is your band,  
Advice and help I lend !”

The creaking bolts are soon withdrawn,  
They ope the door amain ;  
And, quickly meeting thrust with thrust,  
They cause the Spaniards bite the dust,  
And capture Loevestein.

Ensconced within the lonely fort,  
He watches tower and wall,  
And summons then at trumpet's call  
A brave escort, though it be small,  
Scarce twenty men in all.

“ This castle he shall not regain,  
He, nor his Spanish loons ;  
This castle he shall not regain,  
Or may it crumble on the plain,  
And I lie midst its ruins !”

Toiling at fosse and sconce, 'tis thus  
He and his twenty swear ;  
The Spanish banners, torn to shreds,  
They fling away, and o'er their heads  
The Orange ensign rear.

But scarce did Alva hear this news  
When, starting up in rage and fear :  
“ Up, soldiers, up ! and do not fail,  
But drag me at my courser's tail  
This foolish rebel here !

“ Before mine eyes, he, tortured, dies,  
Writhing in agony and in pain ;  
And learns with head upon the block,  
That he who once doth Alva mock,  
Attempts it not again !”

Three hundred followers grasp the sword,  
And gallop to the field,  
And rushing on to meet their fate,  
They hurry to the castle gate,  
And bid De Ruyter yield.



“ Back from the walls, you Spanish loons,  
Upon your lives forbear !  
Back from the walls !” De Ruyter cries,  
“ The first to mount the rampart dies,  
For death awaits him here !”

The cannon thunders the response  
The bugle horns resound ;  
They batter at the castle wall,  
The loosened, tottering fragments fall  
With crash upon the ground.

But soon an answer, flashing forth,  
The Spaniards doth repay ;  
The flower of that Castilian crew  
Have bid the world a last adieu,  
And perish in the fray.

The battering-ram is brought to bear  
Against the crumbling wall ;  
Amid the roar and din of war  
Loud shrieks and shouts resound, and far  
The scattered fragments fall.

But Ruyter, rushing to the front,  
Repels th’ advancing foes ;  
And, while with sword from side to side  
He scatters foemen far and wide,  
The blood in torrents flows.

Meanwhile, the assailants in the rear  
Their ladders firmly set,  
And, whilst he in the front doth fight,  
They scale the walls with all their might,  
And mount the parapet.

But Ruyter, turning, sees them come,  
And furious is his frown ;  
His lips give forth an angry cry,  
And, with fixed look and glaring eye,  
He strikes the foremost down.

He rushes like a roaring lion,  
And meets their fierce attack ;  
He clears a space, and, though ’tis small,  
Supports himself against a wall,  
And drives his foemen back.

He wields his keen and quivering blade,  
 And grasps it with both hands ;  
 He swings it round him, and each blow  
 The death proclaiming of a foe,  
 Scatters approaching bands.

Amazed at this courageous act,  
 The trembling Spaniards fly ;  
 A double fear hath seized the horde :  
 The flashing of his deadly sword,  
 And lightning of his eye.

But soon they rally and return,  
 And soon renew the fight ;  
 They rush upon him, one and all,  
 And then to force him from the wall  
 Their strength his foes unite.

He yet fights on and falters not,  
 But hacks and hews around,  
 Until his sword, in fragments broke  
 And shivered by a mighty stroke,  
 Is dashed upon the ground.

Then, seeing there is no escape,  
 His firm resolve is ta'en ;  
 He grasps a torch and swings it round,  
 And boldly flings it on the ground,  
 And sets on fire the train.\*

It burns, and with a loud report  
 It bursts the castle-wall ;  
 The heaving roofs asunder tear,  
 And scattered wide, lie far and near,  
 Friends, foemen, one and all.

That thunder fell with fearful crash  
 On Alva in his pride ;  
 It checked him in his hellish joy,  
 Whilst murder was his sole employ,  
 And love of blood his guide.

But still among the ruins they search  
 For brave De Ruyter's head ;  
 And, at the bloodhound's fierce decree,  
 They nail it to the gallows-tree,  
 A relic of the dead.

\* *i. e.*, of gunpowder, which he had laid beforehand.

Meanwhile, a statue slavish hands  
 In Alva's honour raise,  
 Which shows, in costly metal wrought,  
 That monster who 'gainst freedom fought,  
 To each one's wond'ring gaze.

But yet the Dutch are not misled  
 By pomp and taunting lies,  
 And patriots ever seemed to see  
 That *Alva* rose on gallows-tree,  
 And *Ruyter* to the skies.

M. L. WESSELS.

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## Botanical Ways and Means.

BY PROFESSOR MACOWAN.

The following notes of botanical ways and means of study originated in a memorandum accompanying a collection of plants sent to the Lovedale Institution as a nucleus for a Herbarium. At Dr. Stewart's suggestion the paper was considerably enlarged, and put to press in 1871 for private distribution. Having fallen behindhand by lapse of time, and being out of print, it has been thought worthy of revision and republication in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*. We think that if there be any royal road to the acquisition of descriptive sciences, it will commence, as the author of this paper urges, with the personal collection and ordination of the objects to be studied. Nothing else can fix multitudinous details so surely in the mind. It is like the daily *praxis* of conversation in a foreign tongue aiding and giving life to the grammar and dictionary.  
 —Ed. C. M. M.

No satisfactory progress in the study of the Flora of any country can be made by simply examining each new plant as it occurs in the chances of excursions. It is essential to compare its near relatives of the same genus, and trace out all resemblances and differences. Now as the varied localities and times of flowering preclude the possibility of such systematic comparison of all living plants, it becomes necessary for the botanist to have ready to his hand specimens of all the species he has gathered, so dried as to be recognizable, and arranged in systematic order. This organized collection becomes the standard of comparison to which any new acquisition is referred, and by it the student is rendered independent of locality and season,—the contents of his dry garden being perpetually in flower.

The formation of such a Herbarium is therefore implied in all real study of Systematic Botany. Yet the end may be forgotten in acquiring the means. There is a class of minds to which continuous accumulation seems a necessity. With one man it is money-getting,—not for use, but for sheer love of acquiring;—with another,—the adding of house to house and field to field. So others collect old pictures, coins, china, or

snuff-boxes. Beware of similar dilttanism in Botany. It is no unusual circumstance to find a student degenerate into a mere collector ;—arranging, ticketing, and fondling his specimens from year to year, but never sitting down to the close consecutive examination of any particular order or genus. Such unfortunates are the mere labourers, the hod-men of science, bringing and accumulating materials for other men to use.

Specimens should be precisely what the name implies, presenting the means of judging of every part of a plant,—stem, leaves, flowers, seed-vessel, and even root if not too large. A little judgment in gathering will save much subsequent trouble. Scraps and imperfect examples are of no value whatever.

In collecting a-field, some botanists use a flat tin box with a close-fitting lid. If made neatly, with angles and corners rounded off, and presenting the general appearance of a gigantic sandwich-box, it may be very handy. The size required for vigorous collecting should not be less than 18 in.  $\times$  10 in., and  $3\frac{1}{2}$ —4 in. deep. Preferable to this, is a portfolio of light pasteboard, furnished with 10—20 leaves of stout brown paper, and with strings to tie close at front and ends. Such a folio, 20  $\times$  12, is not too large for convenient slinging from the shoulder, even on horseback, and will hold a vast number of plants. These may be laid between the paper in handfuls, the more the better, because their mutual natural moisture prevents an undue degree of wilting and fading. In very dry and hot weather, however, this rough procedure does not give very good results. Many delicate plants, as *Oxalidæ* and the like, perish utterly under the lax pressure of the folio. For them, the best plan is to have a pair of light wooden frames, 20 in.  $\times$  12 in., fastened with three straps, and carrying about 2 lb. weight of drying paper. This arrangement enables you to put your specimens under temporary and sufficient pressure at the moment of gathering, and obviates all chances of loss by withering. Some botanists use the frames for all plants, rough or delicate. It is true a solitary collector cannot thus bring home so large a harvest as with the omnivorous and never-full portfolio. But it is easy to have an attendant with a second pair of frames or even the folio itself, if the locality be unusually rich in plants or the collector very greedy. A final advantage, of no small importance, is that plants thus secured do not require immediate sorting and laying under pressure on reaching home.

In so dry a climate as the Cape nothing but old newspapers need be used for the exsiccation of plants. They are moderately absorbent, and by far the cheapest medium. They should be selected of uniform size, refolded, pressed, and cut down to 20 in.  $\times$  12. But although good work may be done with this material, it is well worth while to get a ream of Newman's Botanical Paper, a thick absorbent medium which, for its special purposes, is simply perfect. The most useful size is 20 in.  $\times$  24 in., folding to 12 in.\* Six or eight lattice pressing boards will be needed, made of two strata of half-inch deal strips, crossing each other at right angles. They may be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, and set with an equal interspace, and should be put together with clenched brads instead of glue. The rectangular openings and channels left for air greatly hasten the process of drying.

In addition to this stock, it is an excellent plan to have about a quire

\* Sold by T. P. Newman, 32, Botolph Lane, Eastcheap, E.C. ; price 23s. per ream.

or so of thin gauzy tissue paper, cut to standard size, but in separate leaves. These and these are only to be in actual contact with the specimen ; the advantage gained will presently be evident. After having sorted out the plants according to their degree of succulence, place two or three folded sheets upon a pressing-board,—above these a leaf of tissue, and upon this as many specimens as will cover it without crowding or overlap. Follow with four or five folded sheets, and above them, a leaf with more specimens. Thus continue, piling stratum above stratum, till all the plants of one uniform degree of succulence are laid in. Then interpose a pressing-board, and proceed *de novo*. You may thus build up a pile to the height of two feet or more, and if the relative thicknesses of the plants be cleverly distributed throughout, there will be little chance of its toppling over. Finally place thereon any convenient weight ; not less than 100 lbs. in ordinary cases. No weights are so convenient as paraffine tins filled with sand. In travelling, pressure may be conveniently maintained by a stout strap and buckle, aided if needful by a wedge. Or if the outside pressing-boards be extra strong, a loop of rope slipped round and twisted, tourniquet-fashion, with a stout stick, will give a good elastic tension. Screw-presses are not desirable save in exceptional cases and after considerable experience. The pressure is deceptive and apt to be far too great at first, yet from the nature of the instrument it slackens and does not follow the contraction of the pile as moisture evaporates.

In twelve hours or so, the plants will have given up much of their juices to the absorbent paper, which must therefore be changed. Removing the weights, reverse the former process, unbuilding the pile ; and as each leaf with its specimens comes into view, lift it off by two diagonal corners and lay it upon the foundation board and paper of a new pile to be built up with *dry* materials. Do not move the plants off the tissue leaves. Thus proceed, removing stratum after stratum of moist sheets, and transferring the contents to similar strata of dry paper. In doing this you will find out the advantage of a large quantity—say fifty pounds—of drying materials. The work proceeds continuously and without loss of time. Also reflect that if you had not provided the tissue, but had laid the specimens directly on the drying papers, every separate plant would have to be picked up singly and transferred, and this tedious process would have resulted in injury to any specimens with delicate corollas. The damp material removed may be conveniently dried over bamboos suspended in any airy place. On a lengthened excursion, where economy of paper is sure to be desirable, it will be found a good plan to pile together all the containing leaves immediately they are removed, with a single sheet of the drying material between, and put a board above and below. Meanwhile the rest of the paper is hung up for a rapid desiccation in the sun and wind. In this way no material lies idle, but some of the more delicate specimens may suffer if they remain unpressed too long.

The changes of paper should be continued at intervals of twenty-four hours till the plants are crisp, dry and stiff in every part. Owing to their variable succulence no definite rule as to time can be given. The South African Flora contains many fleshy plants which would remain for whole weeks uninjured and undried between the papers. All these must be killed by momentary immersion in boiling water, and the subsequent pressure must be extremely gentle and the changes very frequent. Some other plants, especially *Ericaceæ*, throw off their leaves as a last



effort of life, and must also be dipped, all except the flowers. I have latterly made great use of artificial heat in drying succulents, as Mesembryaceæ, Kleinia, and Euphorbiæ. One must operate on very few specimens at once, arrange them with about ten drying papers above and below, and secure the bundle between lattices tied fast with string. A heat of  $150^{\circ}$  may be given for a week or ten days by leaving the whole affair hung near a kitchen stove. It will want no change of papers if the specimens are few, and the moisture will be evenly driven outwards from the source of heat, giving very excellent results.

So much for the preparation of botanical specimens. Besides their being examples of the form and other external properties of a species, the careful botanist will take pains to secure for them a further value. The area of distribution of species, and their altitude range differs by fixed laws. It therefore is necessary to note accurately all facts bearing upon these points, since they cannot be gained by mere inspection of the specimen. And as no time is so good for noting facts as the moment of occurrence, make it a rule without exception to affix a rough label to at least *two* of every suite of examples *during the first process of laying in press*. This should contain the name, if known—or at least the genus or the order,—the station affected by the plant,—the locality, date and approximate altitude above the sea level.

Ere long the industrious student will have accumulated a considerable mass of material. The dried plants are readily preserved in bundles or “fasciculi” formed of single leaves of  $20 \times 12$  in. newspaper; as many being laid out on each leaf as will cover it without overlapping. A piece of coarse pasteboard above and below preserves the fasciculus from injury. As soon as leisure serves, the contents must be carefully overhauled,—the nomenclature of the rough label justified or corrected by a close comparison with the descriptions in the “Flora or Prodromus,” and the requisite items filled in upon a printed ticket which should not be too small. Four inches by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. is a usual size. Most botanists, whose circle of correspondents is large and comprehends students of all kindreds, nations and tongues, prefer to use the universal language, Latin, in their labelling, and certainly the curt, definite precision of its phrases is an advantage.

From the material in the fasciculi the best specimens are selected to form the Herbarium, and of these every portion is carefully touched over on both sides with a solution made by dissolving two drachms of corrosive sublimate in a pint of spirits of wine, using a large camel-hair brush. Delicate plants should be laid among the drying paper subsequently till the solvent has quite evaporated. This poisonous application effectually prevents the attacks of *Acari* and minute beetles, which otherwise would in a few years reduce the plants to mere dust and ashes. Camphor and similar volatile substances are often recommended, but apart from the annoyance of their heavy odour, the effect is temporary, whereas, once sublimated, the plants are secure from insect depredations for ever. In fact the use of camphor in the cabinet must depend upon the presence, not of *Acari* attacking the specimens, but of the troublesome “fish-moth” which devours the paper on which they are mounted. Even this enemy is better kept at bay by sprinkling a little desiccated and finely powdered borax in the cabinets and among the fascicles.

The size and sort of mounting paper is next to be considered. If the specimens are to be attached to the third page of a folio sheet, a

paper weighing twenty to twenty-five pounds to the ream will be quite thick enough. Very few herbaria, however, are arranged upon this excellent but expensive plan. Should the ordinary system of single leaves be adopted, the paper should be stouter to make up for the lack of protection afforded by the intermediate fly-leaf. The standard size at Kew is perhaps the best, viz.  $16\frac{3}{8} \times 10$  in.; it has been followed in the compilation of the valuable Pappean Herbarium, now the property of the Cape Government, and in the one in preparation for the Cape of Good Hope University.\* In this latter case, the material chosen is a fine white cartridge paper, as nearly as possible matching that used by Dr. Harvey for the former collection, so that should any incorporation of the two ever take place, there may be no want of uniformity. But a buff coloured paper is far less tiring to the eyes, and much to be preferred in commencing a new Herbarium. Supposing that single leaves are preferred, as many specimens may be arranged on each as the size will allow. They are fixed in place by small strips of glue-paper placed across the stems or other suitable parts. Melt the glue in vinegar and add a little sugar or treacle to prevent its drying crisp and crackly. Unlike water glue, this preparation will not mould or ferment. Two successive coats are to be painted over some waste cuttings of herbarium-paper, which when dry, are snipped up into short strips as wanted. Gluing the plants actually to the paper is a bad plan and often prevents a complete examination. The printed Herbarium-label of the collector is then neatly attached on the lower right hand corner. Still greater neatness may be attained by having the outline and heading of the label printed directly upon the mounted paper, the expense being about the same either way.

All the mounted species of one genus are laid in reverse order, like Oriental manuscripts, within a sheet of cartridge termed a "genus-cover," and on the outside of this wrapper, at the left hand lower corner, the name of the genus is written in large letters, thus—

### 3. *Muraltia* . . . . . Sp. 10-18.

If there be more species than one genus-cover can contain, a second or third may follow, and the contents noted outside, as above. The genus-covers are piled one above another in the order of their natural sequence in the pages of the "Flora." Pieces of thin mill-board divide the Orders, and form a foundation upon each shelf of the cabinet containing the collection.

It will be easily seen with what precision and system a great number of plants can thus be arranged. Out of the contents of an ordinarily large Herbarium of fifteen or twenty thousand species from all quarters of the globe, any single one which may be wanted at a moment's notice can be readily found and withdrawn for comparison. The Kew collection consists of over a million examples.

The question as to the most convenient form of cabinet requires careful consideration. Its requisites are moderate size and portability, security

\* It may be a useful guide to note that Messrs. King and Co., 65, Cornhill, E.C., supply Gill College Herbarium with buff cartridge, cut and folded in threes,  $16 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$  in., at 13s. 6d. per ream: white cartridge for the University Collection,  $16\frac{3}{8} \times 10$  in., at 21s. per ream: thin mill-board of either size at 17s. 6d. per gross. There is difficulty in getting buff cartridge thick enough for the single leaf mounting, unless a large order be given, manufacturers not caring to make less than ten reams of unusual quality, even as a favour.

from dust and damp, easy access to its contents, and inexpensiveness. I believe no form has been devised which can in all these points compete with the cabinets used in the great Herbarium at Kew. In this, the largest collection in the world, they are ranged one above another to the number of six hundred, like courses of mighty bricks, and being comparatively small individually, any single one can be removed, a tier rearranged, and a new one intercalated without the general displacement of contents which would necessarily follow if many were framed together as a fixture. The student's cabinet should resemble one of these. It is a plain deal case, 4 ft. high, 2 ft. wide and 18 in. deep. One vertical partition and seven horizontal shelves divide the interior into sixteen compartments. The vertical partition and the central shelf are half an inch in thickness;—the other shelves are  $\frac{1}{6}$  in. thick. The sides are of  $\frac{3}{4}$  stuff to secure the correct hanging of the doors;—the rest half inch, or even less. Thus apportioned the compartments will measure 17 in. in depth,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in. in width and  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in height. Presupposing that the standard size for mounting-paper has been followed, the genus-covers may be cut slightly larger,— $16\frac{3}{4}$  by  $10\frac{1}{4}$ ,—a small excess which will preserve the edges of the papers from fraying. The piles of genera will then fit into their places with just sufficient margin to permit of easy withdrawal.

The doors, made in two leaves closing with a button against the centre vertical partition, should be panelled to prevent warping, and must open *flush* with the sides of the case. If hung from a fixed style some of the interior space is lost, and the removal of the fasciculi is rendered awkward. Feet or castors raising the whole from the floor, and a coat of oak-stain and varnish on the outside makes a finished and satisfactory affair. The expense may be about £3.

Amid these practical cares and details, take care that study be not forgotten. Like the jackdaw snapping up now a button, now a silver spoon, to stow away in his hoard of curiosities, it is easy to accumulate without using. Every fresh plant must be carefully worked out in three-fold fashion. First, the great comprehensive ordinal characters must be reviewed, noted and written out in sequence of their importance. If the plant lie on the debateable ground between two orders, then its points of difference must also be stated. This done, the generic characteristics pass under notice with careful reference to the preceding and following genera to note its differentiation from both. Thirdly, work out the specific characters or rather a description of the individual plant, with the utmost accuracy and minuteness. At first, of course, the guidance of the "Flora" or "Genera" is indispensable, but as knowledge and experience increase, original attempts at description may be made, using the books subsequently as means of correction.

This is the daily programme of work, and gives in its manuscript results a diary of enlarging knowledge. By the time that in the order of casual gathering, some hundred or hundred and fifty plants have thus become accurately known, the collection in the Herbarium will have so increased as to present a tolerably complete set of the species of some one genus. Whenever this is the case, bring them out together for *comparative examination*. It is not now each plant singly, but mutually related species of one common genus to which the mind is to be directed. Arranging them in order of perfection of some common property, draw up a careful manuscript *DIAGNOSIS*, or description in which their mutual *differences* are made

out as distinctly as possible. Begin this most interesting consecutive study with the first genus that approaches completion in your Herbarium, and never give over. In such way only,—not by mere collecting—not even by desultory examination of single plants,—but solely by definite, logical, cohering *study of groups* and their affinities, can one ever become a Botanist.

Then it may be said—"There are very few Botanists!" Truly, very few indeed,—but of dilettanti, and of mere botanical jackdaws,—there are whole legions.

In this labour, the work will be done from dried specimens. It is not enough to subject them to a superficial view, they must be treated and dissected just as if fresh. A single perfect flower may be detached wherever it will least be missed and soaked in a little boiling water. In two minutes it will grow plump and flexible, and will faithfully exhibit all that could have been seen in the fresh flower, colour excepted. I use a wide glass test-tube supported over a small spirit-lamp, an arrangement which is always ready and occupies little space. This practice with *exsiccata* will teach some useful lessons in drying plants, for when over-pressed,—squeezed instead of flattened,—their organs become bruised into one undistinguishable mass, and will not recover their shape when moistened.

It is often asked, "What sort of microscope should a botanist have?" For common purposes a cheap pocket lens, costing two or three shillings, is good enough. For dissections and elaborate work, there is nothing comparable to Smith and Beck's oval stage Dissecting Microscope: No. 308, page 30 of their trade catalogue. It is priced at £5, and is well worth the money. A 1-inch Coddington lens, at fifteen shillings, should be added, and a few fine forceps and scissors at about three shillings each. This is as good an instrument as can be made, and should be petted and taken care of accordingly.

Suppose the student lays himself out for hard consecutive work, his light will not long remain hid under a bushel. Others, like-minded with himself, will find him out, like scientific free-masons, and help him to the completion of his materials for study by extensive exchanges. This is one of the pleasantest by-ways of the *Amabilis Scientia*,—the fast life-friendships—friendships which are often formed between men who have never looked into each other's face—cemented by years of mutual good offices and interchange of ideas. The principle that your duplicates are not your own, but a trust for your fellow students' benefit, is a good one and should be acted on liberally. In this interchange, giving and receiving are equally blessed. A correspondent in the parched karroo or on the sandy coast-veldt takes you with him in the spirit on every excursion, and when you botanize in your own district, half a dozen friends at a distance are in your thoughts. At intervals as your duplicates accumulate, they are sorted out according to the several wants of your correspondents, carefully revised for nomenclature, packed between stout mill-board, and covered with waterproof wrappings for transit.

By the liberality of the Government, parcels of specimens and letters on Museum business are transmissible free throughout the Colony by the post to and from Cape Town, Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, and Gill College Museums. The authorities of the last named institution are desirous of giving special extension and importance to their Botanical Department. Exchanges of specimens to any extent may be arranged with the Curator, and collections of plants, carefully localized and



numbered, will as far as possible be authentically named for contributors, who, if they retain a similar numbered set, will have the advantage of a generally accurate nomenclature. Even fresh, undried plants have been successfully sent by the free post from the distance of Cape Town and Swellendam ;—the plants being laid in between newspaper squares and well secured with millboard and waterproof cloth. All such parcels and letters should be addressed :—

Nat. History Specimens.

Service.

CURATOR OF GILL COLLEGE MUSEUM,  
SOMERSET EAST.

Furthermore, such contributions from all parts of the Colony are precisely what is required to improve our knowledge of the distribution of the Flora, a point on which the available information is very deficient. It is not enough to recognize plants and to know their mutual differences and systematic position. Their geography, area-distribution, and altitude range lead to important generalizations as to their endemic or derived characters, their immigration into the country, and other points in which Botany treads close upon the heels of Geology. Nothing but the co-operation of a multitude of scattered observers, whose collections are sent to some head-centre for collation and register, can give the data requisite for this most interesting enquiry. Such collation has been in progress in connection with the Gill College Herbarium for some time, but the labourers are few. Some districts, as Queen's Town and Albert, the upper part of Kaffraria, are all but unknown botanically, and even in the best worked parts of the country nothing like completeness has been attained. In fact, throughout the whole Colony, an approximate knowledge of a local flora has been accumulated only in the environs of Cape Town, Graham's Town, Graaff-Reinet, Somerset East, and Uitenhage. And the sole work upon Cape Plant distribution is J. F. Dregè's "*Documente*" with Preface by Dr. Ernest Meyer, dated 1843. It would be well if the indefatigable botanist who translated this treatise and its companion, prefixed to Meyer's *Commentary* on Dregè's collections, in the pages of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, would complete a list of the Graaff-Reinet flora, which he has so long and diligently investigated.

A few paragraphs on the management of Cryptogams may be useful, seeing that it is in this department of Cape Botany that the greatest unreaped harvest remains to reward diligent research. Mosses admit of very rough treatment ; since after the completest drying they readily absorb moisture and resume their natural appearance, the tufts may be packed promiscuously into a pouch to await examination. If the moss be free from damp no harm will ensue should the general overhauling be postponed for many days or even weeks. But this heroic procedure does not give the best results. After selection of characteristic and well-grown examples, if possible, with sporangia, they should be fully expanded in



lukewarm water and divided into small tufts, dried between the folds of a cloth for a minute, and laid out by the dozen between drying papers. One change of paper after twelve hours will generally be sufficient, though some days must be allowed for complete desiccation. The pressure must not be nearly so great as with rigid phanerogams. Hepaticæ are more delicate, and if their peculiarly fragile fructification be present, the specimens are best apportioned at the moment of gathering and placed in an old book kept closed by an elastic band. The larger foliaceous lichens, both saxicole and corticole, may during moist weather be removed from their holding without difficulty by means of a thin-bladed knife, but in dry seasons they are brittle and uncompromising. The species whose thallus seems incorporated with the substratum of bark or stone must be cut away cleverly with a portion of the foundation in the one case, or split off with a mason's chisel and hammer in the other. These lichen-bearing fragments must be wrapped up in separate papers to avoid injury or friction. The loose and friable *terricolæ* are most troublesome of all, and despite every care too often come home in powder. The best way perhaps is to fold them in coarse tissue-paper and consign them to empty match-boxes. Very little special drying is required for any of these forms.

Such Fungi as grow parasitically on the leaves of higher plants follow the general method indicated for phanerogams, care being taken to avoid excessive pressure. Others of harder tissue bursting forth from bark and decaying wood may be treated much in the same way as Lichens. But the delicate and perishable Hymenomycetes, the mushrooms whose duration is counted by hours instead of days, will task the utmost manipulative skill and patience of the operator to produce a useful recognizable specimen. On this very account the whole order of Fungi has, until a comparatively recent period, suffered from an unmerited contempt at the hands of botanists, who confine their labours to herbarium materials only. Fries, the patriarch of Mycology, has touched the matter with a needle's point in the preface of his *Systema Mycologicum*, saying, "Quoniam exsiccata in herbaris conservari nequeant—haec ratio videtur cur multi botanici hodierni, ad herbaria augenda curiosissimi magis quam veteres scientiam in gremio naturæ colentes, *fungos vilipendant*." It is hardly otherwise, as every Cape botanist knows, with succulent plants generally. *Grassulaceae*, *Mesembryaceae*, *Stapeliae*, and *Euphorbiaceae*, however curious, call in vain for attention from the amateur of "popular" and royal-road science. They will not dry prettily :—put them out of doors, for it is too much trouble to watch their living growth. Decline the acquaintance of Pharoah till he has been gathered to his fathers and reduced to the manageable regulation mummy.

Following the method indicated by Lasch in his memoir on exsiccation of fungi in Linnæa, vol. v., p. 478, the student may carefully divide the Agaric into two parts and remove a thin slice from the surface of each half. If this be done with dexterity it will give two films of wafer thickness exactly representing the sectional profile of the Agaric and exhibiting the nature size, contour, and filling of both stipes and pileus, and the proportions and adherence of the lamellæ or gills. When these have been committed to such gentle pressure as suits their structure, the two halves of the pileus from which the sections were taken may be scraped free of the soft lamellæ and trama, and folded up in soft paper

to undergo similar judicious pressure. The first change may be made in an hour or sooner, the rest at increasing intervals. At first the beginner will spoil a few sets, either from delay or too great pressure, and learn better by experience. The changes can hardly be too frequent. I have often put a choice rarity at elbow distance, and changed its surroundings every quarter of an hour during a long evening's study. Nor is this too much trouble: you are thus master of its fate and can bequeath a good exemplar to mycologists that come after you. With all your care there is, however, another source of disappointment. Many Agarics, especially edible ones, swarm with the larvae of *Anobium* and other beetles in quest of food, and by them the sections are often fairly eaten up. If the injury be only begun, the intruders may be killed by holding the underlying sheet for a few moments over a lamp. When perfectly dry, and there must be no mistake about this, the specimens are touched over on both side with a spirituous solution of corrosive sublimate, returned for a short time to the drying papers, and are then fit for storage or for the herbarium. In general, mycologists adopt a quarto size of cartridge paper, because their specimens are small. The cartons of the *Mycotheca Universalis*, and those contributed by the writer to the Cape of Good Hope University, measure  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in., that is equal in breadth and half the length of the standard size for phanerogamic plants.

The selected specimens are preserved in little pockets of soft writing paper folded something like postal envelopes and gummed securely to the foundation sheet of cartridge.\* Several sets of the same species, contributed from different localities, may fill up the surface of the sheet; it is also a great convenience to have upon each a few examples glued fast to a square of paper and open to the eye for rapid comparison without opening the pockets. Only one species must occupy each sheet, and the name, number, and locality are best written on the outer fold of the pockets, and the genus noted at the lower right hand corner of the sheet.

The larger *Polypori*, *Lenzites* and the like, which resemble tough wooden sponges and horse-hoofs, are soaked for a day in a warm solution of about half an ounce of corrosive sublimate in a gallon of water, and then sliced up into such sections as will properly display the profile of the gills and trama. Do not use a metallic vessel for the preliminary soaking; the sublimate would thereby be decomposed. After a little exposure to the air the sections are dried under pressure sufficient to keep them flat. The smaller species need not be thus anatomized, for the slicing is a mere concession to the unwieldiness of the large kinds.

In the examination of parasitic fungilli a compound microscope is indispensable, in addition to the one previously referred to. Of course there are microscopes—and microscopes. A first-rate instrument with a thousand fiddle-faddle niceties to do away with the need for dexterity and practical insight may cost fifty pounds or more, but microscopic botany is not learnt with such implements. One does not harness Pegasus to a municipal water-cart, and four times out of five the possessor of these fine instruments is a wealthy amateur who never sees as much through his fifty guinea “Ross” as you and I do through a three pound “Society of

\*Should any student, ambitious of setting up his *Mycotheca* correctly and *more majorum*, be unable to evolve the plan of a pocket out of his own mother-wit, the writer will if duly invoked forward him a pattern with a fungillus therein.

Arts" microscopes, which we are not afraid of using vigorously and for all work. Many efforts have been made to popularize the microscope without sacrificing efficiency to cheapness, and one of the best results is the "Educational microscope" of Messrs. Smith and Beck, costing £10.\* Browning's "No. 5," at £12,† is, in some respects, more handy for continuous work, sacrificing less to compactness, and performs so admirably that a student needs nothing better. It has fine 1 in. and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. objectives with correcting adjustment, and is capable of gradual additions from time to time, a B eye-piece, for instance, or a  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. object glass. The same maker has instruments of less completeness at £7 10s., and at £5 5s.; these I have not seen. Still cheaper, and astonishingly good for the price, is an instrument made by Parkes, of Birmingham, for the well-known dealer in cheap scientific apparatus, Statham, 111, Strand, London, and costing £3 10s., or with fine adjustment, £4 4s. I have one of these, given by the manufacturer in '52 or '53, and though there is now a little "loss of time" through the wearing of the rack and pinion, it still is in working order, and useful to lend to boys. Truly the force of cheapness can no further go. The fungus student will need, in addition, a stage micrometer divided to .01 and .001 in., and Beale's neutral tint reflector adjusted to the eye-piece. These adjuncts, necessary for the measurement of spores and for sketching, will cost less than twenty shillings. In learning the manipulation of the microscope and the neat-handedness required for mounting and preserving the objects studied, the best guides are Quekett's "Practical Treatise on the use of the Microscope," and Lionel Beale's "How to work with the Microscope;" but to enter into the details given in either of these excellent manuals would be pushing the intention of this paper altogether too far.

\* Smith, Beck, & Beck, 6, Coleman-street, London.

† John Browning, 63, Strand, London.

## Ardent Piety.

The athlete if imprudently he "train,"  
His health may lose, his muscles may o'erstrain.

The slave of Passion, bursting Reason's chain,  
Exhausted surfeit meets, or life insane.

The fierce fanatic, the enthusiast vain,  
To wild Emotion yields the slack'ning rein.

The student, eager Knowledge, Fame to gain  
May his tax'd mind derange, o'ertask his brain.

But who hath ever met, or found in Hist'ry's scroll  
The man whose ardent Piety o'erworked his *soul*?

CLIOFILUS.

The Buffalo.

## The Outcome of our Native Policy.

NOT long since the following passage was read in one of the work of a well known writer:—"I don't think that anything is to be gained by the association of the white and black races. They are better apart. Modern scientists have many theories about improving the Negroes, but I don't think it is to be done. If they come into contact with a superior race, they will either be exterminated or enslaved, neither of which is desirable." This is given as the utterance of one of the characters of the story, who is represented as having travelled in many countries, and having arrived at this conclusion.

It seems as if the experiment were to have a fair trial on South African soil. Mr. Noble's latest work, entitled "South Africa, Past and Present," concludes with the following words:—"Here, then, if anywhere, the problem may be solved, whether the white and the black races cannot live side by side, proving friendly and useful to each other, and aiding and co-operating in the advancement and development, morally and materially, of the capabilities and resources of this vast Continent."

We have thus two sides of the picture, one, apparently endorsing the old saying, that all the coloured races are doomed to perish before the footsteps of the white man; the other taking a more hopeful view of the question which seems to be the foremost of those agitating *our* minds at the present time.

Many things appear to point to the importance and prominence of the *Native* question at this particular juncture. We need not do more than refer to one, at any rate, of the assigned reasons for a confederation among the South African States—to be followed so speedily by a Kafir war (if so it may be termed), under the rule of one having the experience and reputation of our present Governor; and, at the same time, the gold medal of our South African University being given for an Essay on this very subject.

All will admit that there is a problem to be solved; and that the working out thereof is very largely in the hands of the white races who have settled at this southern extremity of the African Continent. Without discussing any of the theories that have been advanced as to the essential difference between the white and the black races (whether they are the result of distinct creative acts)—the question seems to arise naturally, What is to be the outcome of our native policy? What do *we* mean by it?

It has long been a boast with a certain part of the community, that we have no "class legislation;" that the law is the same for the white man and the black. In this spirit are framed the regulations affecting the schools that receive any aid from the public revenue: they are to be open to all, of every class, creed, and colour. We know, too, that this is practically carried out; that many of the native population are availing themselves of the chance of a good education;



that at institutions, such as Lovedale, this is carried to a high pitch. It has already been remarked, that before long the coloured races will be much better taught, as a class, than the farmers, who, in a great measure, are their employers.

The outcome of all this is to be seen, however, in the use they make of the education thus freely open to them. We are told that many of the natives in the frontier districts, notably the Fingoes, are rapidly increasing in material wealth. They are land-holders, stock-holders, agriculturists, tradesmen, &c., &c. What must follow from all this? Some years ago there was an expectation (one may almost say, a hope), in some quarters, that Lovedale would present some of its students to compete in the examination held by the late Board of Examiners. This wish has not as yet been gratified; but we know that in the examinations in which they have taken part,—notably those for the Teachers' Certificate, the natives have held their own well. And the time may not be very far distant when Kafirs will have become qualified for, and entitled to, all the "rank, precedence, and consideration" appertaining to the degree of B.A. and M.A. One instance, that of the late Rev. Tiyo Soga, will suffice to show of what the Kafir is intellectually capable, and this in the first stage of emerging from barbarism.

For people thus trained, suitable employment must be forthcoming. Of what sort is this to be? The example just mentioned points to the work of the Christian ministry as valuable and important; and the Bishop of St. John's has already admitted one of the native clergy in his diocese to the higher order of the priesthood, while other religious bodies have long had their native teachers and preachers. Is there anything else? Natives have long been employed as interpreters with the residents among the various tribes on the frontier; and there is one, it is said, who is a clerk in the Civil Commissioner's office in an Eastern district. Thus the ranks of the Civil Service are opening to them. Is there anything to stop their promotion to the very highest posts, if they prove deserving? Some of these educated Kafirs, too, may pursue their studies for the legal profession, either as barristers or in the lower grades. We know they have always had great witch-doctors among them; they may turn their minds to the more legitimate practice of the medical profession, and become licensed by the Medical Committee to practise in the Colony. Such a step, probably, will not be taken, until the University starts its Medical School, which the authorities show no great haste to do; but it must come in time.

There is something else. We have heard a good deal said, at different times, as to a combination among the various Kafir tribes for warlike purposes, to drive the white man into the sea. It is, however, quite within the bounds of possibility, may we not almost say, of probability? that the natives in some of our Eastern districts will combine to return one of themselves to Parliament, even though, for the present, pecuniary considerations should prevent one duly



qualified from being elected as M.L.C. Such a result may seem quite the right thing to some people ; but are we altogether prepared for what is involved in it ?

It must be manifest that the successful candidate, in any one of the above instances, is lifted up into a different social atmosphere from what he would otherwise have. And such elevation must more or less affect the entire class to which he belongs. Any one thus raised might claim social equality with those whom he must necessarily meet in public assemblies as an equal. Are we ready for their taking their places in our families, and associating on equal terms in our domestic circles ? Have we foreseen the chance of some romantic girl falling in love with some such civilized specimen of the noble savage ? Is such an outcome of our present native policy one that we have anticipated, and would be glad to welcome ? At any rate, it must be clear that educated men will require educated wives. This will change the whole of Kafir custom, when woman is regarded as man's equal.

We have not many examples with which to draw a comparison as to possible results. The writer has met with some Clergy of pure Negro origin, who were received on a footing of simple equality ; and there is the instance of Bishop Crowther, of slave extraction, and once himself a slave. We have recently heard of a black President and a black Legislature contending for its position as the ruling authority in one of the Southern States of America. And the writer has reason for thinking, that in a few cases, the native Indians of that portion of the world have had their position as fellow human beings recognized by admittance to a similar position, most certainly as having been admitted to the Synods of some of the religious bodies so abundant there.

Yet the most striking field for any such comparison must be found in India. Of course, there is one great difference, that the natives are of the Aryan stock, from which the Indo-European is an offshoot. But, in India we find the natives occupying every possible position—visiting, and being visited by, the ruling race as on an equality. The extent to which this is carried meets, perhaps, its greatest development in the position held by the Maharajah Duleep Sing at the English Court. Very recently the following expression was recorded concerning him in an English paper.—“He adds that he is now a naturalized Englishman, and feels proud that his descendants will form part of this great nation by birth ; and it is his intention to spend the remainder of his life and ‘die in the glorious land of his adoption.’”

In India, it must be borne in mind, there exists a widely extended and deeply rooted system of caste, which, in addition to scruples of a religious character, must long operate to retard a perfect fusion of races. Among ourselves there may be *physical* objection to having too close companionship with those of native blood. Yet enough has been said to show the object with which these remarks are penned

At the present juncture, when probably a great change, for good or for evil, will take place in our relation to the several native tribes with whom we are brought into contact, it seems important that possible issues should be brought forward for consideration—that they should be well and carefully weighed by those who have the shaping of events, and if such results are not well-pleasing, that a change in our policy should be made before the time for doing so has passed.

Y.

Swellendam.

### By Post Cart to Beaufort West.

THE following sketch of a visit to what its inhabitants delight to call the “Gem of the Desert,” if it contains in itself no startling incident, or thrilling narrative, has at least the merit of being a faithful record of a journey which, in the course of a year, will in all likelihood become a mere matter of history, with the extension of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Starting by train to Ceres Road Station, we take the post-cart as a preliminary stage to the village of that name, proceeding *en route* through Mitchell’s Pass. Like most passes we have seen in the Colony, Mitchell’s presents no attractive feature; bold crags, fantastic shaped heights, and a meandering stream gliding quietly along in the deep valley beneath, are presented to the traveller, but no sharply defined peculiarity attracts the eye. One thing common to passes, and to which this is no exception, is the unprotected sides of the road; here and there a boulder rests on the margin, but affording facility enough for a restive horse or faulty harness to plunge the traveller hundreds of feet into the abyss below. A week previous to my passing, the cart and horses of some unlucky wight did roll over this very pass; but the wonder is, that these man-traps are not more successful.

An hour’s sharp driving, and we reach the village of Ceres, which has an infantile aspect, but seemingly well-watered. A detention of half an hour, and we are fairly off. The road is dry and dusty, but the tediousness is somewhat relieved by the driver pulling up at the numerous wayside hostelries, which seem to be all postal agencies. Coffee and sandwiches are strangers at these inns. But we soon entered upon the bare barren Karoo so often described, looking still more desolate by the sickly light of the stars—a long dreary waste of mile upon mile without a tree to relieve the monotonous sameness, and without a jackal’s cry to announce the proximity of animated nature. The night was close and calm, not the faintest shadow of a breeze disturbed the stunted shrubs, which here represent the vegetable kingdom, the twigs of which stand as

denuded of leaves or fringe as porcupine quills. The death-like stillness which prevailed, the moonless sky, and the vast unlimited extent of stone and shrub, produced a depression in unison with the wild and weird waste over which we rode. At three a.m., we pulled up at another hostlery, whose uninviting bar consisted of a couple of decanters, seemingly filled with bad wine, and a bottle of equally unpalatable-looking brandy, ranged side by side on a deal table with two dirty cracked tumblers. My quondam Jehu seemed to relish the latter, however, for he announced it in the vernacular *een extra soupie*. But *tempus fugit*, even in this inhospitable region, so we mounted to our seats again, and away we tore at a break-neck pace over roads as well marked by ruts as puddings are with plums. Streaks of morning dawn appear in the eastern horizon, and with this heralding of old Sol comes a drowsy feeling, more keenly felt than in the lonely hours of midnight. Sleep is rendered almost impracticable in such a position, and, like the historical monarch on the battle field, we sigh over the impossible. Straped as we are to the cart to prevent us falling out, we are being perpetually thrown forward with an unceremonious jolt, endangering our equilibrium, and warning us that our safety lies in being watchful. At the junction of the Karoo and Gough there dwells a surly flockmaster, who, although he professes not to keep an hotel, condescendingly obliges the stranger in Jerusalem with ale at 2s. 6d. per bottle. Mr. Fuller's place, Grootfontein, was to us the oasis in the desert. What with the advancing railway works, tents, tommie-shops, navvies and niggers in primordial stages of jollity, we had here a transitory glimpse of civilization with its attended vices, and were enabled for the first time on our journey to partake of something palatable for the inner man.

But Marmion's parting words to Stanley was our motto, and again we plunge into the boundless wastes of the Gough. Hour after hour is numbered, and we still toil over a series of undulating stony ridges, passing tents and wagons of the trek Boer, beside which great, big boned, fat, phlegmatic men stalk leisurely about, enjoying their idle gipsy life, with about as little intelligent appreciation of the value of time as know their flocks and herds, who divide, with their *vrouwen en kinderen*, their time and care. Snugly ensconced by a belting of mimosa trees, are two wagons and a tent. We outspan here for half an hour, and I have some leisure to observe. A merry maiden of some twenty summers is about drawing water at a well, while two finely built men in the prime of life approach our cart. I expect a number of questions about the Kafir war and other subjects, but not a spark of excitement lights up the eye; interest in the doings of the outside world seemed to be a stranger to their bosoms, and although the numerous olive branches were very pictures of health, as they played in the sun with no covering to their heads but the inevitable *kapié*, there was but little, if anything else, than a mere animal existence, of which fancy can only imagine a parallel in the pastoral days of the Patriarchs. With the proverbial hospitality of the race,

however, they invited me to their tent, where the coffee urn was hissing with its hot contents, and over which a stout matron presided, dispensing this almost boiling liquid with the thermometer at 100 in the shade. She slid quietly back through the narrow precincts of her canvas dwelling to her arm-chair, and having wedged herself there with a sigh of relief, remained as silent as if the world's fate hung on her sealed lips, and as if to mark a contra-distinction to the majority of her sex. The luxury of stretching one's legs in a semi-civilized abode in the desert is not prolonged to the unfortunate traveller by post-cart, for already the subdued echoes of this solitary spot are disturbed by the harsh shrill shout of the post-horn, as the driver of Her Majesty's mails labours to produce a dulcet flourish out of this battered emblem of his office. So we shake hands with our entertainers, reciprocally invoke an exchange of blessings, and with an affirmative reply to the "All right, Sir," the driver cracks his whip, and once more we bound forward on our journey, the termination of which seems ever receding, as terrace after terrace of red gravel is traversed, pastureless prairies are passed, and our vision only bounded by the distant horizon, which appears to the observer to keep perpetually retreating, as our watch with a monotonous slowness tells of the passing of time and the number of miles accomplished. Clouds of dust persistently hover about our cart, like attendant sharks on an ill-omened ship, enveloping us in successive wreathes, which rise slowly from the road, then wrapping us up in fold after fold with a clammy density, insinuating its fine light particles into eyes and ears, penetrating through clothes, amalgamating with our hair and beards, and giving to us the appearance of nigger millers. In vain does our driver goad the horses on, for the dust gathers rapidly and in consistency with our motion, and to escape the plague seems simply impossible.

The bones and skeletons of horses, mules, and oxen, which lie bleaching on the arid wastes of the Karroo and Gough, testify to as great a mortality as the Heights of Shipka, or the valley of the Lom. Unhappily those battle fields were strewn with the dead bodies of what were once intelligent men, whilst the carcasses of the unfortunate cattle which so thickly dot the Karroo, &c., render these regions an annual Golgotha. Again the sun sinks in the Western horizon, and with the shades of evening comes "the thoughts of other years." The same twinkling stars shed a pale undefined light over the scene, and the picture presented is the very counterpart of what we have already detailed, with an almost imperceptible deviation in the uniformity of its sameness. The exercise of that gift which is historically asserted to have been the peculiar inheritance of Job, and which humbler mortals possess so sparingly in the nineteenth century, enables one to endure the purgatorial trials of a ride, which in some respects might vie with that of Khiva.

The reward of this patience, however, is almost adequate, as our cart rolls up the avenue of trees which abut from the



rows of houses as we enter the main street of Beaufort West. How vast the change! Behind us the merciless rays of a summer sun scorching the desert, and rendering it unfit for habitation, save for the lizard or salamander. Forty-two hours successive post-cart driving through such a region half qualifies one to lay claim to the heroic; and certainly enables him to appreciate the welcome shade and communion with civilized man. The stupendous reservoir works, constructed under the superintendence of the very able resident Engineer, Mr. Brand, being in fact the Kuil's River dammed up by a mammoth embankment, forms one of the attractions of the place. Here, several pleasure boats skim its unruffled surface. Stalwart rowers pull round the island of "Nova Scotia," or tack from side to side under a pressure of canvas, till twilight greets them as they moor their skiff near the gigantic wall. In the evenings the broad surface of this wall is converted into a fashionable promenade, and not unfrequently the band discourses excellent music there.

This, however, is the bright side of Beaufort life; for the sunbeams are unpitying here. Butter presents the appearance of liquid mustard. Towels are all but superfluous to the toilet. Fresh-cut bread becomes crisp like rusks in ten minutes, and some of its inhabitants show a strong family likeness to Egyptian Mummies.

M,

### Viticulture and Vine-Parasites.

BARON F. VON THÜMEN, Imperial State Botanist at the Laboratory for Investigations connected with Vine-culture, Klosternenburg, Austria, has prepared a remarkable series of specimens of the parasitic fungi which injure the vine. It is intended for study in the Förstschule, and wherever else the tutors have so far emancipated themselves from antiquated methods as to teach the observation of *things* in addition to the observation and recollection of *words*. The collection comprises twenty-five species in good and instructive examples, mounted under glass upon cartoon tablets. A sketch of each as it appears under high microscopic enlargement is appended. The price of the entire series in a portfolio is eight Austrian florins—sixteen shillings. If obtained through booksellers' agency, this low price will be necessarily increased somewhat. No doubt there are, in this vine-growing country, intelligent cultivators who will be glad to know something scientifically accurate about the nature of their parasitic enemies. It may be added that Herr Thümen, in a private letter, announces the completion of an extended monograph of all known vine fungi, to the number of one hundred and sixty, of which between forty and fifty are now described for the first time.



## Conservancy of Forests.

FIFTEEN years ago, or thereabouts, the Indian Forest Department consisted of a small, badly paid, and uninfluential set of men. The public could not see the use of them, and abused them with considerable liberality; but one amongst them, a military officer, rising through the lower ranks of the Department, began to make himself felt, and so persistently upheld the utility of Forest Conservancy, that the public at last began to believe there must be something in it. This officer, able and zealous himself, infused his own spirit into all of his subordinates, and vigorously pressing the Government for more officers and more money, gradually brought his department up to what it is—a mighty and efficient means of providing the whole country, now and hereafter, with an abundant and never-failing supply of excellent timber, well adapted for all local requirements, with a large surplus for export and profit. Had the Forest Department not been in existence, India would by this time have been as treeless as South Africa; the work of denudation by burning and indiscriminate felling was progressing rapidly, until suddenly and peremptorily put a stop to. A brief explanation of the system adopted may serve to show how something of a similar nature, but much modified, might be made to suit the requirements of this country.

India, as every one knows, is divided into a number of Presidencies and Provinces, differing widely in their physical character and the nature of their Forests. The Inspector-General of Forests (the military officer above mentioned) holds sway over the whole; under him is a Conservator of Forests. To each Presidency and also to some of the larger Provinces, there are three different grades of Conservators; under the Conservators are three grades of Deputies; below these again, three grades of Assistant Conservators; and lowest of all the Probationers, men previously resident in India, and taken on trial. Now-a-days, however, the ranks are augmented almost entirely from the French and German Forest Training Schools. Admission by Englishmen to these schools is obtained by a competitive examination, of a stiff and searching nature. Two or three years' study enables the students to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the whole science of Forestry, which includes a certain amount of engineering, surveying, and mechanical knowledge; after this the students are sent out to India, and distributed throughout the country. For the first year or two they are not of much use, as they have to pick up the colloquial language, and make themselves acquainted with the native character; this done, their previous training renders them of very great value.

Each officer is supplied with a native clerk, sometimes with as many as five or six, according to the amount of correspondence or account-keeping which he may have to go through; there are also a number of messengers, styled "Chaprasis" attached to each office.

These men wear a brass badge attached to a sash or belt, with the name of the division to which they belong engraved thereon. They run errands, attend their officer wherever he goes, and have gradually come to be looked upon as a sort of constabulary force ; they have to hunt up and apprehend all violators of Forest laws ; they also have to collect porters or baggage animals, and are on the whole a most useful class of men.

So far, I have only shown the muscles of the Forest Department. I will now endeavour to show how they are brought into operation. Let us suppose that 250,000 Deodar sleepers are required for the Railway works, and that these have to be supplied within one year. The Inspector-General writes to his immediate subordinates, the Conservators of the North-west Provinces and Punjab, stating the price which the Railway Department is inclined to pay ; the Conservators pass the order on with rather more detail to the Deputies, and these, who are in charge of Divisions of from one hundred to two hundred or more square miles, send out their assistant Conservators, each one to a different Forest. These assistants first of all make a careful estimate of the probable number of sleepers which each Forest can supply within the given time : if roads are not already in existence, which is often the case in the numerous Forests of the Himalayas, the assistant Conservator lays them out, generally a main road, leading from the Forest to the head-quarters of the Deputy. This road is made just sufficiently wide to admit of the passage in safety of a loaded bullock, *i.e.*, a bullock with a sack of grain slung on to each side of his back, the grain being for the supply of the workmen. The road is given out in one or more contracts to contractors, who bring large numbers of men and finish off the work in a wonderfully short time. A "Bunyah," or native grain dealer, is now invited to set up his shop in the Forest ; in some instances he will make his own arrangements for getting grain, but more frequently the Deputy buys the grain himself and hands it over to the Bunyah, who retails it to the men, either for cash payment or on receipt of an order from the officer in charge. The commissariat thus being set going, foot-paths are made through the Forest in every direction, and the officer commences marking trees. In doing this great judgment is required, so as to leave sufficient trees to shade the ground and to cast seed over the cleared spaces. In the Himalayas, too, the Forests are often on such steep and rocky ground, that many trees would be smashed to pieces if indiscriminately felled. The marking finished, the officer assigns a certain portion of Forest to each contractor for felling. As soon as the contractor reports his job as complete, the officer goes out and counts up the stumps, making a Government broad-arrow mark, with a heavy hammer, on each stump to prevent counting twice over. The contractor is then paid up according to the number of stumps, and is ready to undertake a contract for converting the trees into logs of sleeper length. It is, or was three years ago, optional with the contractor to cut the logs with axe or saw, but a higher price was always paid

for sawn logs, to induce the men to drop using the axe of their own accord, for in cutting several logs out of the same tree there must, of course, be a loss of several feet in cutting with the axe. The same counting process is then gone through with the logs as with the stumps. Contracts are now entered into for rolling the logs into suitable spots for sawing; and the sawyers, chiefly men from the plains or from the southerly range of Himalayas, are called in, and contracts entered into. The officer in charge sends his report of work completed to head-quarters monthly, and his superior officers remit the exact value in rupees; the Deputy occasionally visits his subordinates, who are carrying on the above work, living in tents or roughly constructed houses; he examines the work and aids the junior as much as possible, but never interferes with the direct management, or worries him needlessly with red tape, more than is absolutely necessary. In fact, from end to end of the Department every effort is made to curtail, as much as possible, the office work: for this reason competent and trustworthy clerks are liberally supplied, and the officers are thus able to devote all their energies to a direct and constant supervision of the work in hand. Nothing can be more annoying to an active and zealous officer, than constant calls for reports, returns, copies, &c., if they have to be written with his own hands; while sitting in his office poring over his note and account books, endeavouring to supply the called-for information, his mind is harrassed with anxiety about some piece of work which he fears will be improperly done, he hurries through the accounts, makes some mistake, and then gets a blowing up from his superior. All this is avoided in the Forest Department; the superiors know their work thoroughly, and by constantly visiting their subordinates, they become so intimate with the work going on, that extreme brevity of correspondence, conveyed in what is called a "demi-official" form, is amply sufficient.

As soon as a Forest has been "worked out," the sleepers or other sawn timbers have to be conveyed to the nearest river. The Forests are as a rule high up on the mountain side, perhaps as much as 3,000 feet above the bed of the river; a wooden slide or trough of sufficient width is made out of sleepers, from the nearest point of the Forest down some convenient spur to the river; the sleepers are collected from all points of the Forest, and brought to the head of the slide, sometimes on men's shoulders, sometimes slung on bullocks, and sometimes by means of light wooden tramways and small iron trucks. The rails of these tramways, four inches by six inches, and of various lengths, are sawn up out of any odd stuff too small for sleepers, and are laid into small undressed logs, being let into a nick and kept in position by a wedge; the trucks are made on a very simple pattern at the Government Foundry works. The roads on which the rails are laid are about four feet in width of footway, carefully graded with a fall of not more than about 1-25. A dozen or so sleepers are put on to each truck, the last truck being provided with a powerful brake; other trucks can be provided with brakes if necessary,

but a gentle rise in the gradient at intervals is as good a way of checking too great speed. The sleepers being brought to the head of the slide, are shot down it to the river side ; a small stream of water is, if possible, allowed to trickle down the slide to prevent wear of material. The beds of the rivers far up the Himalayas are generally very rocky, and the sleepers are, therefore, thrown in one by one, and intercepted on reaching a point in the river below which the water is clear ; here they are made into huge rafts, a couple of men at either end, with large paddles, extemporised from refuse planks, keep the rafts clear of shoals and pilot them down to Delhi, or any other point fixed upon by the railway authorities. Of course it often happens that the sleepers stick in the upper rocky bed of the river ; men are constantly on the look out to help them through any difficulties ; and the officer in charge takes a run down the river to see that it is properly done. The rivers have often lofty and precipitous banks, and it is sometimes necessary to erect suspension bridges. These are made chiefly of wire cable, with timber roadway, and sufficiently strong to stand the passage of loaded bullocks : they are very cheap, do not get out of order, and stand a vast deal of traffic. Two of these bridges which I erected for the Forest Department from my own designs, nearly two hundred feet span between perpendiculars, were on the date of my leaving India, three years after their erection, as strong and sound as when first erected, though the traffic had been enormous, and the loads often greatly beyond what was calculated to be a fair working weight, leaving a factor of safety of six. On the successful termination of a piece of work such as the above, the subordinate officer directly in charge of the works, will generally get his promotion. The worked out forest is "closed ;" shepherds and cattle-owners are strictly prohibited from grazing ; the trees, left at judicious intervals, shed their seeds over the cleared spaces, and the work of reproduction commences, while the half grown trees, unencumbered by the presence of their larger brethren, rapidly increase in growth and silently provide for the wants of future generations.

The Indian public were in former days just as fond of burning the veldt and injuring the forests as the colonists of our day are in South Africa, but this suicidal policy was vigorously opposed by the Forest Department, and is now pretty well put a stop to. Most of the officers are invested with a certain well-defined amount of magisterial power, by virtue of which they can apprehend and severely punish all violators of Forest regulations. This is an admirable plan ; it gives the officer a wonderful power over his men, who, if amenable only to an ordinary Court of Justice, probably many miles away, know very well that the officer in charge cannot leave his work to attend Court for the punishment of any but very serious misdemeanours. The best Forest trees of the Himalayas are as follows :—Deodar (*Cedrus Deodara*), Silver Fir, Rai Pine, two kinds of Oak, locally known as "Morn" and "Kerses," but the Latin names of which



I have forgotten. A small amount of Box (*Buxus Sempervirens*), Sweet Chestnut (*Castanea Vesca*), and a few Walnut trees; the latter, however, I have only noticed in cultivated ground. Of these the Deodar is by far the most important, it grows in dense forests to a height of 200 feet and upwards, perfectly straight and without a fork throughout, frequently eighty feet without a branch, and trunks perfectly cylindrical; it saws very freely, and warps less than other pines for sleepers; and for the more important parts of house building it is used to the entire exclusion of all other pine wood. The trees vary in circumference from 10 to 20 feet, according to age. The Deodar is supposed to be in its prime at an age of 100 years, but is valuable as a timber tree in less than half that time. Trees of about ten feet in circumference are preferred for sawing, those of eighteen and twenty feet are too bulky; and besides this the officers, who are generally admirers of nature, are proud of these enormous trees, and are very loath to fell the handsome giants, which also, from their prodigious height, form the best trees for casting seed far and wide. The other two pines, Silver Fir and Rai, are also valuable woods for work not exposed to the sun and rain, such as flooring planks. The two kinds of Oak do not grow to the enormous bulk of English trees of the same family, it is not often possible to get beams of more than a foot square and twelve feet long, but the timber is very good and durable. The Box grows to a much larger size than the familiar well clipped shrubs, which are such favourites in English lawns and parks, but the timber is, I think, quite as good. I have never seen the Chestnut utilized for timber purposes. In some parts of the Himalayas which had been denuded of forest, before the formation of the Forest Department, plantations of Deodar have been started from seed with great success. The Deodar yields fruitful seed every second year, the seed of the intervening year much less in quantity is unfruitful and useless. In the deep hot valleys of the Himalayas, below the reach of snow but within the limits of frost, another tree is found, the Shishum (*Dalbergia Sissoo*), it grows to a circumference of about seven feet, its specific gravity is so great that it will not float in water. I have not seen it over forty feet in height; it is a first-class wood for all carpentering purposes, hard and very durable, and when old almost black, and will take a fine polish; it is also an excellent firewood. These valleys are not, I believe, the proper home of the tree,—the seeds, I think have been blown up from the plains; but of this tree I shall have a good deal to say further on.

Of the workmen employed by the Forest Department for felling trees, rolling logs, road-making, and other heavy work, by far the best are the Affghans. They cannot be called black men, their complexion being much nearer to that of the Caucasian races than Negroes. They are men of large stature and gigantic strength, sober, good-natured, and hardworking, with the spirit of fun very strongly developed. There were in my time only a few gangs of these men; they were then only just beginning to arrive from their distant homes,



attracted by reports of the abundant rupees expended by the Forest Department. It was quite a treat to work with them. I had a number of them employed one winter on some mountain road work; snow fell repeatedly, the other gangs of Indian nationality bolted to their homes, but these fellows remained and worked cheerfully throughout the snowy season. My tent being set up close to the works, I was often startled by roars of laughter from the men, and going to the door of my tent, used to see the merry scamps hard at work snow-balling each other. The road being nearly opened, the native villagers often made use of it, and many were the complaints made to me that passengers could not pass by the Affghans without being heavily snow-balled: they didn't see any fun in it, and it never occurred to them to retaliate; but it was impossible to be angry with these Affghans, for in spite of the above boyish propensities they got through far more work than any of the other tribes. They are excellent hands at working a steel jumper, and will in fact do *anything* if properly paid for it. The other races of men, though some of them are hard-working, have not the physical powers of the Affghans, but in the matter of cheating, lying, and attempts at gaining money under false pretences, I have never met their equals.

Thus far I have confined myself to the Himalayas. We will now take a trip to the plains and see the *modus operandi* of the Forest Department there. The Forests in the plains, especially that portion of them immediately at the foot of the Himalayas, are of enormous area, and are worked on what is known as the "block system,"—the whole being divided into squares, by means of roads forty feet in width, which are made by simply felling the trees: each separate square or block is numbered, and the officers in charge have accurate plans of the Forests, with corresponding numbers. When timber is required each block is "worked out" separately, and then marked off in the map, so that the officer may be at a great distance and yet tell his men exactly where to work. The timber trees of the Forests lying at the foot of the Himalayas are chiefly Saul, Toon, and Shishum. The Saul is a tree of tolerably rapid growth, with a leaf like a beech and bark like a fir, the wood is very hard and of extraordinary strength. To give an idea of its strength I may mention that the resistance to breaking across or modulus of rupture in pounds avoirdupois per square inch of the best English oak ranges from 10,000 to 13,600, while that of Saul ranges from 16,300 to 20,700. I may explain that the modulus of rupture is eighteen times the load which is required to break a bar of one inch square, supported at two points one foot apart and loaded in the middle between the points of support. The Saul tree does not often attain a height of more than fifty feet, but where the trees grow thickly together it is very straight; it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois per cubic foot, which is 0.96 of the specific gravity of water, so that it will only just float, and this, too, when it is dry, but on account of its great strength and durability it is a favourite wood for works of a stationary nature.

The Toon grows in the same Forests with the Saul, and often to a considerable thickness, sufficiently wide to be converted into planks for tables and such work. It is of a dull redish colour and is a pleasant wood to work in for all kinds of carpentering, but when cut into planks it is only fit for indoor work, as in this thin state it warps very much if exposed to the sun; in point of hardness it is about midway between yellowwood and stinkwood. In the plains Forests there is little difficulty in the transport of timber from the Forests to the point of delivery; it is done with bullocks, bullock carts, camels, or elephants. These latter are often of great service in moving about heavy logs, their sagacity and attention to orders is simply astounding; but I should be accused of digressing if I enlarged upon this subject. The officers use the elephants a great deal in travelling and in inspecting the Forests. They can get about with ease in Forests where a horse would be quite useless. An elephant costs Government about £5 per month to keep, and is well worth the money. They may be bought at prices varying from £120 to £300.

Wherever the Forest ceases, long grass springs up after the rains, and during the summer gets very dry and inflammable. Some years ago the loss of timber trees from fire started by native graziers was very great, but the vigilance and activity of the Forest Department soon in a great measure put a stop to it; but to make matters still surer they burn rings round the Forests, and thus stop the progress of accidental or malicious firing, and even if fire does get into the Forest, the clean forty feet roads generally stop it. Cattle and sheep are allowed to roam through such parts of the Forest as have a sufficiency of timber, but are carefully excluded from the "worked out" portions until the young growth has attained a height sufficient to protect itself from being trampled down or browsed off. Swarms of four-footed game abound in these vast and gloomy Forests, and add much to the enjoyment of the solitary, hard-worked Forester. The graziers have, of course, to pay a small sum per head for the right of grazing within Forest limits, and the public are allowed to cut up dead wood for fuel, upon payment of a certain sum per load. The native public of India are in the true sense of the word gregarious and cluster together in small villages; a native Forest Patrol is placed in each of these villages to see that no wood is taken without payment. The officers visit these patrols as often as possible; and, knowing the number of families in each village, can make a very exact estimate of the number of loads of wood required by each village during the month. If there is any serious difference between the estimate and the receipts of the patrol the latter is usually turned off and another man put in his place.

My acquaintance with the Forests of Central India is too small to admit of giving a detailed account of them,—they are worked on precisely the same system as that which I have just given; but having visited the Plantations of Lahore, Umritsur, Loodianah and Changa Manga, I am in a position to speak of them with certainty. These

plantations were formed for the purpose of supplying the Railway (from Mooltan on the Chenab river to Suharunpore, a day's journey to the south of the great Dehra Doon Valley) with fuel, the engines on this line having been specially constructed to burn wood instead of coal. A description of Changa Manga plantation will suffice for all. I will now quote from my private journal :—"This plantation is the largest, and by far the best, that I have yet seen. It is all very well drained : wide, deep, parallel trenches running across the slope of the land, 330 feet apart ; these again are intersected at distances of 330 feet by trenches considerably smaller, and the squares thus formed are trenched with small parallel furrows ten feet apart. This system serves the double purpose of irrigation from the Government canal in the hot weather, and of drainage during the rains. The trees, although only three years old, are of an almost uniform height of fifteen feet, and very close together, planted along the edges of the small ten feet apart drains, presenting a number of avenues which will look very fine in a few years more. The trees are almost all Shishum (*Dalbergia Sissoo*) ; this is a very good, hard, and exceedingly heavy wood, almost black when polished. The Kikkur "*Babool*" (*Acacia Arabica*) was also tried with the above, but did not answer on account of the frost, and also saltpetre, which in efflorescence covers the ground. With the exception of those portions being used as plantations, or under native cultivation, the surrounding country presents a most sterile and desolate appearance, a few stunted bushes only, with not a vestige of grass."

The above extract from my journal was written in December, 1871 ; and I have since heard that this plantation has been in every way a very successful one. The tree mentioned as having answered best is the one which I have shown as flourishing in the low, hot river valleys of the Himalayas. The "*Babool*" (*Acacia Arabica*), a tree very similar to our common Mimosa, flourishes in dense forests along the banks of the Indus, in Scinde. Scinde is an almost rainless region, and exceedingly hot,—the Forests are watered by the annual overflows of the Indus, which spread over the flat, low, sandy soil for miles on either side, rendering some of the Forests quite impassable for the time. It is very extraordinary that these Babool trees should flourish so well in Scinde, as the frost during the winter is very severe at night ; the only solution I can give of the problem is, that in Scinde the soil contains much more sand, the roots penetrate deeper, and perhaps get out of the influence of the frost. Babool is not worth much as a timber tree, but makes capital fuel : cattle, goats, and camels live on the leaves and pods, which somewhat resemble long thin bean pods, and are very nutritious, while under the deep shade of the trees grass springs up readily. The greater part of the Forest revenues of Scinde are derived from the granting of cattle passes ; but the consumption of fuel is enormous, the large flotilla of the Indus Steam Navigation Company using up a vast quantity ; the railway between Kotri and Kurrachee had also to be supplied, and by this time I suppose the Indus valley line from Kotri to Mooltan will

have been opened. The Indus, which forms the main artery and grand fertilizing agent of Scinde, is a very broad, rapid, but shallow river, the eddying, gnawing current eats away the banks, and annually carries bodily away large portions of Forest land, but the officers are generally sharp enough to cut down and save the timber on threatened ground ; still the loss is great, and artificial reproduction has to be carried on on a large scale. This, however, is a very simple matter. The sandy nature of the country limits the means of locomotion almost entirely to camels ; these animals cost from £4 to £10, the lower priced ones being baggage camels, the higher are for riding only. The difference between a good and a bad riding camel is very great ; the long swift swinging trot of a first rate camel is delicious, speed averaging seven and a half miles an hour, but a very good one will do ten, and keep it up nearly all day without food or water. The motion of a bad camel is peculiar and excruciating ; I can compare its effect with nothing but having the end of one's spine well hammered with a heavy mallet. A vicious camel will make a sudden rush under a thorny Babool tree and try and scrape off his riders ; if this fails he will lie down so suddenly as almost to send the riders over his head, and refuse to get up again, roaring the whole time, almost sufficient to split the drums of one's ears. Baggage camels can travel about twenty miles per day, and can hold out three days without water ; the day's journey over, they are hobbled and turned off into the Forest, to graze on the Babool trees ; but a good riding camel generally gets a small feed after a journey. They will thrive upon almost anything, are troubled with very few diseases, easily managed, and can carry from 400 to 500 pounds weight without being overloaded.

I have now attempted to explain so much of the system and working of the Indian Forest Department as will, I think, enable people who take an interest in the matter, to arrive at some conclusion as to the best means of establishing a similar system in this country. Wiser heads than mine will doubtless form better plans, when the time comes for carrying them out, but in the meantime, if it does no good, there will be no harm in expressing my own opinions in the matter. Let the Government employ an experienced man, from India or elsewhere, as Commissioner of Forest Conservancy, Inspector-General of Forests, or whatever title may best suit his office, and after thoroughly explaining to him the requirements of the country, send him off to the Knysna Forests ; but as a preliminary step he should go round to the different wagonmakers, carpenters, &c, and find out from them the prices they pay for different woods, and their qualities, good or bad ; he should take a couple of experienced wood-cutters into the Forest with him, with saw and axes ; and he should remain in the Forest for at least three months, and make a study of it. He will first of all have to learn the names of the different trees, and then to study each tree separately, to find out under what conditions any particular tree grows best, whether in the shade or



sunshine, on steep ground or on flat ground, near water or at a distance, amongst rocks or on clean ground, and how many years the tree takes to arrive at maturity : this he can only ascertain by felling and counting up the annual rings. He should examine into conditions of soundness,—if unsound, find out the reason, and endeavour to suggest a remedy ; he should also go through a great number of trials in different parts of the Forest, to find out the proportion of each particular tree to the acre, and from this, if the whole area is known, he should be able to form a tolerably correct estimate of the amount of wood in the Forest. He should carefully examine all cleared places, to find out if natural reproduction is going on or whether gradual denudation is taking place. Having already ascertained the prices of timber, he should endeavour to hit upon some scheme by which the Government, taking the wood-cutting into its own hands, might make a better profit than they do now, by charging a royalty. To this end he should inquire into the means of transport, examine the ground well, to see if a cheap tramway could not be worked, or if a better cart or wagon road could not be made to the seaport by a shorter route ; also if it would not be practicable to work a steam saw machine, if so, of what description ; he should examine the streams to see if no use could be got out of the water power, and at the end of the three months he should be prepared to lay before the Government a working scheme for the whole Forest ; he should also have made up his mind whether it would be better to conserve and propagate the existing timber, or to endeavour gradually to replace it with foreign trees. This done, he might take a look at the timber on the Table Mountain range, especially the pines, with a view of substituting a better class of pine, such as the Deodar ; after this a trip along the line of railway to Worcester, examining any existing patches of Forest, especially those in the kloofs of the mountains nearest to the line of railway, and ascertain whether the conditions of soil and climate would not be suitable for the introduction of pines on a very large scale ; he should also examine the flats adjacent to the line within a distance of say half a mile, and judge whether it would not be possible to form a belt of Forest of a valuable kind throughout the whole length of the line on both sides ; the Cape Flats generally should be well examined to find out if there is nothing of a valuable nature which might eventually be extended over the whole. These investigations might take him six months.

With regard to the Knysna Forests, I think that an experienced and prudent officer would come to the conclusion that it would be better to conserve the present trees than to attempt the introduction of new kinds, though it would do no harm, and would cost very little, to experimentalize with a few. I feel convinced that he would find the Forest gradually decaying from injudicious felling, and that he would find it necessary to take the timber-cutting in charge. I may be wrong, as I know very little about the Knysna Forests, but during my past experience I have never known a Forest, open to the public,



which was not very soon seriously damaged by injudicious felling. The trees are felled in any direction, crushing down fine young saplings, which latter are often ruthlessly cut down to make props for the logs while being sawn. Fires are pretty sure to be started, sometimes by accident, often out of sheer mischief. An inexperienced observer may think that no harm has been done; he sees only the grass and weeds burnt down; the stems of the trees may be a little blackened, but the foliage looks as bright and healthy as ever; he will not notice that here and there low down on the bole of a tree a little bark has been charred; he does not know that so surely as this is the case so surely will that tree, no matter how young, have a large cavity in place of the sound heart wood,—the sapwood may keep the tree alive for ages, but for all the good it will ever do as timber, it may as well be cut down and left to rot. This is a fact specially observable among the pines in the Himalayas, and well known to all Forest officers.

With regard to the Table Mountain range, I believe that Deodars would thrive in every kloof and on every slope right up to the very summit. The present Forests need not be interfered with—the Deodars would soon dominate and extinguish them. Little care need be expended on the sowing of seed, which might easily be procured from India. The seeds are very small, a muid sack would contain millions. The plantations of Deodar in India require no further attention than keeping off cattle and sheep while the plants are very young; sheep will eat them when only a few weeks old, but after this they acquire such a flavour of turpentine that nothing will touch them. It may be said that Deodars grow only on the Himalayas in India and not near the sea coast. I don't think the sea has anything to do with it, the coasts are too hot, too low, and of too poor a soil. In the Himalayas Deodars grow both above and below snow limits, but are found in far greater abundance above. This I believe to be simply owing to denudation of the lower and more accessible Forests before the appearance of the British in India. Many gentlemen in England have Deodars growing on their lawns facing the sea, and close to it. I believe that Deodars would thrive admirably in all our inland mountain ranges; if so our water supply would be vastly increased. These trees are great collectors of dew, which, as soon as enough has collected to form a drop, runs quickly off their needle-like leaves and falls to the ground. I cannot help thinking that the landed proprietors of Newlands, Rondebosch, Claremont, and Wynberg, would be very glad to make a trial of Deodar seeds if the Government would take the trouble to get the seeds from India. In this way a number of different soils and elevations would be tried at once, and these experiments would be of great value to the Forest officer in subsequent operations. Up-country farmers might be induced to plant seed in their water kloofs, Government guaranteeing to purchase all timber so produced at a certain fixed value after a certain number of years. As so little trouble is required with Deodar,

the price guaranteed should be very low, leaving it optional with the farmers to accept any higher offers from private parties, which I think they would certainly meet with, or else prefer to keep their plantations themselves. If the farmers could be persuaded to do this they would be much more careful in burning the veldt than they now are. These private plantations, of course, would have to be within easy distance of railway or other convenient means of transport.

For plantations at the foot of the mountains I think an experienced forester, if acquainted with India, would most certainly choose "Saul." I have already described this tree; its fine broad leaves shade the ground beautifully, and would vastly assist in the retention of any moisture either from dew or rain; it reproduces itself very rapidly, and when young makes exceedingly strong and durable spars for fencing work. On all level ground and on any kind of soil, the *Dalbergia Sissoo*, which I have mentioned as growing so rapidly at Changa Manga in the Punjab, would be the best. This tree can be propagated with great rapidity from cuttings; it is so hardy, and grows under such a variety of differences of climates and soil, that I feel convinced it would grow admirably here, especially on the Cape Flats. I have elsewhere described the system of irrigation for plantations of the *Dalbergia Sissoo*, but it must be remembered that India being a much hotter climate than this, evaporation takes places much more rapidly, hence far less in the way of irrigation would be required in this country, and on the Cape Flats none at all.

In my description of the Forests of Scinde, I have mentioned the Babool (*Acacia Arabica*) as supplying the favourite and most nutritious food for cattle, goats, and camels. This tree is very like our common mimosa, indeed I am not sure that it is not the same,—if so, I much wonder that attention has not been paid to it. Goats and cattle, too, eat the pods and leaves of the mimosa, but there is not enough of it. As the Cape Flats form a grazing ground for the suburbs of Cape Town, it would be detrimental to the interests of graziers to plant out any very large area with *Dalbergia Sissoo*, and it might be better to have alternate rows of this and Babool; the latter would, after a few years, yield much better fodder, and more of it, than an equal area of the Cape Flats as they are at present. Of all animals, goats are the most destructive in a very young plantation, but as soon as the plants are a few feet high they are the most useful: they feed off the young suckers which grow out of the lower parts of the trunks of trees, and trample down or nibble off the underwood as it comes up, to such an extent, if in sufficient numbers, as to materially lessen the danger to be apprehended from fire. During a high wind when the pods are pretty forward, a great number will be blown off, but in Scinde men climb the trees and knock the pods off with sticks, for the expectant goats below. Camels and cattle eat off the lower branches of the Babool,

tread down the undergrowth, and give ample space for a proper circulation of air through the Forest.

*Cinchona* can scarcely be looked upon as a Forest tree any longer, but as its cultivation has been attended with the greatest success in India, I may as well say something about it. The Kangra valley, immediately at the foot of the Himalayas, has a climate more nearly resembling that of the Cape than any portion of India with which I am acquainted. In this valley there is a small but very good plantation: the soil on which it stands closely resembles that on the low hills at the foot of many of our mountains. Take, for instance, the land about the convict station at Garcia Pass on the Riversdale side: water might easily be led on, I fancy, from the mountain, and, if so, it would make a capital site for a plantation, and could often be inspected by the Riversdale Magistrate. As an instance of successful acclimatization, the introduction of *Cinchona* into India is most remarkable; no attempt I believe had been previously made to cultivate it; it was first introduced into India in 1861. In 1874, according to statistics, there were 2,649,033 plants in the Government plantations of the Neilgherries, besides private plantations, among which a vast number of plants and seed had been distributed; the tallest trees in 1874 were about thirty feet in height, and more than two feet in circumference. The rearing of *Cinchona* plants, in the earliest stages of growth, requires great care,—a hot-house is required with temperature regulated by a thermometer and stove; the seeds are sown in pots, and as soon as the young plants have attained a sufficient height are transplanted to some tolerably sheltered situation, on the slope of a hill; if frost is very severe the stems of the plants may be protected by a small quantity of grass being tied around them, but usually this is not necessary. The trees are not supposed to be sufficiently advanced for barking until the ninth year, when the bark is stripped off from one side of the tree with a sort of barking knife specially designed for the purpose; the denuded portion of the tree is then covered up with moss and clay, and a fresh layer of bark speedily forms. A pamphlet, exhaustively descriptive of the whole method of *Cinchona* planting, was published a few years ago, by Mr. McIvor, the able and courteous manager of the Government Plantations in the Neilgherries. This pamphlet is no doubt still to be had. Seed used to be distributed gratis to all who wished to plant it.

Though South Africa will never make a paying Tea-growing country on a large scale, on account of the price of labour, still I think that owners of small vegetable gardens would find it pay well enough to grow a few bushes to supply their own private wants. The process of manufacture is very simple, and no special apparatus is absolutely necessary; and the most unscientific efforts could not fail to produce from the real Tea-plant a better beverage than that made from the various trash with which the palates of the Cape public are becoming acquainted. I believe some attempt was made to introduce Tea into Natal, perhaps Natal could supply seeds?

I am much surprised to find that no attempt has ever been made to introduce camels into the Cape, especially among the traders on the Frontier: their capacity for going several days without water, thriving on the most indifferent food, and of any quality which is not absolutely poisonous, render them far superior to bullocks, and they are not subject to any special and dangerous disease; their disadvantages are, that they cannot work well on slippery ground, their spongy feet making them slip about in the most alarming fashion. The camels bred in the Indian plains are shocking bad hands at going up and down hill, but those bred in the Beloochistan hills, immediately west of the Indus, are active enough in bad ground for all practical purposes, as I know from actual experience.

For a Forest Department in South Africa, but few officers would be required for some years, as experiments should only be carried on at first on a small scale, and along routes where rapid travelling would be easy. I have not in my remarks said anything about the Eastern Province, for the simple reason that I have never been there, but I think that equal attention should be paid to both Provinces.

I shall be happy, as far as I am able, to answer any questions which may be put to me on the above subjects.

Swellendam.

FORESTER.

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 “*Dulcissima Dilectissima.*” \*

D M

LVC. METELLAE

FILIOL. DVLCISS. DILECTISS.

VIX. ANN. VI.

“She lived six years” with us,—beguiled  
 Into some play at life upon this shore;  
 Then, looking out across the blue waves, smiled  
 At distant hands that beckoned;—so the child  
 Stays with us now no more.

“Whom the gods love die young” they say;—  
 She did not die: nor do we deem that sleep  
 Holds her in silence;—rather, far away,  
 Our darkness dies into her perfect day;—  
 And therefore should we weep?

“Most sweet, most tenderly beloved”;—in vain  
 Our empty arms stretch out to thee:—ah me!  
 It were well done to save thee this world’s pain;  
 We would not call thee hither back again,—  
 Rather, we follow thee.

Σ.

\* See *Macmillan’s Magazine* for January, 1878.



# Adèle ;

## A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

### CHAPTER VII.

ROM.—O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

JUL.—What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

ROM.—The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was a bright and glorious moonlight evening, not a breath stirred, and the balmy air was heavily charged with the sweet but powerful scent of the rich orange blossoms, when three comely little maidens stood sweeping the open space in front of their father's house, laughing merrily, and whirling round and round, while their father's jovial voice sounded loudly on the still night air, calling out directions about the arrangements for the comfort of the expected guests. And, oh ! reader, let us rejoice with him for a few moments, for he is actually enjoying the rare felicity of being master in his own house, and he is apparently making great ado and proclaiming loudly his temporary authority, his wife being at that moment in the kitchen baking cakes for the entertainment. So novel was his situation, that he knew no bounds to his desire for exercising his newly-acquired powers. He spoke loudly and authoritatively to every one, arbitrarily interfered in the arrangements for the evening, and unnecessarily ordered and counter-ordered his slaves and daughters, to the great astonishment of the latter.

But he went further. He loudly and indignantly declaimed against the tyrants and despots of the land, and spoke in unmeasured terms of the power and strength of his own right arm. This last he addressed to Oom Dirk van Jaahr, who sat aghast at De Villiers' unusual display of spirit, and afterwards declared to Neef Hendrik van Wyk that the host had certainly had a glass too much that night.

But could the Drakenstein gossips have seen him later on, when in the height of his triumph a red face and white cap peered in at the door leading into the kitchen, and a well-known voice loudly demanded, " what all that row was about, and whether he had taken leave of the last grain of sense that still lurked in his stupid head ? " their bosoms would have overflowed with sympathy for him. So thoroughly unHINGED was he by the sudden apparition of his beloved spouse, and so painfully aware of the insecurity of his transient reign within the four walls of his own house, that he determined for the future to display his power and authority outside, but yet, as he



walked out at the front door, crestfallen and humbled, he felt that he had had such a turn, and was still so powerfully haunted by the vision in the doorway, that all renewed attempts to regain his lost honours were impossible, so he seated himself on the first stool, smoked his pipe in silence, and heard his daughters remark that pa was very quiet all of a sudden.

The girls suddenly disappeared, brooms in hand ; for, coming up the lane, a bouquet in his hand, was Francois : then as suddenly they re appeared, minus the brooms, looking radiant.

“So I am the first!” said Francois, walking up to Mimie and presenting her with the bouquet. “What a fortunate individual I am!” and he looked admiringly at the three comely sisters.

They chatted pleasantly for a while ; then the rest of the guests came, Pierre and his sister among them, and last of all Adèle. Francois started violently, but the next moment he bent over Mimie, and began to explain to her the meanings of the different flowers. And Adèle, as she seated herself on a little stool under a giant orange tree, saw, standing opposite to her, Mimie and Francois discussing the bouquet, apparently absorbed in each other’s conversation. He appeared to be quite unconscious of her presence there, though she walked about and talked to all around. He had doubtless heard the report of her engagement, but could he for a moment believe her false? Impossible! the thought was very painful to her, and his coldness and indifference wounded her deeply.

“He is piqued,” thought Pierre, as he walked up to Adèle’s side and addressed her kindly. The fiddle struck up ; he saw her eyes wander across to where Francois was standing, but the latter heeded her not, and with a show of great politeness asked Mimie for the first dance. At the same moment Pierre held out his hand to Adèle, and led her out.

“She is safe for this dance!” thought Francois, who danced indeed with little Mimie, but had his eyes and ears entirely for Adèle.

But the latter, though grateful to Pierre, scarcely heeded his kind efforts to atone for his brother’s indifference : she was hurt and indignant. The dance over, Pierre conducted her to a seat, and remained by her side, bestowing every kind attention upon her. But seeing the Fiscal shortly after advancing towards them he bowed and retired.

Francois led Mimie to her seat, but made no further effort to engage her attention. He became completely absorbed in his own sad reflections, and was aware that in his anxiety not to reveal to Adèle how deeply he was wounded, he had been betrayed into showing an indifference that he was far from feeling. He confessed to himself that the very sight of her had dissolved all his stern resolutions as the sun does the morning mist. He would resolve no more, but honestly put his fate in her hands this evening, and make her decide the future. Coming out of his reverie, he looked up and saw the back of the very man he now felt he hated above all others, bending over the woman he loved. He was distracted with doubt

and jealousy, but his native politeness had not quite deserted him yet. Turning to Mimic he apologised for his negligence and absence of mind, and begged her forgiveness. She tossed her head and said nothing. Then Penard, a handsome young Huguenot, came up, and asked her for the next dance. They walked away, and Francois was relieved. He turned and riveted his eyes on the pair nearest him. He could see little of Adèle, but he saw enough to assure him that she was averse to the Fiscal's wooing. He grew impatient, and felt that he could never allow her to dance with that man until he knew his fate. The music struck up and the couples began to whirl about. He saw the Fiscal move from the tree, and the girl involuntarily shrinking from him; then he rushed forward impetuously, and wildly stretching his arm across the Fiscal, he said with ill-concealed reproach in his voice, "Adèle!"

Before he could conclude his sentence, she rose abruptly, laid her trembling hand in his, and they walked away, leaving the Fiscal aghast. It had all happened so suddenly that at first he appeared to be quite stunned. Recovering himself with an effort, he placed his back against the tree, folded his arms, and moodily watched the dancers, his face every moment growing darker and sterner. The dance was over, and Francois had not said a word to Adèle as yet. He led her up and down once or twice in silence, paused, and then suddenly entering the orange grove, he released his arm and stood before her, as he said in a pained and hesitating voice,

"Adèle, report says you are engaged to the Fiscal. Is it true?"

"My stepfather engaged me!" replied she, looking at him reproachfully.

"And have you given *your* consent?" and he looked searchingly at her.

"Certainly not!" she answered.

He was silent for a moment, then, looking earnestly at her again, he said,

"Had you any reason for rejecting him?"

"The very best of reasons," replied she, emphatically. "I *hate* him!"

Francois' conscience smote him. Was this the girl he believed base and false? He drew closer, and bending over her, said in a low and impressive voice,

"Was there no *other* reason, Adèle?"

She was silent; her eyes dropped, and her lovely face became suffused with blushes. After a moment's hesitation, he gently slipped his arm round her waist—no resistance; he took her little hand and pressed it to his lips and his heart, while he mentally exclaimed, "Oh! *Mon Dieu!* such moments come to us but once in a lifetime;" then looking fondly down upon her, he said, "Adèle, I love you dearly, passionately. Tell me, *chère ami*, do you love me?"

No answer.

"Whisper it ever so softly, darling!" and he bent down his ear

until it nearly touched her rosy lips ; but finding all silent still, he pressed her ever so gently to his heart, as he said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "*Dis que tu m' aimes ma mie ?*" Now his ear caught a sweet low sound ; it was very soft, but it was enough. He clasped her to his heart fervently, and held her close in a long lingering embrace : then there followed another soft sound not unusual upon such occasions, and very sweet as Francois thought ; and he believed himself the happiest man alive that moment.

" Adèle !" said he presently, " look at those glorious stars above us, they know no change : vow to me now, beloved one, that like them your love will never change."

" I vow it !" said she earnestly.

Then he took off a ring from his finger and placed it on hers. " This is an old family relic," said he ; " keep it, and whenever you are in danger or distress send it to me, and I will come to your side at once."

Taking off one from her own slender finger she placed it on his, saying as she did so,

" Keep this, Francois, as a memento of the vow I made this evening."

Both started violently ; for apparently from a tree close behind them proceeded a groan, a human despairing groan, and the next moment the Fiscal's tall form stood before them, towering with rage, his face ghastly white.

" Adèle," said he, " how dare you ?" and he put forth his hand to snatch her from Francois' arms.

Adèle screamed, but Francois, retreating a few paces, said boldly,

" Lay but your finger upon her, or injure one hair of her head, and I fell you to the earth !"

" You insignificant pauper !" screamed Herman ; " dare you threaten me ? Release her instantly. I lay my commands upon you ;" and he made a stride forward and put forth his hand again, but it never reached Adèle.

" Your commands perish with you !" said Francois haughtily, and before he knew what he was doing, his strong arm had flown forth, a thud sounded clearly on the night air, and the Fiscal's insensible form fell heavily to the ground.

" Oh ! Francois," cried Adèle in distress ; " you have killed him !"

" Not so fortunate !" replied Francois ; " he is only stunned."

The tread of many feet was now heard coming swiftly along ; their angry words had been overheard and burghers were hurrying from every direction to learn the cause, but too late to save their Fiscal, so they lifted his insensible body and carried it home.

De Villiers coming forward, laid his hand gently on the unfortunate young man's shoulder, and said,

" Francois, my boy, you have ruined yourself !"

Francois led Adèle back, and finding the dancing ground deserted, took her home and waited a moment outside to assure himself of her

safety ; and well for her he did so, for no sooner had she crossed the threshold, than Meerhoff accosted her, foaming at the mouth, and trembling with rage.

"Wretch !" he screamed ; "you have ruined us all !"

"I should be sorry to think that," replied Adèle haughtily.

"Think ?" screamed he ; "is yours fit behaviour for the daughter of your mother, secretly making love with a stranger you know nothing about, when you are engaged to a highly respectable man ?"

"I am *not* engaged to him, and *never* will consent to the engagement."

"You won't ?" screamed he furiously, "I'll soon take the impudence out of you, miss, and teach you to respect your superiors."

He stepped back, wrenched a sjambok from a nail on the wall, and advanced towards her with up-lifted hand.

Adèle retreated a few paces, terror-stricken, but still firmly declaring "that he had no right to force her to marry any one she disliked ;" and then she knew no more, there was a crash, then the door flew open, and the burgher's first blow descended on the shoulders of Francois ; the latter instantly turned, and, snatching the sjambok from the hands of the brute, he gave him a blow on the chest that sent him reeling back for some distance, and finally deposited him on his back with such force that he groaned aloud.

Then he took Adèle by the hand. "My poor, poor darling !" he said tenderly and pityingly, and led her to her mother, while he implored that lady to shield such a tender flower from Meerhoff's violence.

Before another sun had set over the lovely Drakenstein Mountains, the whole place was convulsed with misery and terror, for the Fiscal, attended by a band of soldiers, had ruthlessly entered poor old Du Plessis' house, and uncompromisingly dragged forth the two young men, sealed their papers, and, regardless of all prayers and sobs, sent them forth, under military escort, bound and fettered, to the Stellenbosch prison, there to await their trial.

Their property at Drakenstein was confiscated, and the poor old man, aged, infirm, and broken-hearted, followed his unfortunate sons to Stellenbosch, and there was kindly welcomed by many sympathetic Burghers, who, with the unostentatious kindness and hospitality so characteristic of the Dutch, soon made them as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. The Drakenstein Burghers, however, were exasperated beyond endurance, and, although they wisely refrained from further public demonstration of their dissatisfaction, they vowed that they would submit to Van der Stell's tyranny and oppression no longer, and secretly and hurriedly prepared to escape the despots by fleeing into the wilderness, and there to found a home and perhaps a State where they might live and be governed according to the laws of God and humanity.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Poor Socrates (who next more memorable ?)  
 By what he taught and suffered for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.

MILTON.

ROM.—Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—death.

SHAKESPEARE.

The curtain drops on the lovely valley of the Drakenstein for awhile, and our new scene opens in the small but picturesque village of Stellenbosch, which, situated on a broad square plain, with steep hills rising abruptly on all sides, while the Eerste River meandered and sparkled through it close to the village, looked in the early morning like a lovely picture beautifully framed. The houses were solid, whitewashed buildings, with gables at each end, and one in the centre containing the date of the year in which they were erected. The streets were lined with rows of young oaks, promising presently to afford pleasant shady avenues to shelter the Burghers from the scorching rays of the summer's sun. Stellenbosch boasted three public buildings of importance,—the first was the Drostdy, a spacious house at the top of the main street, pleasantly situated and surrounded by shady walks and gardens. Another was the church, a heavy pile of the olden type, devoid of ornament or architectural beauty, the cost of which had been defrayed by the savings of the Burghers, who every Sunday were forced to appear in church at the sound of the second bell, the ringing of which depended entirely on the caprice of the Landdrost, who often kept the sexton waiting, hat in hand, until it pleased him to give the necessary order. The last was the public office, the most unpretentious building in the place, yet whose four walls had witnessed the heartrending sigh and agonizing tear of many an unfortunate victim of Van der Stell's tyranny.

The sun rose brightly over the little place, bathing the plain in glory and colour, and revealing the agitated faces of many of the little Burgher groups, who had collected on each other's stoeps, and showed by their earnest conversation and violent gestures, as they sipped their early coffee, that they keenly felt and deeply resented the arbitrary doings about to take place, though they dared not by word or deed interrupt the proceedings.

The brave, noble hearted Stellenbosch Burghers are not to be confounded with the Netherlandish slaves we have met elsewhere, who, having been brought up as servants of the Company, and having only changed their position from paid to unpaid servants, could not appreciate their freedom, but still bent a willing neck to the yoke they had been accustomed to all their lives.

The Stellenbosch Burghers were men of quite another stamp : these were the mighty heroes who had successfully withstood the powerful French Monarch, and sooner than give up their country and



religion to the tyrant, had sacrificed everything dear to them, had opened their dykes, and, forgetful of victory and fame, fought only for national existence, keeping their ground against superior numbers, defeats, and disasters. These men had come out to the Colony, in the hopes of gaining an honest livelihood, but they soon discovered that no Burgher, however industrious, and with whatever means at his command, could prosper under such a despot as reigned at the head of affairs. They had boldly raised their voices against the corruption and injustice they were groaning under, but only to receive such summary chastisement as threatened to ruin them altogether, and thenceforth they had remained quiet, waiting until a fit opportunity should present itself, when they hoped again and more successfully to set forth their grievances.

Meanwhile, as they slowly congregated in front of the public offices, where they anxiously awaited the arrival of the prisoners, they seemed agitated to the core of their hearts at the thought of soon witnessing a monstrous deed of oppression and tyranny against two noble young men, without having the power to raise either voice or arm in their defence.

The morning was unusually lovely, nature seemed arrayed in her gayest and most joyous garb for the occasion, and gave no sign that she was conscious of the heartrending scene about to take place. Did she then refuse to sympathise with her children in this their dark and deeply afflicted moment? Who shall say that when the first rays of the day's glory struck the prison windows that morning, brightening and cheering the gloomy dungeon, that it might not have been to the poor heart sore victims like a messenger from Heaven, or God's own loving hand stretched forth to cheer them on their way and bid them be strong and hopeful?

A breathless stillness had fallen on all around, and the sorrowful, sympathetic women, who lined the stoeps, strained eagerly forward, for solemnly advancing along the main street, attended by a band of soldiers, came two prisoners, brave, young, and handsome. Every eye was riveted upon them: on one the late trying events seemed to have left no marks, his brow was calm, his head erect, his step firm and majestic, whereas the second figure seemed almost crushed beneath the overpowering weight of his misery. As they neared the Court-house, the Burghers, unable to restrain themselves any longer, sent forth an audible wave of sympathy that threatened completely to overwhelm Francois, but that rebounded from the haughty breast of Pierre. Then they disappeared into a little side room, and the promiscuous crowd entered the building, occupying the open space inside.

On a raised dais sat the Landdrost, in whose full open face and mild blue eyes lingered the remnants of former humanity, long ago hardened and nearly crushed out by the stern duty necessity required of him; the Heemraaden, who bore without exception the most forbidding countenances—fit judges for the victims of tyranny—and our old acquaintance the independent Fiscal. Near the door stood

De Villiers, bowed and sorrowful, the slender yet brave and noble form of Annette leaning on his arm, her face pale and haggard, her eyes flashing and tearless. In the crowd, and apparently mixed up with it, was a tall slender figure, completely enveloped in a cloak, with nought visible but the dark anxious eyes. The crowd was breathless with anxiety, and every eye strained impatiently towards the little side door. At last it was flung open suddenly, and the audience gasped as a tall, stately figure walked slowly in, with a fearless brow and firm step. Pierre, as he took his place, calmly surveyed the occupants of the dais; for one moment, his glance rested witheringly on the Fiscal, then, assuming a dignified attitude, he folded his arms and looked steadily at the Landdrost. The charge of rebellion and inciting others to mutiny having been preferred against him, his voice rang clearly and distinctly through the Court-room as he pleaded "Not guilty."

Then the Fiscal rose, and called up his witnesses, whose testimony proved effectually that Pierre *was* guilty.

The Landdrost, who had been deeply impressed by the young man's noble appearance, and who lamented that ruin should descend so early on so brave a head, said in a voice far from stern,

"What have you to say in self-vindication?"

"This," replied Pierre boldly; "that I never did, and do not now, consider that raising my voice publicly and privately against tyranny, oppression, corruption, and slavery, was rebellion; and that attempting to rouse a spirit for freedom and liberty in the slavish breasts around me was inciting to mutiny!"

"But you were warned by the Fiscal," said the Landdrost, eyeing him keenly; "that your actions would convict you of rebellion and sedition, and that if you persevered in your headstrong course you would receive the penalty due to your offence. You insolently rejected the Fiscal's warning, declaring boldly that you would adhere to your principles; and subsequently you continued your rebellious practices."

"And with God's help will so continue!" answered Pierre, "were death the penalty."

The Landdrost consulted for a few moments with the Heemraaden: then turning to Pierre again, he said kindly, "Pierre du Plessis, you are young, and the fire and passion of youth have led you astray. I would willingly spare you, if possible. Consider, therefore, young man, the ruin and misery you, through your obstinacy, are bringing, not only on your own head, but on the grey head of your aged parent, who is at this moment breathlessly and anxiously awaiting our verdict."

He paused a moment to allow Pierre time to reflect upon what he had said, for he noticed a quiver in his lips as he mentioned his father, and he inwardly hoped that his consideration might induce him to forego his headstrong course. Then he continued in a solemn and impressive voice,

"We give you this last chance, even now, after all that is past. If you, in the presence of myself and Heemraaden, promise that for the future you will be a wiser man, that you will renounce your dangerous and insurrectionary principles, and will be in subordination to the officer of justice set over you, we will give you full and free pardon."

The audience heaved a sigh of relief, and inwardly blessed the Landdrost. There could be but one answer, and they waited anxiously for Pierre to speak. One moment more, and his voice rang clearly through the Court-room.

"Never! never! What? give up my own identity? renounce my principles? see liberty and freedom trampled in the dust, and quietly endure slavery and oppression? Nay, Landdrost, not even my affection for my beloved father can cause me to sell my conscience, and everything I hold true and noble in humanity, in order to purchase for myself and my family a degrading security."

The Landdrost looked grieved and concerned, and the audience murmured audibly; but the former, after consulting with his compeers a moment, looked sternly at Pierre as he said,

"Pierre du Plessis, you have refused our offer of mercy; receive now the sentence of the court upon you, which is, that you be deported to Mauritius, there to work for the Company in chains for the term of your natural life, with confiscation of all your property."

The Burghers groaned aloud, and bowed their heads. But Pierre gave not the least sign that he felt the ruin that had fallen upon him. Turning to the audience, he waved his hand aloft, and said loudly, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, "*Vive la liberté à bas les tyrans.*" Then he calmly held out his hands to the officer to be manacled.

His bold cry roused so many half dormant memories in the heroic Burghers' bosoms, that their outraged feelings seemed to reach their climax, and they were on the point of echoing the bold cry for liberty, and might have proceeded to action, but for the vigilance of the Fiscal, who, by a single significant wave of the hand, brought the troops outside into full view of the excited Burghers, and so restrained their ardour for a time. As Pierre stepped out at the door a soft hand was gently laid on his arm, and a terror-stricken face looked up piteously to him.

"God bless you, my own darling!" said Pierre tenderly; "keep up a brave heart, Annette; yours is the only arm left to support our father in this dark hour of trial. Don't deprive him of his last stay. I had no alternative left: there was but one course open to me. And, dear Annette, you would not wish even now that I had acted differently, that your own Pierre had purchased eternal degradation and ignominy for himself and all who belongs to him, by accepting temporary security under existing circumstances."

Hearing the soldier urge him on, he bent down and kissed her affec-

tionately. "God bless you, sweet little sister!" said he again as he bestowed a last lingering look on her loving face. "Tell my beloved old father that Pierre's last words are for him. I send him the love that is too deep for words, and pray him to think kindly of me, and to believe that I acted as he himself would have acted under similar circumstances."

Then he pressed her hand fervently and passed on, upheld and cheered by the consciousness of his own rectitude, yet brokenhearted at being so cruelly wrenched from the bosom of his beloved family.

Let us return once more to the Court-room. Every eye is again fixed on the little side door; it opens, and another figure walks in. His youth seemed to have passed away from him within the last few days, and the sorrow of his mind was woefully reflected in his pale and haggard countenance. As he took his place, he turned and looked eagerly and searchingly over the audience, then, evidently disappointed, bowed his head and looked steadily before him.

Francois's accusation was read, "Insurbordination to the Officer of Justice, and striking him without provocation."

"Guilty!" said Francois.

Of course without provocation was false; but how could he relate to those stern Judges the tale of his love, and desecrate Adèle's fair name by dragging it into a Court of Justice?

The Landdrost, addressing him mildly, said,

"Have you nothing to say in extenuation of your offence?"

"Nothing!" replied Francois.

Then the Landdrost consulted with the Heemraaden, and, turning to him again, said in a commanding voice,

"Francois du Plessis, the sentence of the Court upon you is—"

His next words were interrupted by a commotion in the audience. The crowd made way; and rapidly advancing from the midst of it was the cloaked figure, which stopped not till it reached the foot of the dais: then throwing off her disguise, Adèle fell on her knees, and clasping her hands fervently together, she cried out in a pleading voice,

"Oh! as you hope for mercy in heaven, have mercy on this young man!"

The Court was electrified, and everyone present strained forward to catch the words of that agitated kneeling figure. And the Landdrost and Heemraaden were so struck with the girl's youth and exquisite beauty, that they scarcely heard her words. The former, however, recovered himself, and addressing her kindly, he said,

"Rise, young woman. I can quite understand how natural it is that you should sue for a brother's pardon. In this instance it is my painful duty to tell you that you plead in vain. A sister's affection—"

"Sister!" screamed Adèle, who had kept her kneeling position, her eyes cast to heaven, as if imploring the Almighty to soften the



hearts of the stern Judges. "Sister!" Then she dropped her voice until it was scarcely audible, as she said, "Nay, he is the soul of my soul!"

"My good young woman, I say it with sorrow, not the most fervent love can save the prisoner in this instance. He is guilty of gross insubordination, and of striking his superior without provocation."

Then Adèle jumped to her feet, and with flashing eyes, said,

"Not *without* provocation, there was *great* provocation!" And then she told the whole story of her love, and *all* that took place that eventful night.

Stallenberg, when she began, rushed forward, and caught her by the arm.

"Adèle!" said he; "are you mad? Are you going to expose yourself in open Court?"

But she shook him off, without deigning him a single look, and proceeded to the end, putting Francois' case in quite a new light. As she concluded she looked pleadingly towards the Judges, her face beaming with hope.

But the stern necessity of the times compelled the Landdrost to uphold the dignity of the Government and its officials, however culpable their own doings might be. So turning to Adèle, he said in a voice sterner than before,

"Your story, young woman, can neither palliate the prisoner's offence, nor exonerate him from the consequences of his indiscretion. Under no circumstances, however provoking, is he justified in striking his superior and disobeying his commands; he did both."

Then turning to Francois, he concluded his sentence, which was "Banishment to Robben Island for five years, with confiscation of all he possessed, and to be shackled at night."

A despairing wail rang through the Court, chilling the very blood in the veins of those present; and Adèle fell senseless to the ground. De Villiers rushed forward and lifted her gently in his arms, carrying her from the room. He lingered a moment near the door, to clasp poor Francois's hand for the last time. The latter, as he held out his hands to have the irons put on, his whole soul concentrated on the senseless form fast disappearing through the doorway, looked so completely shattered and bowed under the crushing ruin that had fallen upon him, that the stoniest heart present bled for him, and many brushed away a tear. The Landdrost when he left the dais that morning looked deadly pale.

When Francois gained the open air, he felt all at once the loving arms of his sister Annette round his neck, while her hot tears fell fast.

"Oh! my François, my beloved brother!" sobbed she.

"Annette," said he, folding her to his breast, "I would have given my life that this hadn't happened."

"God forbid!" said she, looking lovingly at him, "that I



should say aught to you this day except what is comforting and consoling."

"God bless you for this, Netty!" said he, as he kissed her affectionately. "Tell my dear old father that the heaviest part of my sorrow this day is that I shall behold his beloved face no more."

Then advancing to where De Villiers stood, his whole soul became absorbed as he looked at Adèle. His pale face quivered, and his strong frame seemed to totter under the terrible weight of his affliction. As he lifted his eyes to heaven, and taking one of Adèle's little hands in his, breathed forth, "Oh! God, this is too hard!" and again, "Shield and protect her with Thine Almighty arm!"

Then he moved on, his tears falling fast. Nearing the gaol, a poor Hottentot rushed out, fell at his feet, and clasped his knees.

"Oh! baasie, baasie, what shall poor Jephtha do without his good klein baas, he can never again find another baasie Francy."

"Poor, faithful Jephtha," said Francois, lifting him. "I had almost forgotten you; go to my father, you'll never want a kind master while he lives."

"No," said Jephtha earnestly, "I don't leave my good klein baas, now he is in trouble. I sit by the gaol all day, and perhaps when he calls Jephtha, I say here I am, and when he moves away Jephtha follows after."

Then Francois disappeared through the massive doorway of the gaol into the gloomy yard, and felt that though the hand of tyranny had deprived him of all he held dear in life, yet he was rich in possessing the deep and faithful love of so many true hearts. He was ushered into a small, filthy cell, where two felons groaned and cursed, the one a white thief, the other a black murderer.

Poor Francois sat down and leaned his back against the wall; so overwhelming was the misery of his condition that he feared his mind was going. He had been starving for days, and felt that he was sinking for want of nourishment; each succeeding day he was less able to bear the burden of his wretchedness, and still he found it impossible, even with the pangs of hunger gnawing within him, to touch the wretched food they brought him. The closeness and offensiveness of the cells seemed to suffocate him: he envied the felons their heavy slumber, and moved impatiently from side to side. The night was far advanced when, looking up, he saw a narrow streak of light against the opposite wall, and knew that the moon had risen in God's fair heaven. He sighed heavily, "Oh, for one breath of fresh air, for one drop of water to cool my parched mouth. Oh! Adèle, Adèle, my love, lost for ever!"

In his despair he lifted his eyes, and saw that the light on the wall was extinguished. Before he had time to consider what the cause might be, he heard a low familiar voice at the narrow window above him.

"Bassie Francois, here is Jephtha; can you reach up and take this little piece of bread and drop of milk?"

"Impossible!" answered Francois weakly, "I am shackled."

Then Jephtha disappeared. Presently Francois heard a rustling at the window; then there descended, fastened to a string, a small gourd of milk and a piece of bread. He caught at them eagerly, and was deeply grateful for the timely food, which so refreshed him that he fell into a sound sleep soon after.

On the morrow, when he had to proceed to Cape Town, they took him out of the cell more dead than alive, and found that he frequently fainted on the way, while poor Jephtha, like a faithful dog, followed the steps of his unfortunate young master, and was ever ready to lend a helping hand when he sank.

Pierre also walked from his cell that morning, but with a firm step and calm brow. His sufferings had been as acute as Francois's, but his haughty spirit, his unwillingness to succumb to the tyranny of his oppressors, and his consciousness of having done right, and of having bravely persevered to the end, supported him in his hour of trial, and he was able to proceed to Cape Town with head erect, scarcely conscious of the fatigues of the journey.

After the trial, De Villiers took the two heart-broken girls home, Adèle's insensible form resting heavily on his arms, while Annette walked sorrowfully beside him. Reaching the door they saw poor old Du Plessis, with his grey head bowed over the open Bible. De Villiers stopped, and the self-devoted Annette walked bravely up to her father's side. He looked up searchingly into her face, and she laid her hand gently on his shoulder; but the effort to speak was too much; she broke down, hid her face in his bosom, and sobbed bitterly. Then he knew all. Gently he stroked her soft hair, as he lifted his quivering face to heaven and exclaimed aloud, "*Que ta volonté soit faite.*"

"Pierre, my first-born and beloved son," said the old man fervently; "I am proud of thee. Thou hast chosen, and hast chosen well. I thank my God that, though they had power to crush thy fair and noble form, yet had they no power to pollute or injure thy pure and free spirit. And thou, my Francois, my last-born and well-beloved boy!" low did the old man's grey head sink as he said in a heart-rending voice, "*Oh, mon Dieu, c'est trop souffrir.*"

De Villiers took Adèle into an adjoining room where he tried to restore her to consciousness. When at last she opened her eyes, she put up her hands to her head and moaned with the pain there.

Before another day dawned, poor old Du Plessis had been struck by paralysis, and sat in his chair a helpless invalid, his brave daughter assiduously attending to his every want, and rarely, if ever, leaving her father's side, while poor Adèle lay dangerously ill with brain fever, not recognizing the most intimate friend by her bedside.

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## Sparks from Kafir Anbils.

IN the February number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* appeared a short but very interesting article under the heading "South African Folk-lore." In this great field of research the more workers that there are distinct from each other the better will science be served. Some, like Bishop Callaway, may be able not only to give traditional stories as told by the natives, but to show how largely the same ideas have been developed in far distant lands; some, such as myself, may be able to do nothing more than collect, or make use of others in collecting, these seemingly childish tales; but for all there is ample space to work in. How much light these tales are throwing upon the progress of human thought! What marvellous proofs they are giving of the unity of the human race! To how many classes of workers are they not affording materials to build solid foundations with!

There are two statements in Bishop Callaway's letter to *The Academy*, as quoted in the Magazine, which very much interested me, because I have been making researches in exactly the same subjects among the natives here, who have no communications with those among whom the Bishop is labouring. The first is concerning Hlakanyana, a wonderful creation of human thought. Portions of the tale of Hlakanyana are known to nearly every aged Kafir woman in the Frontier districts; but as all the fragments, if put together, would make a small volume, there are but few who can repeat more of it than would fill say half a dozen pages of the *Cape Monthly*. Most of these fragments, however, are of no use, because they are mere repetitions of the same trick played upon different persons or animals.

The word Hlakanyana, as the name of an individual, signifies a cunning little fellow, and the story is of a being of diminutive size but aged looks, who speaks even before his birth, who possesses great strength, whose appetite is almost insatiable, and who manages before his death to perform an enormous amount of mischief to man and beast. It introduces cannibals and animals which speak just as human beings. One portion in its repetitions is very similar to our "House that Jack has built." I have it in the original, reduced to a reasonable size by the rejection of all such repetitions as, for instance, the same trick performed upon an eland cow, a leopardess, and a bush-buck doe. It was collected for me by Kafirs, and has been read over to a great number of Kafir women here and elsewhere, and thoroughly criticized by them, so that though I have reduced its bulk, it can be taken as complete and genuine. It is lent at this moment, but I will send for it and have it translated in time for the next number of the Magazine, if the editor cares to give it insertion.

The other statement in the Bishop's letter is relative to "the discovery of the name Ukqamata for the Creator among a tribe

of Frontier Kafirs." His Lordship does not mention the name of this tribe, and it is possible it may be one having connection with the Amaxosa.

The word Qamata (with the natives here it would have no k before the q, and the initial U in Kafir is merely the sign of the nominative or accusative case, not part of the root,) is generally known to the old people of all the Rarabe or Cis-Keian clans. Why, when, and how, the word Tixo became substituted for it, I cannot say. A very strange thing in connection with this word is remarked by the Bishop, and I found exactly the same thing here, namely, "that it was a name almost universally unknown to white men, and entirely so to white missionaries." I never saw the word in print in any work on the Kafirs or on South Africa before I brought it myself to the notice of Europeans,\* and though I questioned several missionaries,—some of them born and brought up in the country,—I did not meet one who could give me any information about it.

The word was brought to my notice some years ago, by a native who was then interpreting for me, and who afterwards went with a mission party to Central Africa. He observed that he thought the attention of his countrymen could be gained in the same way as St. Paul had gained that of the Athenians, if one would take as a text, *Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you*, and speak to them of the belief of their fathers in Qamata. I had already observed that no Kafir ever denied the existence of God, though many were ready enough to cast doubt upon the authenticity of divine revelation as contained in the Bible, while others maintained that "the book" was for white men, not for them. The remark of the interpreter led me to make extensive inquiries, from which I learned not only that the word was very well known, but that when so-called heathen Kafirs were in positions of extreme peril, they were in the habit of invoking the aid of the Being so named.

My next endeavour was to ascertain what their ideas of Qamata were, and on this point it was very difficult to get precise information. They had not thought about it at all. Negatively they could reply much better than positively.

Had he been once a chief, such as Xosa or Tshawe?

No.

Was he the first man, the father of the nations, the one whom some of the old Fingoes call Nkulunkulu?

No, not at all; Qamata was never a man.

\* They believe in the existence of a Supreme God, whom they term Qamata, and to whom they sometimes pray, though they never offer sacrifices to him. In a time of great danger, a Kafir will exclaim, "O Qamata, help me!" and when the danger is over, he will attribute his deliverance to the same Supreme Being. But of Qamata he knows nothing more than that he is high over all, and that though he has helped him, in general he does not interfere with the destinies of men. In fact, he cannot himself explain what he does believe and what he does not. He thinks as little as he possibly can of such matters, though the influence of the unseen world is ever acting upon him.—*Theal's Compendium of S. A. History and Geography*. Third edition. Lovedale Institution Press.



Was he the creator of all that we see, the mountains, and the sun, and the stars?

Perhaps he was, we don't know; he is greater than all these.

Where is he?

Everywhere.

Does he see all things?

We think he does.

Does he help people?

We ask him to sometimes, and we believe he does.

Is he altogether good, or altogether bad, or partly good and partly bad?

We don't know about that; but we think he is altogether good.

Are there any others like him?

No; he is all alone.

Is there any other name for him?

In the olden times that was the only name, but now he is called u-Tixo by some.

Such were the answers I received at the time. It was evident that Qamata was the Supreme Being, or Great Spirit; but I jumped too hastily to the conclusion that the natives did not believe that he interfered much with the affairs of this world. Since then I have ascertained that a superstitious act of a very peculiar kind is somehow or other connected in their minds with prayer to, or worship of, Qamata. In various parts of the Kafir country there are artificial heaps of stones, and a Kafir, when travelling, may often be seen adding one to the number. He repeats no words, but merely picks up a stone and throws it on the heap. Why does he do it? That good fortune may attend him,—that he may not be carried away by the river spirit when crossing a stream,—that he may find food prepared for him where he is to rest,—that he may be successful in the business he is engaged in,—or something of the kind that he is thinking of at the time. It is an act of superstition. But old men have told me, when I inquired the object of this act, that "it was for Qamata." How? They did not know; but their ancestors had done the same thing, and said it was for Qamata; and so they did it too. This is the only explanation I could get, and I am inclined to believe that they never think about the matter till they are questioned.

It is not for me to form any theory as to the origin of the word, or the source from which a belief in Qamata was derived. Nor can I comprehend, much less explain, how throwing a stone upon a heap can be connected in a man's mind with prayer to the Great Spirit. I only relate facts that have come to my notice, in the hope that a knowledge of them may be useful to others, and that by comparing them with what Bishop Callaway has discovered elsewhere, whenever that is published, some light may be thrown upon the pa and the present of the Kafir race.

T.

Victoria East, February 12, 1878.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## The Story of Frank Pocock,

AS TOLD BY H. M. STANLEY.

THE visit of Mr. Stanley to our shores is too recent, and his reception here too hearty and appreciative, to make any apology necessary for the introduction in this Magazine of a short narrative taken from the lips of the great Explorer himself. The subject is an account of the death of the young Englishman, Frank Pocock, the last of the three white men who accompanied Mr. Stanley on his Expedition. It was related on one of the many pleasant and interesting evenings on the deck of H.M.S. *Industry* to a delighted and sympathetic audience of sailors,—on this occasion, doubly sympathetic, for poor Frank Pocock, being a Thames waterman, was in some sense a sailor himself. The scene was appropriate: gathered under the poop awning, the rows of listening faces deeply attentive, a few ship's lanterns giving a dim and ghostly light, the sighing of the wind through the rigging, the surging of the sea alongside, and the complaining creaks of blocks and rudder, all lent a certain weight and solemnity to the moving accents of the dauntless traveller standing bareheaded in the midst, whose working countenance revealed the emotion it cost him to speak of his faithful friend and follower's loss. One felt as he spoke in his deep pathetic tones that this was the last and most cruel blow dealt by Fate on "the much-enduring man."

On the 3rd June, 1877, after seven months of unheard of, undreamt of, toils,—after thirty-two battles which, bloody and savage as they were, and characterised by every form of barbarian trickery and treachery, were yet more welcome than the half-despairing, desperate efforts of overtaxed muscles of underfed strength; after surmounting, shooting, or circumventing in some form or other forty cataracts with various success but ever with loss or accident,—the expedition had arrived on the lower Congo within 120 miles of Emboma,—had nearly emerged from those dark mysterious depths of unknown waters and cannibal lands of virgin forests and Pigmies and Sokos—was perhaps already beginning to speculate on the probability, so long deemed impossible, of ultimate success, for from report of

friendly tribes, but few cataracts remained ahead before the Yellala would be reached, and cannibals and dwarfs alike be left far behind. On this day, however, two formidable obstacles barred their progress, the Masasa Falls, and below that the great Zinga Cataract.

The Expedition had suffered in various ways from their many privations and toils. The sick list was a large one. Wounds, contusions and bruises were of frequent occurrence, and the sores, aggravated by heat and poisonous flies, often developed into sloughing ulcers, so that many men had to be carried in hammocks. Frank Pocock some time before had thrown away in disgust the last remaining shreds of leather which once had formed his boots, and finding the folds of calico and cloth which Mr. Stanley had advised irksome and cumbersome, he had discarded them also, and left his feet entirely defenceless. What might have been foreseen then happened. An accidental scratch or two, fed on by flies fresh from sucking the venom of open sores, was soon augmented and irritated into ulcers, and the gallant young fellow was laid up, unable to walk. Impatient, eager, and too much afraid of being looked on as an encumbrance by the toiling Arabs, he insisted on not being carried, and would hobble about with the aid of sticks or descend the river in a canoe between the rapids where practicable.

Thus it came that Frank arrived above Masasa indomitable and eager as ever, but on the sick list, and physically incapable of any exertion in the shape of marching. Mr. Stanley with the main body of Arabs had made that morning a circuitous march round the cataract and reached the camp some three miles below. The sick were carried down in hammocks, and such of the stores were conveyed as could be carried by hand, the remainder, placed in the canoes, would have to shoot the cataract in charge of reliable men. A relief canoe, in other words a life-boat, manned by the best and bravest men in the Expedition, when all was ready, was to be stationed below the falls to look out for accidents and put off at once to the rescue of struggling men or capsized canoes. The man in charge of this boat was Stanley's own coxswain—the now famous Ulèdi. With this boat remained Frank as a passenger, being on the sick list. He would not be carried in a hammock like the other sick. His energetic and impulsive nature made him loathe the idea of being borne helpless, a spectacle of pity to all the men, so he elected to remain with the canoe and go down with them. In addition to his natural predilection for the water route, his self-love would thereby escape wound.

All being at length ready above the cataract, the relief canoe shoved off and paddled slowly down towards the falls, looking warily ahead for rapids or rocks. But long before they reached it, the ever increasing noise, the hurry and bustle of the waters in some places, and its suspicious smoothness in others, induced the coxswain to shove into the bank in order to carefully inspect the falls from the land at the side before committing themselves to what might prove destruction. This was a course which Mr. Stanley had always

impressed upon them, and which he invariably followed himself. Ulèdi sprang ashore and climbed the rocks overhanging the falls, where he had a full view of the whole breadth of the cataract. In a few minutes he returned and, addressing Frank, said,

"Little master, it is impossible to go down the falls; no boat can do it."

"Nonsense!" said Frank, "there must be a way!"

"I tell you truth, little master," rejoined the chief. "I have seen the whole waters from one side to the other side, and there is no way; it is death to try the falls, I tell you truth!"

"Well," said Frank, "what is to be done?"

"We must send to the master," said Ulèdi; "and tell him that the canoes cannot shoot the falls. As for the things we will carry them."

"And what is to become of me?" said Frank.

"What can we do?" replied Ulèdi; "we must wait till the men bring back a hammock with them, and then we will carry you into the camp."

"What! carry me in like a worthless goey-goey!" said poor Frank, touched on his sorest point. "No! I would rather crawl on my hands and knees; besides am I to be starved? Am I to wait here all day without food while the men go and come?"

"Little master," replied the chief, "it will not be long; it is but three miles to the camp. I or one of the boys will run it in half-an-hour, and in little more than an hour the men will be back with the hammock and your dinner."

"Oh! its all very fine," said Frank, his temper rising at the idea of having to be carried after all. "I see what it is, you want to get me carried to be made a laughing-stock before the men. I don't believe this fall is as bad as you say it is: I have seen lots worse than this; and I'll be bound if I could only get up there to have a look at it, I would find a way through it fast enough."

"There is no way," said Ulèdi again; "no man can find a way. If there is any man will say there is a way, then I will try it."

"You two go up," said Frank, indicating two of the crew, "and see what you can make of it."

In a short time they returned, reporting, "Little master, what Ulèdi says is true; to go down the cataract is death!"

"Bah! You are all alike!" said Frank, "I always said you Wanguana were afraid of this river. Ah! if I had only white men here I would soon show you what to do with this cataract."

This Frank said, having a most perfect contempt for the river himself, being a man of great power in the water and a splendid swimmer. "I myself," said Mr. Stanley, "had frequently warned him against his too daring rashness, and cautioned him not to underrate the dangers of the great stream, nor urge the men to unnecessary risk; only the week before a canoe had been stove in from too carelessly approaching a danger, yet poor Frank, forgetting all this, only deter-

mined not to go by land ; and, utterly despising the river himself, was goading high-spirited men to the brink of destruction. In robust health, yet a helpless cripple, he was not himself at all. Poor Frank ! If he had given himself time to reflect, instead of being swayed by the passion of the moment, it would have been so different. He must have known that if Ulèdi, the bravest man in the whole Expedition, one almost too ready to meet danger, declared there was no passage, that the shooting the cataract was impossible. As it was his words stung the chief to the quick."

"Little master," he said gravely, "neither Wanguana nor white men can go down this river alive, and I do not think it right that you should say we are afraid. As for me, I think I have shown sufficiently I fear not the river. See ! I hold out both hands, and all the fingers on both my hands will not count the number of lives I have saved on this river. Who then can say I am afraid of the river ? "

"Well, if you are not afraid; the others are," said Frank ; "and I know if I had a crew of white men we would go straight over those falls without another word."

"Little master," replied Ulèdi, "they are not afraid. I have only to raise my hand and they will follow me to death, and it is death to go down the cataract; and to prove that they are not afraid I and my boys will push off and go down the cataract now, if you will order it and so take the responsibility."

"No ! I will not order it," said Frank. "You want me to be blamed if the canoe is lost. I will have nothing to do with it. You are the coxswain of the boat. If you like to go, go, and I will say you are men and not afraid of the water. If not—if you won't try it—and I believe its easy enough, then I shall say you are afraid, and you can leave me here to starve all day while you go and come !"

Poor Frank was hastening on his fate, for these remarks were goading spurs to the daring spirit of Ulèdi.

"Boys," said he, "the little master says we are afraid of death. There is death in the cataract. Let us show him that we do not fear death any more than white men. What do you say ? "

"A man can die but once," said they, "we fear not death ; we are ready !"

"You are men," said Frank delightedly, taking his seat again.

"Bismillah !—in the name of God," said Ulèdi, "shove off."

"Bismillah !" simply repeated the crew, and they shoved off. And poor Frank most probably breathed his short prayer also, for he well knew this was no ordinary peril. In a few seconds the canoe had entered the rapids and was being swept at racing speed towards the falls.

Now these falls of Masasa are not one great cascade of water, are not a smaller edition of Niagara, but rather a succession of fierce steep rapids, with long smooth gliding slopes of water of prodigious swiftness, with here roaring white breakers flinging foam far and



near, and there black rocks, and straight in front huge cones and pyramids of water heaved tumultuously upward and subsiding, to race eddying round and form whirlpools of awesome depth and nameless horror.

This great river,—perhaps the deepest in the world and one of the swiftest,—is subject to strange commotions on the surface, produced by the under waters dashing against huge rocks and hillocks of stone, and the arrested force striking upward propelling at intervals the upper waters far into the air. Then as this upheaval falls back, the surface water, unable to prevail against it, swiftly dividing to left and right, creates a circular motion constantly increasing, which rapidly developes into a dangerous whirlpool, that enlarges and enlarges until the bottom forces again obtain ascendancy and thrust upwards anew.

Thus the river is a terror anywhere in the neighbourhood of cataracts or rapids, and even in the smoothest reaches these sudden commotions are to be feared. The canoe, carefully guided, shot into one of the treacherously smooth gliding slopes and with dizzy speed passed danger after danger, though whirled hither and thither yet keeping upright. They had passed half through, not a man moving except at command, when suddenly in front the waters seemed to stop, then to race round with an ominous pit inclining downward to the centre, and the fearful whirlpool formed.

“Backwater!” shouted Frank; and like giants they thrust their paddles against the force of the stream. For a moment they thought they would clear it, but the circle widening and widening caught them and swept them round and round, and all human power was helpless.

“Every man hold on to the boat!” shouted Frank, bold as a lion, and with a voice heard over the roar of the falls, and, half rising, he began to tear his shirt over his head just as the canoe dipped and made its plunge into the heart of the abyss, and the waters closed over it and its gallant occupants.

This very scene was being witnessed by Mr. Stanley himself and one of his men from the camp below. “Look! master,” said the man, “there is an accident; something terrible is happening at the Masasa falls. I see a canoe in the middle of the falls—ah! and now it has gone down.”

With breathless anxiety they watched and watched, and presently a long black body was shot into the air and fell lengthways. It was the canoe again. Mr. Stanley, who had his double glasses levelled on the spot, said, “Run quickly and take some men with ropes to the reach above, I see men clinging to the canoe, and, if we are not quick, they will be swept over the Great Zinga Cataract below here, and then nothing can save them. Good God! it is the relief canoe too!” and filled with dread he hastened to the spot with his men.

Yes! it was the relief canoe:—the waters closed over them, and the whirling ceased, and the surface resumed its smoothness, and then with sudden uproar and turmoil a vast body of water was



hurled vehemently upwards, and with it was shot once more into daylight the hapless canoe, with a row of black gasping figures still clinging for dear life to the sides, but alas ! diminished in numbers ; and alas ! and alas ! no white face was there. When they could once more draw breath and look around them, eight out of the eleven Arabs were there, three were missing. " But where is the little master ? " said Ulèdi. " Who has seen the little master ? How can we face the Kipara-moto if he is lost ? " They were drifting down with the fast current when behind them now the fatal whirlpool began to form again, and suddenly, in the outer circle, appeared a white face, insensible, and began to move slowly round with it. " The little master ! the little master ! " they shouted ; and they heard a long gasping sigh issue from the chest of poor Frank.

" Wait for me," said Ulèdi with desperate resolution, " and keep well in towards the bank." So saying and taking a long breath, the heroic fellow plunged once more into the very heart of that deadly vortex after the white man, and his companions saw them swept round and round and sucked down into the midst ; saw the waters close over and meet, saw again the ghastly treacherous smoothness, and again saw the violent disruption and upheaval, and still no Ulèdi. They held their breath and feared—it seemed impossible that any man could be underneath there and live so long. At last, faint and spent, Ulèdi rose to the surface—alas ! alone—and with feeble strokes made his way to the boat.

" The little master is gone ! " he said, when he could once more draw breath ; " our friend is gone. Allah has taken him. Once I touched him, but the waters tore him from me, and sucked me down so deep I thought I should never see the sun again. The eddies caught me this way and that way, and forced my legs apart in opposite directions, so that I thought I should be torn asunder. By Allah ! the river is dreadful ! I was nearly done, but I held my breath with all my might and waited, and at last I was thrown upward to the top. I have done all I can, but the little master is gone, and we shall never see our white friend again."

And now another danger even more deadly threatened them. The Great Zinga Cataract was ahead, and they were rapidly approaching it. They were not yet in the rapids, but could hear the roar of its waters, and could see the men from the camp hastening to their assistance. The canoe moved but slowly, bottom upwards, and their efforts to right it were in vain. So they guided it as near as they could to a projecting point, and then abandoning it, struck out for life for the bank.

It was touch and go. Ropes were thrown them from the bank, only just in time, and they were all drawn to land without further loss. The boat went plunging on over the cataract, and was found some time after a long way down the river, thrown on the bank, and with the dead body of an Arab, dried to a mummy in the sun, still clinging to the inside. He was one of the ill-fated three, and was

underneath the canoe the whole time that the others were clinging to the outside and endeavouring to right it.

Great was the lamentation, and loud the grief, when the loss of poor Frank was made known. He was a general favourite amongst all the people, the life and spirit of the young men, their leader in all athletic games and sports, dauntless, good-tempered, and easy—a true Englishman. Often he would gather the young men around him and tell them wonderful tales of the land of the white man, of the great fire canoes that travel by water without oars or sails, of the fire cars that run over the land, doing three and four days marches in one hour; tell them of ice and snow, and the telegraph; and then would sing in his fine voice old English airs that would draw the whole encampment round him, old and young. He was loved by all, and a great grief fell upon the whole Expedition. They became very despondent, for said they, “The little master has succumbed at last to this dreadful river, and now, perhaps, the master himself will go next, and then who will guide us to the sea if sea there is? We shall never see our own land again.” And for three weeks they mourned, and did no work but lamented, and all that time Mr. Stanley judiciously waited and humoured them, and then gradually got them into work again.

“For me,” he said, “the loss of poor Frank was simply irreparable—the most grievous disaster that could befall me—and it was so unexpected. We had been through so much together, escaped so many perils, passed scatheless through so many fights, that I had come to believe it impossible that we could now be separated. We knew that we could not be far from the sea, and latterly had talked often over our return; and I had so many plans in which Frank had a share. I could not believe that he was gone, that death had snatched him from me. I blamed myself for letting him out of my sight. I would have pulled him through by main force, lashed him up in a hammock, and carried him through like a precious bale to the sea. Yes! his loss to me was irreparable; for who could take my part, now that this true, bold, and faithful friend was gone, to silence slander and misrepresentation, and tell those thousand and one little things on my own behalf about which I myself must ever be silent? Poor Frank! he was like a younger brother to me, and I mourned for him as for a brother. The 3rd of June will ever be a day of sorrow for me.”

So died Frank Pocock—true, brave, pious, light-hearted, and sincere—a fine type of an honest manly young Englishman.

“INDUSTRY.”

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## Mietje at the Well.

FROM THE DUTCH.

Lost in lonely meditation,  
Mietje sits beside the well ;  
What the thoughts that so absorb her,  
What her trouble, who can tell ?

Has the vintage proved a failure ?  
Has the rust got in the wheat ?  
Is the land o'errun with vermin ?  
Does her cow refuse to eat ?

Is the village feast forbidden ?  
Has her sweetheart proved untrue ?  
Or does Mietje sit lamenting  
That no lover comes to woo ?

All in vain to ask of Mietje ;  
Mietje's tongue will never tell,  
What the thoughts that so engross her  
As she lingers by the well.

Men affirm that women often  
Say more than they ought to say !  
I deny it, woman's secrets  
Woman's lips will ne'er betray.

When I see her sadly musing,  
Sitting there with downcast eye,  
I should like—I must confess it—  
Like to know the reason why.

Ne'er would I betray her secret,  
Had she made a friend of me ;  
But she has not, nor can chide me  
If I tell just what I see.

Hannes fetches water daily ;  
Surely nothing strange in this !  
Mietje sits there with her pitcher,  
Hannes needs must rest with his.

Standing at my window one day,  
Watched I them beside the well ;  
Low they whispered, each to other ;  
What they whispered, who can tell ?

Was it of the wheat or vintage ?  
Vermin, cow, or village feast ?  
Perhaps it was ; but why should Hannes  
Snatch a kiss and part in haste ?

Hannes is a smart young fellow,  
Mietje is a likely maid ;  
They would make a pretty couple,  
Smiling to myself I said.

Hannes, sober and industrious,  
Well deserves a thrifty wife ;  
Mietje's just the girl to suit him,  
Make him happy all his life.

Well I know, in early summer,  
What will happen to them both :  
They will stand before the altar,  
Joining hands and plighting troth !

Never more will Hannes find her  
Sitting by the well alone ;  
Mietje's smiling face will meet him  
In a cottage of his own.

Am I telling Mietje's secret ?  
I forget I once was young,  
Not another word I'll utter,  
Out upon this tell-tale tongue !

R.

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### *Letters on Banking.*

#### IV. ON THE CIRCULATING MEDIUM FORMED ON THE CREDIT OF A BANKER, AND THE MANNER OF USING IT.

IN the course of our endeavour to ascertain the nature and operation of a bank note, in our last letter, we found that so far as notes affected the capital of a bank, unsecured bank notes when in circulation,—that is, notes within the limit of issue authorized by the law, exclusive of the Bank of England issue,—were equivalent to so much money borrowed by the bank, for which the banker did not require to pay interest to the lender. These notes were convertible into gold on demand. The practical effect of this condition in relation to the banker's capital is that it places notes on the same level as deposit money repayable at call ; the only difference being that between the amount of interest allowed on deposits and the

cost of circulating the notes. We also learned that all the banks in the United Kingdom conducted their business on the system of deposit banking. So far therefore as notes and deposits are surrounded by circumstances which are equal, there is not necessarily anything more perilous to the interests of a bank in an issue of notes than in an accumulation of money repayable on demand. We might even advance a step farther, and assert that the use of bank notes is in strict harmony with the principles of deposit banking. The question of selecting a banker becomes, as far as notes are concerned, so narrowed in compass by these views that the point is not worth further discussion.

Letters of Credit are the only obligations other than notes which are formed on the banker's credit.

These instruments are described in banking phraseology under the respective titles of

1. Bank Post Bill.
2. Letter of Credit, and
3. Marginal Letter of Credit.

We shall only here briefly allude to the nature of a Bank Post Bill, as it will be necessary to detail its operation more fully in connection with our remarks on the systematic management of banking business.

1. A Bank Post Bill is an instrument of credit drawn by one banker on another for the purpose of transferring capital from the place where the bill is drawn to another part of the country. If the bill is drawn by a provincial banker on any bank in the United Kingdom out of London, it is made payable on demand, but if it is drawn on a London bank, it is in the option of the person who procures the bill to obtain it payable either on demand or at a currency varying from three to twenty-one days after date.

A Bank Post Bill is a medium of circulation of special advantage to persons who do not keep a banking account, or whose credit is not sufficient to utilise such an account to the full extent of its capabilities. An individual having money to remit to a place at a distance from where he is residing, takes the money to a banker, and purchases a Bank Post Bill for the amount of his remittance. The banker draws a bill on his agent at the place where the money has to be sent, and places the amount to the agent's credit. The banker then advises his agent of the transaction in detail, and requests him to pay the bill on the endorsement of the person in whose favour it is drawn, and places the amount to the debit of his correspondent.

2. A Letter of Credit is a written request addressed by one banker to another, requesting the latter to give the person named in the letter, it may be unconditional credit, or credit for a specified amount only.

3. Marginal Letters of Credit are drawn in different forms, but



they are generally expressed so as to give effect to the two following descriptions of credit. The first and less important is a letter by which a person named in the margin guarantees to another person that he shall receive credit from a third person. The more common form, however, is that by which a banker guarantees to accept the bills of a person named in the margin of the letter on behalf of a third person. This form of obligation is largely used by some of the bankers in Scotland. Elsewhere it is only exceptionally used in the ordinary banking practice of the country. A merchant in Glasgow, for example, whose credit is not sufficiently well known in Cape Town to enable him to procure goods in exchange for his bill, obtains from his banker in Glasgow a Marginal Letter of Credit. By this letter the banker engages to accept a bill for a specified amount, on account of his customer in Glasgow, drawn on himself by a merchant in Cape Town. The Cape Town merchant will all the more readily take a banker's acceptance in exchange for goods, as he can procure a higher price from his own banker for this class of bill than for that of a private individual.

A Marginal Letter of Credit in whatever light it is viewed, is perhaps the most unsatisfactory species of obligation in which the credit of a banker is involved. An engagement to accept a bill, in a legal sense, clearly implies the liability to pay the amount of the bill, and if the Marginal Credit obtained from the banker is used by the merchant according to commercial custom, the banker has thereby made himself liable for the amount of the bill whether it is accepted or non-accepted. Again, if we look at it from a commercial point of view,—a banker when discounting an ordinary trade bill may obtain hypothecation of the wealth on which the bill is founded, as collateral security for repayment of the sum advanced on the bill. But in the case of a marginal letter, he becomes liable for the amount of the credit before the mercantile part of the transaction is completed, thereby incurring the merchant's risk as well as that of the banker. The risk of the banker in this case is even somewhat greater than in an ordinary mercantile transaction. A merchant in giving his bill in exchange for goods is first satisfied of having received full value for the amount of the bill, but when the banker grants a Marginal Letter of Credit he becomes liable for the bill to be drawn against the credit, on the promise of subsequently receiving a value.

There are, however, many banks in which Marginal Letters of Credit, owing to the nature of the trade of the locality in which they are situated, are not required in carrying on their business; in other banks, again, even where they might be frequently used with advantage, they are so restricted in use that the liability contracted on such obligations never reaches any large amount. The aspect in which Marginal Letters of Credit are viewed by bankers who carry on their business without the aid of such credits may perhaps lead us to form a more accurate idea of their significance in banking opera-

tions. In order to ascertain the opinion of those bankers, and at the same time to open out our banking system more fully, it will be necessary to glance at some general features of the commercial relationship which exists between the different banks of the United Kingdom.

The English banks are all, directly or indirectly, affected by the Bank of England. Where they are not governed in principle by statutory enactment applying to that powerful institution, they are controlled in practice by the operations of the bank itself. The leading place which this bank has thus obtained among the other banks of the country may, in a great measure, be ascribed to its enormous wealth, and its position as the Government bank. The charter under which the Bank of England is incorporated was granted in the reign of William and Mary in 1694. It conveys certain privileges and grants monopolies of banking to the new institution, at the same time surrounding those concessions by stipulations to protect the future interest of the bank in them. By an Act of Parliament 3 and 4 Will. IV., cap. 98, it is enacted that no banker or banking co-partnership, other than the Bank of England, issuing notes payable on demand, or bills at less than six months from date anywhere in England, can lawfully carry on the business of banking in London, or within a circle of sixty-five miles thereof. The Bank of England is therefore the only London bank which can lawfully circulate instruments of credit in London payable on demand. The other note-issuing banks are all limited to provincial practice; but by Statute 7 and 8 Vict., cap. 32, a note-issuing bank may arrange with the Bank of England to surrender its right to issue notes and thereafter to open an office in London, or within the limit prescribed by the Act.

It is not easy under any circumstances to discover the principle of justice upon which a monopoly is founded, and, in the present instance, it will be sufficient to notice that such an anomaly as we have referred to does exist, as it will be necessary to allude to some of its effects at another place. It may be here remarked that, assuming the notes of country banks to be less reliable than the secured notes of the Bank of England, the reason would appear all the stronger why the country banker should be compelled to hold securities which could at any time be converted into gold; and this gold to be set apart for the specific purpose of covering his note circulation. By such an arrangement as this, the security for conversion into gold of the notes of every bank would be established on a basis of equality, and the obstacles against the provincial banks opening offices for banking business in London, so far as they arise out of an authorized issue of notes, irrespective of gold, would thereby be removed. This has now, however, become a recognized subject for legislation, and must sooner or later be settled on a more equitable basis, in order to meet with public satisfaction, as well as to remove a cause of discord from the midst of the bankers themselves.

London being the great monetary centre of the United Kingdom, nearly all commercial bills, both inland and foreign, are made payable in London when they become due. The origin of this custom may, to a great extent, although not altogether, be attributed to the institution of the Bankers' Clearing House, and the ready facilities afforded in London for meeting bills at their maturity. Each provincial banker employs a banker in London in the capacity of agent, and the London agent acts on the instructions of his employer in the country, much in the same way as though the London house were a branch of the country bank. The history of a single transaction will illustrate the position in which a banker stands, as agent, in relation to the bank for which he is acting.

A wool merchant of Cape Town, for example, sells a certain quantity of wool to a manufacturer in Leeds, and takes the bill of the manufacturer in payment of the wool. In order to facilitate the collection of the bill when due, it is accepted payable at maturity at the office of the London agent of the banker in Leeds, with whom the manufacturer (the acceptor) transacts his business. The merchant, who is the "drawer" of the bill, now presents it to his banker in Cape Town to be discounted, and after being discounted, the banker forwards the bill to his London agent as it approaches maturity. The London agent then presents the bill for payment, on the day it becomes due, to the London agent of the banker in Leeds, who has been previously advised by his employer in the country, at the acceptor's request, to pay the bill on presentation.

The course of a cheque would be somewhat similar to that of the bill. Supposing that instead of granting a bill, the manufacturer had sent a cheque on his banker in Leeds to the merchant in Cape Town, in payment of the wool. The merchant would pay this cheque into his account with his banker in Cape Town. But the banker in Cape Town may not have an agent in the town of Leeds to whom he could forward the cheque for collection. In that event the banker in Cape Town would send the cheque to his London agent, who in his turn, hands it over to the agent of the banker in Leeds, upon whom it is drawn, to be transmitted to its proper destination.

The two London bankers whom we have severally assumed to be agents,—the one for a bank in Cape Town and the other in Leeds, both meet at the Clearing House in London for the purpose of exchanging whatever bills and cheques they may have received in the manner above described. Each of these bankers keep an account with the Bank of England. After the exchange has been effected, the difference between the amounts exchanged is settled in the following manner. The banker who stands indebted signs an order on the Bank of England requesting that his account may be debited for the amount due to the other and credited to "The General Clearing House Settlement Account."

The country and colonial bankers, owing to these arrangements,

are all under the necessity of keeping a considerable balance in cash with their agents in London, or of paying interest at the money market rate, where they may have an overdrawn account. In every town where one banker acts as agent for another, the relationship between the two banks is precisely the same as that just described as existing between the Metropolitan and the Provincial and Colonial banks. The closeness of the connection thus formed between the different banks tends largely to assimilate the banking interest of the country, so that strong and weak banks enter into competition on almost equal terms of charges, and offering much the same facilities in the general routine of business. A uniformity of practice is thereby maintained which could scarcely exist apart from a common interest.

Now, it is instructive to notice here, in connection with Marginal Letters of Credit, that there has always been a tendency to oppose their progress towards a recognized place in the ordinary obligations of a banker. And this opposition is all the more remarkable as the objection to these credits never came from the merchant or the capitalist, but from the bankers themselves, whose interests are, as we have seen, to a great extent identical. The cause of this, however, becomes sufficiently apparent when it is kept in mind that where one banker commences a practice, even of a doubtful nature, the neighbouring bankers, however much they may disapprove of it, are forced to begin a similar practice, in order to retain their customers, as the commercial public generally go to the bank which offers the most liberal accommodation. A short sketch of the history of Marginal Letters of Credit will show that they are struggling into the regular practice of banking, and that their partial success is mainly owing to the cause which has just been alluded to.

Marginal Letters of Credit first came into use in Scotland, and were introduced into general practice, as far as I can learn, by the Western Bank of Scotland. The Western Bank, through careless management, having neglected to observe the precaution necessary in deposit banking of maintaining a prudent reserve of available cash against its liabilities, was forced during a panic to suspend payment. In response to their appeals to other banks for temporary assistance they were answered, pointing to these credits, that they did not pursue a legitimate banking business. The consequence was that the Western Bank of Scotland closed its doors, with a business which in Scotland at the present day could not be considered otherwise than as sound and healthy. But a doubtful custom once established is difficult to discontinue; and a principle being once admitted, it is not easy to draw the line where it should end in practice. Accordingly we find that instead of the liabilities of the Scotch bankers on Marginal Credits disappearing altogether with the Western Bank, they soon increased to such a considerable extent with the banks remaining, that it became a matter of no small importance to the Scotch banks to have branches of their own in London for the pur-

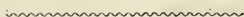


pose of meeting these credits when they became due, instead of paying them through their London agents in the usual course. Several of the banks in Scotland opened London offices, but the English bankers took alarm at their approach to London with a practice of this description, and being at the same time banks of issue, the English bankers appealed for protection to the statutory enactments which we have referred to relative to the Bank of England. A Royal Commission was appointed in 1875 to enquire into and report on the restrictions imposed, and the privileges conferred by the law on these banks. It is not necessary here to detail the evidence adduced by that committee of enquiry, as it involved the question of the note circulation of the Scotch banks as well as their practice in respect of Marginal Letters of Credit. But it may be supposed that as the Acts 3 and 4, Will. IV, already quoted, prevents the London bankers from circulating Marginal Letters of Credit, their objection to the Scotch bankers opening in London arose on this account, and not from a dislike to the credit itself. If, however, the Scotch bankers, with a issue of notes in their hands, could openly violate the Act of 1694, it is very certain that the breach would be wide enough to admit of the London bankers, in the face of a broken law, contracting obligations on Marginal Letters of Credit, where it was at all likely to advance their interest.

It might, however, lead us to a mistaken conclusion to suppose that Marginal Letters of Credit ought not to be recognized at all as an instrument of banking credit. On the contrary, circumstances may arise in which a judicious use of those credits might be made by a careful banker, but owing to the nature of the credit, the circumstances ought to be so well commended to the banker's judgment, that as far as he and his customers are concerned, the result would be the same whatever form the credit assumed in the transaction.

We are, therefore, forced to conclude that a careful banker considers it more prudent to conduct his business, where it is possible to do so, entirely without the aid of Marginal Letters of Credit, and that even in the bank where they are employed as a medium of credit, they ought only to be used under exceptional circumstances. It may then be safely assumed that any undue increase in the amount of these obligations on the part of a banker indicates a doubtful management of the bank upon the credit of which they are founded.

JOHN K. GUTHRIE.





Nellie Goodwin ;

## A STORY OF THE FOREST.

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### CHAPTER I.

ON a warm sultry afternoon, about the commencement of summer, a large Cape wagon "dragged its slow length along," assisted in the operation by a fine team of black oxen. The day was very oppressive and sultry; the road, a tedious uninteresting one, bordered on the right by a precipice, and on the left by a wall of dingy red rock, while every passing breath of wind stirred up clouds of red dust. The party in the wagon consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Ross, their son, their daughter, and her friend Nellie Goodwin, who had just left school.

Mr. Ross had come to the Cape many years previously, with the intention of settling. Having, however, no definite occupation, he determined to travel about first, and see as much of the Colony as possible. Happening to join a party of sportsmen, he was so much struck by the beauty of a spot where they halted for a night, that he immediately decided on making it his future dwelling place. On returning from the hunting expedition, after some delay, the land was purchased and preparations commenced for a house. While this was building, he visited England, and at the expiration of a year, came out again, accompanied by his wife. They took up their residence immediately at "Aveena," as the spot had been named by the wood-cutters in former days.

Since that period nearly thirty years had elapsed, and their eldest son, Arthur, was five and twenty. He had entered the Civil Service, and was clerk in a neighbouring village some distance from the forest, where he was now returning for a few months leave. His sister Clara was a quiet, dark-haired girl, with a gentle face and soft brown eyes, which contrasted well with her bright, merry companion, Nellie Goodwin, who had helped to enliven much of the tedium of that long day's journey by her sunshiny ways. Clara had been spending some time with her friend, and was now taking her back to see the forest home.

The sun was just sinking behind a dark belt of trees when they came within sight of Aveena, and the sky around was tinged with crimson and gold. Standing out clear and distinct against the bright setting, rose a grand, grim, grey old mountain, which seemed to frown down on the travellers, and bid defiance to any who should dare injure the homestead that nestled at its foot, while the white chimneys with their curling smoke peeped out cheerily from among the trees, and in the far distance the waves roared a noisy welcome as they broke on the rocky shore. The house was approached by an avenue of "Keur" trees (*Virgilia Capensis*) which, though common

enough in that part of the country, were nevertheless very pretty, with their light feathery foliage and clusters of pinkish white blossom which scented the air around. The front of the house faced the sea; to the right stretched the dark forest for miles and miles, while at the back the mountain raised its lofty brow 4,000 feet above the sea.

The driver shouted unintelligible sounds to his oxen, which they understood to mean them to stand still; dogs and geese barked and gabbled a noisy welcome; the gentlemen sprang out to assist the ladies; Nellie heaved a sigh of pleasure; Clara uttered a quiet "Here we are at last!" and in a few minutes the doors closed on them, and they were at home at Aveena.

Nellie rose early on the following morning and, finding no one astir in the house, walked out on the verandah. It was a beautiful summer morning, and all nature seemed to rejoice in its loveliness. A slight misty haze partly encircled the mountain, and rested on the tree-tops, but the sky around was almost cloudless. The dewdrops still lay like pearls upon the grass and glistened among the leaves. Birds sang and chirped in all directions, while bright little sugar birds with scarlet breasts and glossy green plumage flitted in and out among the branches of the orange trees. One pair, more bold than the rest, had built a nest quite close to the house, and the cock-bird sat on a slender twig priming himself and singing a cheery morning greeting to his gray homely wife who was busy picking up feathers and moss for her nest. Nellie stood leaning against the verandah, gazing at the quiet scene, till her young heart overflowed with that quiet gladness which is born of lovely sights and beautiful music only.

"Good morning, Miss Goodwin; thrice welcome to 'Aveena!'" said a cheery voice behind her.

"How you startled me! I thought there was no one up but myself! Good morning, Mr. Arthur."

"And so you thought you would come out by yourself and let the novelty of the scene wear off a bit; and then torment Clara by assuming the most perfect indifference to all the beauty she points out."

"No such thing! Clara never described her home to me. If I had been in her place I should have been for ever dilating on its merits. It is just perfect!"

"Well it is very pleasant to hear a stranger praise it so. As a boy I would have been ready to fight any of my companions who said a word against it; and there is still something of the old feeling left. But I am afraid you will find it very dull, Miss Goodwin, for we have nothing but riding and walking to offer you in exchange for the gaieties of Wetherly."

"Gaieties, indeed! A couple of balls a year, and a croquet party, consisting nearly all of girls, about once a month: while here I have plenty of new things to see, and ferns and flowers to my heart's con-

tent,—to say nothing of the rides and walks you speak of, and Clara for a companion always ; what do I want more ? ”

“ What are you and Arthur sparring about so early in the day ? ” said Clara as she joined them. “ I propose we take a walk round the garden till breakfast is ready, and then arrange how to amuse ourselves, for to-day at any rate. I am longing for a ride across the ‘ veld ’ again, and a nearer sight of the sea, and feel sure you, Nellie, would enjoy it too ; what do you say ? ”

“ Certainly ; I am ready for anything and everything. ”

“ That is breakfast then at present, for there is the bell,” said Arthur ; and, nothing loath, they returned to the house.

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## CHAPTER II.

Nellie found the time pass pleasantly enough, and Clara and her brother seemed to be always devising some new scheme of amusement for her.

“ Arthur, let us vary our ride by making a call this afternoon,” said Clara, as the two girls stood waiting for the arrival of their horses.

“ A call ! who on ? ” said Nellie in surprise. “ Why you told me you had no neighbours within twenty miles of you ! ”

“ My dear Nellie, remember there are neighbours and neighbours. When I made that assertion, I meant none of our own station ; but I suppose that woman in a red handkerchief ‘ stamping mealies ’ before her door over at that shanty on the hill, is a neighbour in point of fact, yet I am not going to call on her, but on a certain old friend of Arthur’s and mine, who goes by the name of ‘ Tante Lisbet. ’ ”

They started at last, both riders and horses seeming to rejoice in the free fresh air. It was a delicious summer’s day, with a fresh breeze blowing up from the sea, bringing with it the “ odour of brine from the ocean. ” Far away in the distance stretched a chain of mountains, with cool grey shadows between. Around them on every side rose little hills, clothed with patches of scarlet and yellow blossom, composed chiefly of heath, but relieved here and there with bunches of scarlet and pale blue “ gladiolus ; ” while large masses of forest formed a background, and relieved the eye with their more sober colouring.

“ You have not told me who ‘ Tante Lisbet ’ is yet ? ” enquired Nellie at length.

“ She is the wife of an old wood-cutter called Hendrik Debosch. They have lived here many years, long before papa came to settle. As children, Clara and I paid her occasional visits, and she invariably treated us with coffee and rusks, or delicious citron preserve, which she is famous for. ”

“ Look, there is their home,” said Clara, pointing to a house almost hidden among the trees.

It was a regular old-fashioned Dutch house, long and low, and thatched with reeds, the small windows looking like mere holes in the thick wall, while the door was divided into separate portions, the upper part standing open, and serving as a window, while the lower part being closed kept out all intrusive visitors in the shape of snakes or toads. The garden with its rows of orange trees, and the fields of corn and barley sloped down the hill side, secure against an invasion of cattle or bushbucks by a strong stone wall. Mrs. Debosch was waiting at her door to receive them, and welcomed them warmly.

She was rather a short, stout, old woman, neatly dressed in the universal black gown, and with what Nellie described as a night-cap covering her grey hair. The room they were ushered into was of a good size in proportion to the lowness of the roof; but rather gloomy on account of the small amount of light that fell to its share; with bare-looking, white-washed walls, and a clay floor, only partially concealed by a few buckskins. The furniture consisted of a long table, as white as continual scrubbing could make it, and a kind of lumbering wooden sofa covered with chintz, the pattern of which represented the most unnatural birds and flowers ever imagined. There were a few heavy chairs, and a large green box, containing the best clothes of the old couple; while in one corner were shelves covered with cups, plates, and other crockery, of which Mrs. Debosch was exceedingly proud.

Soon after their arrival, the old man came in from the garden; he was not so pleasant-looking as his wife, but a good-natured old fellow on the whole, and seemed highly pleased to see his visitors, shaking hands all round, with only a slight apology for the unmistakeable signs of "mother earth" with which his hands were covered. He carried off Arthur to look at his lands and cattle, and then Mrs. Debosch settled down for a comfortable chat with the girls. She gave them a long detailed account of minor household troubles; how her turkeys were dying of a new disease, and the wild-cat and hawks would carry off her fowls; the price of the last load of wood her husband had taken to market; and so forth. The conversation was carried on in Dutch, and during its progress the old lady made several journeys to her "kist," on pretence of finding some needlework, also with a view of showing off its contents, for Nellie saw her best dress and bonnet placed most conspicuously on the top. After a while she went away to prepare some coffee, and during the interval two little bare-footed, unkempt laddies peeped over the door, staring with wide open blue eyes at the visitors, but running away on the slightest attempt at speaking to them. Presently coffee appeared, and with it the old man and Arthur. Before they left, Mrs. Debosch insisted on their visiting her flower-garden and poultry-yard. Nellie and Arthur walked on with her husband, and following with Clara, she made use of the opportunity to satisfy her curiosity by asking a few questions.

"Has Miss Goodwin been staying with you a long time?" she inquired.

"Only three weeks. She is my friend, and has come to see my home," answered Clara shortly, not quite relishing the examination.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Debosch; then added after a pause, "She is very pretty, I am sure, and you say she is your friend; would you like her for a sister, think you?"

"For a sister?" echoed Clara, puzzled at first, then following the direction of the old woman's eyes, she laughed merrily, saying, "I have not thought of it yet, neither have they."

"Don't tell me!" said Mrs. Debosch gravely. "See how he is bending over her, and looking into her eyes. I know all about those things; three of my daughters are married now, and I should like so much to see Mr. Arthur married. Have I not known you both since you were so high?" she added, putting out her hand about two feet from the ground.

"Certainly, Mrs. Debosch; and if it should happen as you say, I am sure the birds will come and tell you first. Good-bye!" and taking farewell of the old couple they started on their return.

"Mamma was speaking of coming for a picnic to Fairy Bower to-morrow. There it lies," said Arthur, pointing to a small patch of forest close to the sea-beach.

"That will be very nice!" exclaimed Nellie; and can't we explore the large forest then? I do so long to get into the unknown part of it."

"And lose yourself!" said practical Clara.

"No, that wouldn't be pleasant; but Mr. Arthur said he knew his way all through it."

"I used to, Miss Goodwin, before I made a closer acquaintance with offices and account books, but may have forgotten it now, though that is not very likely either."

Soon after breakfast on the following day, they started for their picnic, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ross, and a boy to carry the luncheon. "Fairy Bower" was a patch of forest on a cliff overhanging the sea. They entered it by a narrow pathway, and found themselves in a clear, open, space which, with the exception of a small opening through which the lines of snowy breakers were visible, was completely encircled by trees. Above them was the sky, framed by the waving tree tops; and at their feet among the luxuriant grass, tiny delicate flowerets raised their head, and smiled at the beauty around, while the wild vine clustered round the trees, hiding their rough gnarled stems with its broad glossy leaves, and soft pinky tendrills.

"So this is Fairy Bower!" said Nellie, seating herself on the soft grass; "it is strangely pretty, and requires very little stretch of imagination to people it with fairies. I wonder how it looks by moonlight?"

"Weird and wild!" said Mr. Ross. "Those trees would look



like grim giants in the moonlight, stretching their long arms menacingly around, and you would be more likely to fancy it inhabited by the *erl-king* and his gnomes than by fairies."

The younger ones of the party explored and examined every nook of the little wood; and then made their way down the steep cliff to the sea. The sight rewarded them for their pains, and they stood watching the waves rolling up to their feet for a long while, till Clara, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, broke out into singing, and soon the other two joined her, and Tennyson's

"Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea,"

mingled with the music of the waters.

"If you are thinking of going through the forest, it is time to get back and have luncheon," said Arthur at length.

On re-entering the harbour, they found Mr. and Mrs. Ross looking out somewhat impatiently for their arrival; and never was meal more enjoyed than that one under the shadow of the old trees.

"Now, then, let us make a start, and trust ourselves to your guidance, Mr. Arthur!" said Nellie, as she put the finishing touch to a creeper she was trimming round her hat.

"You had better ride to the entrance of the forest, and tie your horses up there, as we can take them with us, on our return!" said Mr. Ross.

"Happy thought, Papa!" exclaimed Clara, "that will save us a walk! I wish you were coming too."

"No, my child, I leave that sort of amusement to you young folks. Keep straight before you, Arthur, till you come to where two paths meet, then take the one on the right hand, and it will lead you home."

"All right, Father!" answered Arthur, thinking more of putting Nellie on her horse than anything else just then.

"I believe it is all wrong!" thought Clara, but she said nothing, though a vague idea was floating through her mind that for the first time since their acquaintance, Nellie preferred some one else's company and conversation to her own.

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### CHAPTER III.

After a quarter of an hour's ride they found themselves once more in the shade of the forest; and right welcome it was, too, after the heat of the midday sun, to saunter along in the sombre forest. Round them rose a wall of green of every shape and hue, intersected here and there with the gnarled trunk of some forest giant, and beneath their feet the dead leaves made a pleasant crackling sound, while at intervals a little murmuring stream of clear, sherry-coloured water crossed their path, its banks lined with tall tree ferns, with whole families of smaller species clustered around them. The party entirely set at defiance the idea, entertained by most of the wood-

cutters, that silence is essential when wandering in the forest, and their merry voices and laughter startled the birds from their afternoon nap among the leaves. Their road had been an open and easy one hitherto, but after an hour's walking it became more intricate and obstructed by branches and trunks that had fallen across, together with a dense undergrowth that spread in all directions.

"There has been no work done here for many years!" said Arthur; "that is why it is so dense, but I did not think it was quite so bad as this."

"Where is the turning?" enquired Clara, after they had pushed their way a few yards more.

"Further on, I suppose; I have looked out for it all along," answered Arthur, handing Nellie down from the top of a fallen log, and looking much more intently at her than at the path about him.

They had in reality left the turning far behind them, so hidden by young trees and creepers as not to be discerned by any but a practised eye.

They proceeded on for a short distance, and then Clara noticed an anxious look stealing over her brother's face, and that at last he was scrutinizing the bush about him much more earnestly than heretofore; so when Nellie strayed away for ferns, singing like a bird for very lightness of heart, she said anxiously,

"Have you missed the turning, Arthur?"

"Yes, I fear so, nor are we likely to find it again. How intensely foolish of me!"

"What is to be done now? go back?"

"No, it is too late, we should never get home before dark; there is another turning somewhere here, that ought to take us home. I thought I knew every hole and corner of this bit of forest," he muttered, taking another direction, but with no better success, for the forest only grew darker and more dense at every step; till even Nellie suspected the truth.

"Is this really the right way? It is more tiring than I thought!" said she a little wearily.

"No, Miss Goodwin, I am sadly afraid I have led you wrong!" Arthur answered very penitently.

"But we are not lost, surely?" and she lifted a wistful, anxious face to her companions.

"Oh, no! we not quite like the babes in the wood! We will get out to-morrow; but it is too dark and late to go any further now, so we will e'en make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and have an adventure to talk about when we enter civilized society again."

Arthur spoke cheerily, for her frightened face touched him more than he was himself aware of.

"But are there not buffaloes and tigers prowling about? It is silly of me to feel nervous, but I have not grown up among those kind of things like you have, Clara."

"Of course not, Nellie dear; but there is really nothing to be afraid of; and we will light a large fire, and tell stories round it, and

have a very jolly time. You are a brave little woman, I know ; so cheer up, or poor Arthur will be very much distressed at having got us into this scrape ! ” she added aside.

The words acted like a charm, and soon the girls were seated under a large “ Witte Els ” tree, whose huge trunk and widespreading branches seemed to offer them a kind of protection, while Arthur collected wood for a fire.

“ Why you have got enough wood there to roast an ox ! ” said Nellie, laughing in spite of her fatigue, when he returned with a huge bundle.

“ I only wish we had something to roast, for you will be dreadfully hungry by and bye. Clara, surely Mamma gave you some sandwiches or something to put in your pocket in case we were late ? ”

“ To be sure ; I had quite forgotten them. Now we shall do splendidly. Take one, Arthur,” she added, when he had lit his fire.

“ No thank you ; I have some biscuit from my last expedition still in my pocket, thanks to an old habit I had from a boy of never going out for a day without taking something.”

He didn't tell them that the biscuit was hardly more than a few crumbs, and owing to the darkness which had gathered round them, they remained in happy ignorance of his little piece of self-denial.

The fire was soon burning brightly, and they gathered round it, talking very merrily in spite of the solitude and wildness of the scene.

“ You are not afraid now are you, Miss Goodwin ? ” enquired Arthur, as the conversation flagged.

“ No, not afraid, only it seems rather strange and lonely, and I am very tired.”

“ Walking in the forest always fatigues one dreadfully,” said Clara. “ I suppose it is going over such rough ground and having to push one's way through the bushes, for it is not the actual distance I am sure ! ”

“ I feel as if I had walked very far,” replied Nellie ; and she nestled close to Clara, and, laying her head on her shoulder, fell asleep ere many more minutes elapsed, and Clara soon followed her example.

It was but a restless sleep for Nellie, however ; she was more anxious than she chose to confess, and kept waking with a start to watch that silent figure at the fireside, who kept a vigilant watch, only moving occasionally to replenish the fire. The flames leapt up brightly at times, revealing in weird distinctness the trees around, and casting a lurid light on his handsome face as he bent over them ; then as the flame sank lower all was gloom and shadow once more.

“ Where ever are we ? and how cold it is ! ” cried Nellie, as she woke with a shiver in the chilly morning. “ Oh, I remember, we are babes in the wood,” she added more cheerfully.

“ Well, it will be no use our sitting here talking ; we had better try and get out, and get breakfast as soon as possible,” said Clara, rising as she spoke, and feeling rather stiff and cold.

They wandered about that day in every direction but the right

one, for that impassable green wall still seemed to have no end, and disappointed every fresh hope that came at sight of what seemed an opening but was in reality only a part where the trees grew on a height and more singly. Weary and footsore they found themselves, late that afternoon, once more beneath the tree where they had spent the night.

"Oh! Clara, we have only been going round and round all this time," exclaimed Nellie when she caught sight of it; "and I am so tired, I can't go a step further."

She sat down, feeling very much inclined to cry, but catching a glimpse of Arthur's piteous face, changed her mind, and tried to smile, but it was a melancholy attempt.

Arthur leant against the tree, folded his arms and thought, till at last a bright idea struck him, and penetrating a short distance into the wood, he presently returned, saying quietly,

"Miss Goodwin, if you think you could manage to go a little further, I believe that by following the course of that stream we passed a few minutes ago, we are sure to come out of the forest in time, though it may be very late! I very much regret not having thought of it before. Will you try?"

"Yes, if Clara is willing, we may as well; it is no use giving up; and now there is hope to help us, I feel stronger already."

They proceeded as rapidly as the overhanging branches and thick creepers would permit, following the tiny rivulet as it wound its way, now running entirely underground, now re-appearing again with fresh vigour, to whisper its never-ending story to the ferns that lined its banks. The two girls kept up bravely for some time, helping one another along, while Arthur broke a way before them, but at length Nellie was obliged to accept the support of his arm, and was thankful for all the stoppages that occurred when a thicker bough than usual had to be removed. Just as they were on the point of giving up, there was a rustling among the branches and leaves, and with a joyous bark, Arthur's dog, who had remained with the elder party, bounded towards them.

"Here is old Rough!" they all exclaimed. "Some one is coming to us!"

The two girls stopped to caress him, and Nellie hid her face in his shaggy coat to hide the tears that wouldn't be kept back. Arthur shouted loud, and soon an answer came to their eager ears, and the tall form of Mr. Ross, followed by a couple of wood-cutters, soon emerged from among the trees.

"Oh! Papa! I am so glad you've come!" Clara exclaimed joyfully, as she threw herself into his arms.

"What a fright you have given us all. Your mother is in such a state about her lost children. You are all but out of the wood now though, and I have got horses waiting to take you home."

In a few more minutes they were safe in the open country again, and rode home joyfully enough.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Light and Shade.

Out from my lonely watch-tower,  
 All through the livelong day,  
 I watched, with silent wonder,  
 The children at their play.

They weaved them lovely garlands,  
 Of gaily coloured flowers ;  
 In laughter and in gladness,  
 They passed the happy hours ;

When little fleecy cloudlets,  
 Flitted across the sky ;  
 They only saw the shadows,  
 And bitter was their cry.

But, when the sunshine beamed,  
 Once more upon the land,  
 They sought to grasp its brightness  
 With eager outstretch'd hand.

But lo! the little cloudlets  
 Were gathered into one,  
 And soon a heavy storm-shower,  
 Obscured the pleasant sun.

The children from their shelter,  
 Watched, with sore grief and pain,  
 Their pretty flower-garlands  
 Die 'neath the relentless rain.

“ Oh ! hateful are the shadows ;  
 Oh ! hateful rain,” they cried ;  
 “ Oh, give us always sunshine,  
 We wish for nought beside ! ”

They know not, foolish children,  
 That the cold, cruel rain—  
 Which falls to earth—in beauteous flowers  
 Will rise from it again.

Then what are life's small shadows,  
 Or the storms that cloud its skies ?  
 To the heart that looks beyond them,  
 They are blessings in disguise.



## Some Recent Cape Works.

### A CRITICISM.

SERMONS. BY THE REV. CHARLES GRANT FORRESTER.  
SOUTH AFRICA—PAST AND PRESENT. J. NOBLE.  
TIYO SOGA. JOHN A. CHALMERS.

AH ! Is this vanity that insinuates itself into that mysterious mental and moral constitution of ours, as we so complacently look at the heading of this our article ? It really gives an aspect of high standing, literary respectability, and importance to our *Cape Monthly*. It puts us in a class—though on a junior form of it—with the world-known “Edinburgh” or “Quarterly.” A little self-gratulation may be allowed us.

We are proud to reckon these three books as South African. South African, two of them in their subject and author, the other in the occasion of its production. Of none of them have we cause to be ashamed.

If the history of South African literati be ever written in after days, and compared with any other similar history, we shall not suffer under such comparison. We have no disposition to withdraw from the honoured position to which they have attained the names of Thomas Pringle, Judge Watermeyer, or William Thomson, and we hope that we have not done with those of Noble and Chalmers, as elucidators of their country’s history, or biographers of the worthy of her swarthy sons.

The rôle of critic or reviewer, which we here set ourselves to play, is not wholly new to us. On this occasion we take it up with a thorough liking to all the books.

The last upon our list shall come first, for this among other reasons, that we have long been kept waiting for it. Despair of ever seeing it at all had almost come upon many whose expectations were whetted, by public announcement of its early issue, some two years ago. The reason of the long delay is understood to have been a sort of *baby-farming* process to which the author’s work was subjected, in order to eradicate from its constitution certain unhealthy or unacceptable features of original character, which might have had the effect of shutting it out from the society, or being an offence there, of a class whose tastes have been vitiated by the habitual perusal of over-sugared mission literature. Those who are within the circle of observation of mission operations know how much evil is done, what false impressions produced, what prejudices fostered, how much truth hid, by such means. There are other Vaticans

than that which at Rome bears the name; and the principle which underlies the *Index Expurgatorius*, is found in operation where likeness to Rome's ways is little suspected.

It is not exactly the function of a reviewer to remark upon the *physique*,—that is, the printing, paper, binding, and general get-up of a book. Even this, however, has something to do in the way of a volume bespeaking for itself a first introduction. All the more if the author be new or unknown. Of the three now before us, "Sermons" bears away the palm. The old Edinburgh house of Blackwood has nothing to fear from any competitor in this field. In this respect Mr. Noble is not much beholden to his publishers. Those lists of "errata" and "additional errata," are not expected in a competently-supervised press in our days. Notwithstanding awkwardness of introduction, once dip into the book and that will be forgotten.

The substantial volume, titled "Tiyo Soga," takes one somewhat by surprise. Knowing that the subject of it had but a very few years ministry, the question comes unbidden, What can all these pages be occupied with? But the book is more, much more, than a biographical memoir. One of its most interesting and readable chapters—IX—is an engrossing historical narrative of what had small relation to the life of Tiyo.

In reading the first chapter we paused repeatedly. In it there are terms used, and a recurrence of phraseology, which imply that there is in the Kafir character more to engraft true ideas and conceptions of revealed religion upon and bring the principles thereof into contact with, than what he has been generally accredited with. He has commonly been regarded as having fallen so far from all knowledge of God as to be destitute alike of an object of worship and the idea or conception of worship. The use, however, of such terms as "family priest," "sacrifice," indicates natural religious faculties in operation.

We are sure it would be a service, acceptable to many, if our author were prevailed upon to prepare for the *Cape Magazine* an article, elucidative of what he knows to be the state of the untutored native mind on this subject. The subject is one of great importance.

Looking at the book immediately before us, with the eye of a not unfriendly critic, we would venture our professional judgment that the writer would have produced a more effective biography of his hero in less than ten rather than twenty-two such chapters. Then we might have laid aside the book, having read it, with a wish or desire to know more of its subject. An advice that was wont to be given to young preachers in Scotland, "always send the people away longing for more, rather than tired of what they have got," applies to more than sermons.

To draw so largely upon complimentary addresses was not required. The lawyer, who has a case to make out, is necessitated to put in documents *in extenso*. The biographer of Tiyo Soga was not

in this position. Tiyo was cordially admitted to all that respectful consideration with which he was treated, and to which he was justly entitled. Nothing apologetic on this head was needed. Curiosity to see and hear the educated Kafir preacher was a quite legitimate feeling. Indeed, had there not been a good deal of that running after him; had he been left to work out his own way, as ordinary young preachers are, Tiyo's friends would have been disappointed, may-be offended; even John-street people thinking that they had hardly got money's worth for their two hundred and two pounds, expended on his education.

We are not of those who hold that a man's character is tattooed, and his proper position denied him, because of the colour of his skin. We have not seen it so.

“A man's a man for a' that!”

wherever he approves himself a man. Our sable fellow-men are on this matter over-sensitive all the world over.

Tiyo's child-life is that in which we feel deepest interest. Then it is we see him row against stream. In his after career, things were made very smooth for him. His Kafir origin and black skin were not then at all to his prejudice or disadvantage. Many, many, not less deserving youths of the pale-faced race have failed in securing the same amount of kindly aid and substantial patronage,—some of whom have gone down for want of it, and others doing hard battle have triumphed, and come out all the nobler men that they were self-made.

Let us have a peep into that Kafir hut. There lies the little fellow on the earthen floor, the lower the less smoke to bite the eyes, his book in hand, conning his lesson by the light of these sneezewood chips, with his truly God-fearing mother looking over him with wondering affection, but utterly unable to help him. Of book-lore she knows nothing. Only her heart opened, as was Lydia's, and she gave heed to the things spoken. Or let us look into that so simply-fitted-out class-room; not much to attract attention there, but hear the exultant clap of the elder Chalmers' hands, and his exclamation of joy, “Well done, well done, Tiyo!” Many days the man of God has gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed; to-day he is gathering sheaves with joy.

Now our interest centres in the boy. His mind has been exercised on a new theme. Or, poor dumfounded little fellow, when he practises the short and easy method of working the rule of simple subtraction, by wiping out with wetted thumb the lower row of figures, we can sympathize with him. When a much bigger boy we were once in a like scrape, and with a like result. O that we had that day thought of wiping out our figures! But we didn't, and for the life of us could not make out what to do with them, when both slate and figures were taken out of our hand, and we were told that we could not pass. For us there was no friendly Chalmers to pluck out

the sting of our young disappointment, or rub honey into the sore wound of our crushed hopes. Nothing for it but to go back ashamed and dispirited to another long term of work.

It has long been a settled conviction with us that our elder missionaries, our Brownlees, Thomsons, and Bennies, were a more common sense character of men than those who now occupy their positions. Tiyo's father seems to have been taught to grow onions and other garden produce. This is certainly entering upon the course at the right end, beginning at the beginning. We wonder whether there be any station natives receiving such lessons now? We fear not. Something more pretentious is kept before the eye, but which to parties anywhere in the position of our natives here is utterly useless. The principles of political economy taught to such boys! Industrial and social economy were better, and the culture of onions and peas and potatoes, to take the place of smatterings of chemistry and the like.

That unconquerable habit, uneradicable disposition of idleness in which they live, station and heathen natives alike, will ever bar their progress to a higher stage of civilization, and put under some doubt the value of their professions of religion. The principles of religion, when really submitted to, will so influence the character that idleness will give place to industry and honesty.

In nothing is Mr. Chalmers more happy than in handling the 'linner's pencil. With a stroke or two he sets before us in full life-size, and true to life, those old men who were notabilities in the church at Chumie in his own and Tiyo's boyhood. Among them is old Irving. How he moves! Tall, staid, the very personification of solemnness. And he could stretch a naughty boy's ears well too, making them glow for a long time after by that peculiar combined pinch and pull which he gave them. In church and school his sombre approach was watched with suspicion. Nettled by the vice-like twang and tear, a boy on one occasion accosted him, "You'll not give up that till one day my ear comes off in your hand." 'Twas said he put less pith into his fingers when in contact with boys' ears ever after.

One ill-drawn line in old Soga, however, we must correct. "Muscular" he was not. Tall, lithe, lean, sinewy he was, the very type of Shakspeare's dangerous fellow. And he was a dangerous man too. The frantic, demon-like frenzy into which he could work himself up, in making one of his speeches among the councillors of his tribe, was a thing few would care to see a second time; all the more so when the relations of the white man to the native were ticklish, and these the subject being discussed.

We notice a good many minor mistakes, which our author could easily have avoided. He speaks of the seminary at Lovedale as belonging to the Free Church, whereas the distinction, in those days, was between those who adhered to the established church, and those who relied wholly upon the voluntary principle, as the only scrip-



tural method of maintaining religious ordinances. At its institution the seminary was conducted by those who adhered to the good old Mother Kirk of Scotland.

"Scottish Assembly's Catechism." We doubt not a Scottish Assembly's Catechism would be good if there were one, but the Shorter Catechism had its origin in an Assembly, which occupies an altogether different range of authority and influence; and, next to the Bible, is the most universally diffused and accepted symbol of religious doctrine in existence. The Pan-Presbyterian Council of a few months ago well established this. Jealous are we of the honour of the old Catechism.

It is in what makes the boy, or the youth, the man, that we have most interest,—the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the obstacles which he had to overcome, ere he could establish for himself a character and a position among his fellows. Here Tiyo had help which falls to the lot of few. In Scotland he had no lack of friends with open purse and warm sympathizing aid, and he knew nothing of the hardships with which hundreds of humble, but sacredly ambitious Scottish youths have had to contend, and without help or public sympathy overcome, in climbing to the object of their life's desire, one of the educated professions, that especially of the ministry of the Gospel.

We come, as Tiyo himself did, very smoothly up to the point of his ordination. There we are arrested, and thrown into a reverie, a painfully meditative mood. That old church—W. Anderson's, John-street, Glasgow—who in that vast city, aye, and far beyond, does not know or remember it? It was an inspiring sight to see that spacious building, with its hollow windows fitted up with seats, and even niches made in the walls, to hold people, crowded, packed from floor to ceiling, and a rare treat on many occasions to hear him who ministered there. A fearless, outspoken man was William Anderson, with some few oddities about him which gave additional zest to his character and pulpit.

By that man and that church Tiyo was specially befriended. There, in that church, he was ordained. In the narrative of that solemn transaction we read: "The most distinguishing feature in that service, and the most memorable part of the evening's programme, was the ordination prayer offered by Dr. Anderson. The old man seemed wild with excitement. With one hand resting on the woolly head of Tiyo, whilst the other was outstretched to heaven, he screeched out one of the most extraordinary prayers that ever fell from human lips. With an earnestness and pathos never surpassed, he offered supplications for the richest blessings to rest on his young Kafir brother. Then there was a sudden break in this thrilling devotion, and something followed very like a tirade against the colonial policy of England. The petitions seemed to bristle with scathing satire against Her Majesty's Government and the Premier, and the Colonial Secretary's name rang throughout the



church, while his blundering acts were confessed as if by his own lips. In marked contrast were the supplications presented for "the noble Kafir chieftain, Sandilli."

Surely, surely, this was appearing before the Lord with "strange fire" in the censer!

Can any well-ordered, sober, devout mind, reflect over what is so graphically described in the quotation just made, without humiliation and pain? Here is an assembly of men, representing one of the leading sections of the church of Christ, professedly engaged in one of the most solemn religious acts in which man can have a part, made to silently acquiesce in all the utterances of their wildly-excited representative and spokesman. This extravagance of their brother, where extravagance so ill becomes man, must have been a sore trial to the sense of what is proper and becoming, reverential, in such men as Dr. Robson, Lindsay, and others. His own people preferred that Anderson should read his discourses; how much rather he had pre-composed and read his prayer on this occasion!

The anti-slavery platform gives occasion wide enough for such hyperbole; here it was desecration. But not with its religious aspect have we to do; the public social influence of the man and the act speaks to us. The man, whirled along under the impulse of false impressions and one-sided views, makes the sotted Kafir, without a single trait of character which can commend him to the respect of any consistent fearer of God, or of any ordinary honest man even, an object of sympathy and admiration. That vast assemblage, at least, crowding the church from floor to ceiling, had their impressions formed or confirmed by that form of devotion, but mockery of its true temper and spirit. Is this productive of aught good?

Unhappily, there is not a little of what is made current under the name of religion—high, warm, powerful Christian principle—that is of like character with that ordination service! Excitement, impressions, many of them flimsy and false, nothing more. True religion grows upon a different root, is of a different spirit and temper, brings forth other fruit.

The narrator, who was present at the scene, knowing something more of the Kafir chief's history and character, judiciously takes exception to the estimate formed thereof, not doubting, however, the "fervency and devotion." Devotion (?).

Thus, we well remember to have seen, some forty years ago, Dr. Anderson posted all over Glasgow. Mrs. Hamilton, a brazen-faced atheist lecturer, was wont to advertise that on a given day she would attend a specified church—mostly that of some celebrity—and on the following Tuesday evening criticise the preacher and his sermon. The old church in John-street had few vacant seats on the day of her visit there. Anderson was al. himself. He could rebuke vice with scathing effect, and on that occasion he was plain enough, and personal in application to his particular hearer. Next morning placards covered every street corner. Mrs. Hamilton would lecture

on Tuesday evening :—Subject, Rev. (?) W. Anderson ; showing that she had not thought his treatment of the previous Sabbath over-respectful. The remembrance prompted us to write “devotion” as above.

But in his own field, Anderson was a preacher indeed. “Un-charitable Judgments judged.” Who, save Anderson, could have preached that sermon ? Who, that ever heard him, has not been smitten with the glow of his thin swarthy countenance, and the light with which his deep-black eye shone, when he spoke of the speedy coming of Messiah, to reign in Jerusalem over its restored people, with all the Gentile world added to them ! Things would never come all right till then. Ah ! yes. He had his peculiarities. We may not soon see his like again, however. How much of human frailties, and errors, and impressions, and prejudices, do not we each often offer to God as religious sacrifice ! How much of the service of the best of the servants will fall to be burned up as “The wood, the hay, and the stubble ?”

We took exception to William Anderson’s prayer ; we take none to what follows. Tiyo is now in the full exercise of his ministry. He has had a measure of work for the day, such as to bring after it a feeling of exhaustion or fatigue, and he calls upon Bacela to take the prayer usual at the conclusion of the public services. That prayer is described as remarkable, and it is so. The following is in reference to the missionary himself :—“Lord, sharpen him. What man is there who owns an axe, and who, when he goes into the bush to fell the trees, does not grind and sharpen it, that he may do more execution with it ; or, what cutting instrument is it to which the possessor thereof does not endeavour to give the keenest edge, that he may cut with it to some effect ? Do so with Thy servant ! The grindstone is in Thy hand, and so also is the power of sharpening upon it. Exercise Thy power upon him then, O Lord.”

Too much familiarity here, does some one say ? Yes, but it is not loud-toned, not presumptuous. It is child-like, reverential, strikingly full of naturalness and simplicity, and the figure withal is most apt and fitting. The preacher an axe, a sharpened axe ! Oh, yes, and there were occasions when Tiyo required it all ! When that uneradicated heathenism reasserts itself, in the very inner circle even of his own station, and his personal influence is set at nought, and, instead of the respect due to his office, his authority is held in contempt by those conspirators, the young men, who, as the dog turneth to his vomit again, turned back to their heathenism, never really abandoned ; and in all this abetted and encouraged by their parents, elders of the Church ! That was an occasion when the youthful pastor and evangelist required more, much more, than the natural firmness of his own character to maintain his position, and rid the station of those who had brought dishonour upon it. No incident in his ministerial experience gives Tiyo a higher claim upon our sympathies than this, and the volume containing his life has no

more apt, no better, illustration of the thorough quirkiness of Kafir character, than that which the parties more immediately implicated exhibit.

The question comes up to us, after reading the narrative and sorrowfully reflecting over the state of matters which it reveals, Was the axe after all enough sharpened for the occasion? The youthful pastor, all alive to the difficulties of the case, sought the aid of larger experience, and the support of authority less likely to be disrespected than his own. But all is not enough, the heathen conspiracy triumph!

Pass the youths aside. That to which they subject themselves is not the most damning element in the case. There are the parents, elders of the Church, presumably men well-instructed and of well-tried character, and salaried moreover from the Mission Treasury, quibbling themselves in as apologists and supporters of the veriest heathenism. Apostates, one can hardly help saying, if ever they had truly been disciples, intelligent believers of the Gospel. Yet the axe does not strike: the tree, the upas-tree, is suffered to grow! But the blame here, and who will say there is none, we would be loth to lay at Tiyo's door. The stripling felt the occasion to be too great for him, and he turns himself for help where he may quite legitimately seek it, to his more experienced brethren, but they help him nought.

One not acquainted with the manner of admission, or rather the evidences of change of character, on the ground of which missionaries admit to membership of the church, has often occasion, from what transpires in connection with the practical everyday work of mission stations, to say, Are these people taught properly to count the cost of becoming truly a believer? They hear of a cross, but do they bear it?

Great fervour in hymn-singing, formal church-going, glib, loud, sensational imitations of prayer: how far these things go: how easily they are learnt, and how utterly valueless they are! The root principle of religion, self-denial, fear of God, or respect for the divine law, and thorough sincerity of heart; all so essential to the true disciple, the honest Christian; what painful evidence is there that all this is little understood among the native converts? The religion of most of them seems a thing very superficial.

Persecution on account of religion is a thing not desirable for its own sake. It has, however, had much to do in establishing and giving a firm foothold to Christianity among those people over whom its influence is most extensive, permanent, and effective. Or modern mission fields Madagascar is the best illustration of how Christianity takes root, spreads, and forms noble character under fiercest persecution. Would the converts of the South African native races be found equal to the trial, were occasion to arise in which they must needs prove the genuineness of their religion by martyrdom? All that we know of their history and their character creates more than a doubt as to whether they would.

In connection with this thought, one incident recorded in the volume before us, gave most fitting occasion, how we should have rejoiced to know that the people used it otherwise than they did.

At the beginning of Chapter VII, it is said that Sandilli prohibited the people upon pain of death from leaving the Chumie Mission Station at the commencement of the war in 1851. Our author has, however, been most unfortunate in his sources of information here. In all that he records as having taken place in those exciting times he has been grossly misinformed. Personally, he could know nothing of the matter; he was then at school in Scotland. And truth gives an altogether different version of the closing history of the once well-known Chumie Station.

The exercise of the slightest critical discrimination would have kept him right here. What interest could Sandilli have at all in prohibiting the station, if they were to be neutral? And when "summoned to deliver up their arms,"—neutral parties do not bear arms,—what use had these native Christians been making of theirs? The country was under martial law, and every man bearing arms, not being in the service of Government, was *ipso facto* a rebel. To have omitted this page of history altogether were better, and more to the credit of all concerned, than to have written it thus.

The version of Sandilli's injunction current at the time was, that the native Christians should, upon pain of death, go with his heathen followers into active hostilities against the lawfully-constituted authorities, the Queen's Government. And this every man of them did, no man outstripping Festire, brother of Tiyo, and one of the elders, in outrageous violence, wasting, and dishonest plunder of the fruits of unoffending colonists' industry.

Whether Sandilli did thus intimidate the native Christians at Chumie we do not know, or whether it were not rather put forward by those who felt that they much needed some excuse for the part they played. Had they been disinclined to attach themselves to Sandilli, an opportunity was afforded them of escaping his displeasure. Col. McKinnon offered to have all taken out from the station who had, according to our author, been so "prudently left" there by their missionary, and who were now disposed to go. None availed themselves of his kindness.

But had religious principle been so fully developed, in the leaders even, of these native Christians, as to have constrained them to say, No, we cannot be parties to such proceedings; we may not do violence to our peaceful neighbour, nor rob him of his property. And had Sandilli for this caused any of those men to be put to death, it would here, as it ever has, been a furtherance of the Gospel. To colonist and to native it would have read a lesson which both would have been impressed by. It would have been a light that would have drawn many eyes to it. It would have demonstrated the reality of these people's faith and obedience, and proved that religious principle had its due influence over them. They are not young converts, they



are men who have grown up under the influence of religious teaching, and are themselves set apart, and paid from mission funds, as teachers of others. Are these likely agents to extend the Kingdom of God; which is truth and righteousness, self-denial and sincerity of heart?

We are convinced, moreover, that had they positively declined compliance with this order, if such there were, of Sandilli, and maintained firmly their consistency as Christian men, they would not have been required to make any such sacrifice as that of life. With all his faults, and they are not few, and with all the defects of his mental and moral character, which they who know most of him know fully, Sandilli can appreciate consistency of character. No man can reason out a legitimate conclusion from given conditions with more justness and accuracy than the Kafir. That station people, professed Christians, should be non-combatants, had ever been tacitly admitted.

But what has given occasion to these criticisms, is quite aside from the "Life of Tiyo." All that is a record of that life proper we have read with interest. With all who ever were brought into personal contact with him, we too would have loved Tiyo.

What to call it we do not know, for there is no term that we may use at which offence will not be taken where we have no wish to give offence. The thing we shall set forth, the fitting name we can dispense with. The characteristic of all mission literature, especially as we know it in reference to South Africa, is enshrined in this volume. Sometimes the presentation is bald enough, sometimes it has the graces of the ornamental, at least in style, to commend it.

"Colonial prejudices." "Hostile colonial newspapers." "There is a prejudice against black men; the prejudice is simply and solely on account of colour."

Quotations of like tone and spirit might be made enough to fill pages. These are found in Tiyo's own writing, in that of his biographer, and in what those friends have written who have contributed to the biographical details. Against what is asserted or implied in such language we emphatically protest. The prejudice, if prejudice there be, is with the writers themselves, and such as blindly give themselves up to their influence.

Are the colonists, or colonial newspapers, not capable of forming a judgment on this subject? Are the conditions or elements which are reckoned necessary, in every other matter, to the formation of a sound judgment, lacking to them? A thorough acquaintance with a subject is always regarded as an indispensable condition to the formation of a correct judgment regarding it. Is this wanting in reference to our sable fellow-subjects? Have those who have been brought up from childhood beside them, daily brought into contact with them? or had the Rev. Dr. Anderson, who in his public ordination prayer, distinguished Sandilli as a "noble Kafir chieftain," the better means of forming a just estimate of the real character, say, of that man?



They, the colonists and others, who really know Sandilli, know that he is lacking in the essentials, the qualities, of natural character which go to make a man noble. He is what Dr. Anderson himself held Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, to have been—some-what of an imbecile, a weakling. Such a mental constitution may give a true saint, but a noble man must have elements of natural character which are not found here.

With whom is the prejudice in this case? In the officiating minister, engaged in the most solemn and sacred exercise of privilege and duty which God gives man to enjoy or perform, or in the boorish colonist, who to-day thinks of Sandilli and speaks of him in terms so very different, but much more truthful? Gainsay this who will!

This weak partiality, one-sided sentimentalism, is most injurious to the native races. The colonist, European or of European descent, has no hardness of feeling towards them, simply on the ground of colour, but where it does exist it is on the ground of character. To live honestly he must himself practise industry; thus he can improve his circumstances and acquire property. But the natives he sees live in utter idleness; for that, any man, whether white or black, is despised, deservedly despised. "Loafer!" every colonist knows what that term describes. A "white Kafir" is what it means. A man who shirks work, will not work, but lives in idleness and dishonesty and drunkenness when he can. These men colonists regard with the same feelings as they do the natives, and for the same reasons.

Nor is the virtue of industry found on the mission stations more than in the more extensive and numerous heathen locations. Indeed, from what we learn from the introductory chapters of this book now under review, where the making of water-furrows, the formation and cultivation of gardens, and other improvements, is all referred to, the conclusion can hardly be set aside, that the people on the stations now-a-days compare unfavourably with those of earlier times, and that their education and training are directed with less practical wisdom. Until men are taught, disposed, habituated to maintain themselves by honest industry, civilization has made small progress, Christianity lacks evidence of its presence.

None of the native churches support the ordinances of religion for themselves. Why not? The people are poor, we are told. The Princess Sophie posed the philosophers and *savâns* by her practice of asking the why of the why. Like her we ask, Why are these people poor? The demand for labour is universal. Work done is more highly remunerated than it is in most other countries, and in few is the cost of living lower. Then, why are the people poor? And why the natives specially? The European settler does not complain of poverty. If only allowed to possess the fruits of his labour and industry, he invariably acquires wealth. Why is it so?

And if not satisfied with the price offered for his labour, no native is under necessity of selling that labour. Every one of them has as

much land as he can cultivate; that on the mission stations under special advantages, such as means of irrigation and grazing for cattle and sheep in addition, and all this at a charge of only a few shillings yearly quitrent. Then why poor? Does the land not yield him a profitable return for its cultivation? Has God smitten with a special curse that which the black man cultivates; so that he shall not eat bread even by the sweat of his brow?

What would the industry of the mother country say, were all this honestly put before it, so that it might know and understand it all? Take to the prejudices of the colonists, we fear.

Tiyo fairly in his work has been to us an object of pleasing interest. As we trace the record of that work in his journals or itineraries, we become one with him at not a few points. When health begins to fail and he manfully works on, up to the full measure of strength, yea, and beyond sometimes, our interest in him intensifies.

The calm, bright, sunshiny life of a man has nothing to us attractive. The most unhappy days of our own life were some ten or twelve passed near the Equator, on a bright, calm—O, so calm!—boundless ocean, not wind to make a ripple on the water, and our progress, well, backward, at least not forward. As was this part of our ocean-voyage, in one of the old four-hundred-ton barques, so is a chapter of biography to us. When our old, rotten, unseaworthy “good ship the *Jane*,” chartered by H.M. Government, came into the waters that double round Cabo Tormentoso, there was life in high enjoyment! The old leaky thing, bobbing among the liquid mountains, and careening so that to keep foothold on deck required all a sailor’s art of adaptation to immeasurable angles. Then, if we could not walk, we could at least hold on by the bulwarks or something else, look out to sea and enjoy, but off to bed we could not take ourselves.

So with the life of a man, or that record of it which we call biography. Let us get among the big waves with him, striking him crossways in his course, as he strives to head it round the Cabo Tormentosos of life’s voyage. Few, very few, of these really came in Tiyo’s course. But if there was not that to bring out greatness, there was that, whatever it was, by which loveliness was well-developed in his character.

Would that Chap. XXI had been unwritten. Our estimate of Tiyo, our admiration of him, stood higher before we read it. The contents of it produce just the opposite effect upon our mind to that which it was evidently intended to subserve. As we read the conviction grew upon us—it was not willingly admitted; we closed the book and reflected—surely we are misapprehending this, but still the conviction gathered strength, Tiyo’s Kafirhood was his sore point. In this he was sensitive, touchy, showed a weakness. We have re-studied the chapter, and our first impressions are unchanged.

Nor do we think that his friends, biographer and others, have been over-judicious here. What good object is promoted by raking

together, recording and rehearsing all these cases which cropped up wherein they suppose that he was disrespectfully treated because he was black, or because he was Kafir? The case thus attempted to be made out fails, miserably fails.

Wherever an instance is to be found, where some uncivil or uncomplimentary epithet is applied to Tiyo, when it is not known who he is; this is industriously noted down, and made capital of, to show that the Rev. Tiyo Soga has been intentionally insulted. Of any such instance given or known, can it be said that there was more than a simple mistake, a mistake which the parties themselves were prompt to rectify, or apologize for, when they discovered it. Christian principle and feeling should eradicate this prejudice and disposition to take advantage of every trivial incident that may be thought to tell in favour of the native and discredit the colonist. Wherever he was known, Tiyo was treated with all the respect to which he was entitled. What "the iron entering into his soul and his suffering in silence," meaneth in this connection, we are at a loss to conceive. If he suffered on the score of being slighted or disrespected, such suffering was self-inflicted. Instead of being subjected to suffering, or to any disadvantage whatever on account of it, Tiyo's Kafirhood stood him in good stead. While he lived, it brought to him friends and patronage, and easily-acquired comforts; and now that he is dead it hath procured this "Life" of him by loving hands. Many, very many, of the pale-faced race have served in the ministry of the Word with not less zeal, nor devotion, nor denial of self, yet have attracted no notice while they lived, and when they died, they passed away and were forgotten as are other men.

The re-perusal of that chapter has not modified the impression which the first reading of it produced, that is, we repeat, that to have got rid of his Kafirhood Tiyo would have given much.

Of the black skin he could not get rid, but one of the most deeply-rooted and notoriously characteristic traits by which the Kafir is distinguished,—as much distinguished or marked out in mortal disposition, as the dark skin sets him out in European eyes,—of that Tiyo had got rid. His praiseworthy resolution to make a sacrifice, such as he was prepared to make for the education of his children, shows how much of the Kafir was rooted out of his moral nature, and shows it better than almost anything else could have done. His independence here and self-reliance commands our esteem. To give up anything that he has got! what to a Kafir is a trial like to that? He will shift about, and devise, and condescend to any meanness to get more; but to give up, make a sacrifice, no! Yet here we find Tiyo prepared to give up half his living, deny himself of whatever comforts the resolution may make it necessary that he forego, that his boys may have a liberal education.

He writes to Mr. Bogue his intention of sending his three eldest boys to Scotland, and says:—"Although it is a matter that will pinch us greatly in our small income, I feel that we must deny our

selves on their behalf, and all the more that I do not anticipate long life for myself. If God blesses my intention regarding them and answers my prayers, they may all the sooner be able to do something for themselves, for their mother, the younger children, and their own country.”—Page 413.

“My purpose is to leave the half of my half-year’s salary (£50) with Mr. Peddie, forwarding to you as the time approaches an order to draw the amount. Their passages home I have paid out of long savings.”—Page 415.

“The last act he performed before leaving King William’s Town was to send a small sum of money to his boys; and as he was paying it into the money-order office, he said to a brother minister who was with him,—‘I am just sending a little pocket money to my boys. When I was in Scotland I often felt the want of a penny which I could call my own.’”—Page 461.

As his old teacher said in honest pride over him in his young boyhood, so do we say of this, in his ripened manhood, “Well done, Tiyo, well done!” There is no feature of his character more satisfactory than this, none that so emphatically witnesseth conversion.

The volume which we now lay aside has afforded some hours of happy interest. It has a few blemishes, minor blemishes, some of which we have pointed out. (“Crown Prince;” thus is Sigcau, Kreli’s son, designated, which is veriest bombast!) The book, too, quickens thought upon questions of burning interest and of deepest importance, and of no little difficulty, moreover, which at present are pressing for solution. It will depend much upon the manner in which these questions are resolved, what the future of South Africa shall be—Shall civilization give place to barbarism?

At the commencement of our review, we spoke somewhat disparagingly of Mr. Noble’s “South Africa—Past and Present,” not of its contents, for these we had not studied, but rather of something unprepossessing in its appearance as a book, when laid side by side with the “Life of Tiyo.” Let no one judge of its subject-matter, however, or of the literary treatment thereof, by the outward form in which it comes up. Mr. Noble writes with the chaste pen of a historian, aye, and with the austere truthfulness of the worthy historian. He seeks no aid of rhetoric, or dramatic art, which, however admissible into the pulpit at times, were not needed so much as they have been used in the biography which we have just laid down. The stand-point, the missionary one, from which Mr. Chalmers has written is, we maintain, not a true one. It does not give true results. He will yet himself discover that, perhaps. From no other stand-point, however, could he have possibly written the “Life of Tiyo Soga.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





## Our Future Native Policy.

DWELLERS on and near the Eastern Frontier are looking forward with strong expectation to the next session of our Colonial Parliament, in the hope that some measure will be passed that will initiate a settled and beneficial Kafir policy. Not that the Legislature has been idle in the past; it has done much, possibly too much. Be that as it may, the coming session will certainly add a new Act to the Statutes relating to "Kafirs, Fingoes, and other Native Foreigners."

Hitherto no steady definite course has been pursued in our treatment of these natives; we have been guided by the expediency of the moment. *Kommt zeit, kommt rath*; act according to circumstances; this has been the method. An excellent one where circumstances are ever varying; but, as here, where there are certain fixed conditions, it is a rule disastrous in its consequences.

There are indeed difficulties which must attend the striking a new line, and the adoption of a fresh and fixed native policy. Our legislators as a body do not know much about Kafirs and their ways. From a Kafir stand-point they may be described as "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*." There is the mass of existing legislation, and men are loth to repeal, to undo their own work. There are prejudices, and crystallized notions, and traditions of the past, which adhere to those who will have to carry out a new policy, and barnacle-like impede progress. There is the difficulty of framing by a rigid inelastic Act of Parliament a system which must be worked gradually and steadily. This is one of those cases in which one energetic statesmanlike mind may succeed, when the combined wisdom of many may fail. But if we have a Brooke or a Nicholson among us, we have not yet found him out. We are fortunate in our Governor, but we should be more fortunate if we had one man who was possessed of ability to carry out in detail such general principles as His Excellency and the Government may by deed of Parliament have embodied in a Law.

The writer of this paper desires to contribute towards the formation of some opinion about this question of a native policy. On some points his conclusions have been arrived at years ago. On other points he has received hints and suggestions from an address delivered on 7th February by the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, of Graham's Town, which is worth a careful perusal; it is thoroughly straightforward and sensible, and throws light upon many points of this much-vexed question.

The first and most obvious necessity is the abolition of the power of the native chiefs. It was supposed that this would be effected by means of European residents, Magistrates or Commissioners. The anticipated result has not been attained. Individual Magistrates have, in some cases, it is true, exercised remarkable personal influence. But personal government is not what is wanted; it is too precarious;



peace and order are too precious to be held on the security of a single life. They cannot be permanent unless the natives learn obedience to law and subjection to a system.

But if these people can be taught to look upon themselves as land-holders under the Government, if they can be brought to understand that they belong to the land, and the land to them individually, subject to colonial law administered by appointed Magistrates, as in the Colony—then the tribal system would soon show signs of decay. Matters are not yet ripe for the granting of titles; the less said about them for many years to come the better. Each man might occupy on simple conditions—personal residence, good conduct, and the payment of a tax. The tax might take the place of the hut tax, and be increased to a sum, which might stimulate to effort without being oppressive. And if each district were subdivided, somewhat after the old English method of hundreds and tythings, the principle of collective responsibility in cases of theft and other crimes could easily be maintained. And under this tenure of land the Kafir must learn to respect its Sovereign, not merely to obey the law, but to recognize no other ruler. Every case or suit must under a strict penalty be brought to the Court of the Magistrate appointed, who should be bound to give a patient hearing, and not trust to native headmen. The chiefs and headmen who have been receiving Government pay ought to receive it no longer. These subsidies have been productive of scanty benefit, if any. Let payment be given for work done, and work for payment. The claims of loyal natives, as Fini, Tyala, and other dwellers in the Gaika Location, must be carefully and generously regarded. But it would be unwise to show any special favour to the generality of petty chiefs and councillors; let all share alike in any distribution of land.

The certificates of citizenship will find few advocates. They appear to have done far more harm than good. They encourage the roving propensities of the Kafir, and facilitate theft for those who are thievishly inclined. They afford opportunity for squatters, and promote lawlessness. They enable Kafirs to club together and buy a farm in the Colony, abounding in dense bush, which then becomes a depôt for stolen stock and the scene of heathenish customs and unbridled licentiousness. Servants in the Colony require no certificates of citizenship, passes under contract meet their cases. Kafirs in Kafirland need them not, let such stay at home and work. There are some few who do require them, as—teachers, interpreters, policemen in the Colony, and old residents who are fairly domiciled with the Frontier boundary. The evils attending these certificates would diminish or disappear, if they were granted only for special reasons, and for one year only; and if they were all issued from one central office through the different Magistrates intra and extra-colonial, who should report every case of a holder's misconduct to the central office.

As to native customs, to kill them off at once is impossible, to

extinguish them gradually is a work of time and tact. Outward and evident offensiveness should be put down promptly and decisively.

But the chief difficulty is attached to polygamy and the buying and selling of women. Let the law protect absolutely the personal liberty of every woman and girl. Kafir polygamical marriages are immoral contracts, and cattle paid and demanded back should not be recoverable by legal process. And if a polygamist wishes to make his children legitimate, he might be allowed to do so by a purely civil marriage with one woman only; the other children would be illegitimate, and this uncomfortable status would be a strong indirect check upon polygamy.

The Kafirs and Fingoes are privileged races: they can compete with all the world in the colonial labour market; they may, and they do, own both real and personal property in the Colony, or they may live rent free in their locations under a trifling restraint. It is for their good as well as our own that they should be firmly and wisely governed. If they are to advance in civilization, their chief progress must be made in the native locations.

The Secretary for Native Affairs, in his address to the Fort Beaufort electors, seems to expect beneficial results from employment on public works and in farm service. But if making railways and mending roads have a civilizing influence, surely navvies would rank higher in the social scale than they do; and as to farm service, nine out of ten who return to Kafirland after their term of service come back more Kafir than ever.

Nor is education (or school instruction) to be depended on as a civilizing agent. The tendency of knowledge is to change the kinds of crime more than to lessen crime itself. Christianity is the only stable civilizing power the world has seen—a power whose handmaids are not education only, but order, cleanliness, decency, obedience, discipline. Make then the Kafir a landholder and a landowner in the future; let him learn to work his land and to pay his way; encourage him, by pecuniary reward if need be, to build a better house, to wear decent clothing, to eat better food, and to drink no brandy; Kafirland will then present a fairer field for Mission labourers, and the chances of another outbreak will be reduced to a minimum.

An anonymous writer in the March number of the *Cape Monthly*, in dilating on the "Outcome of our Native Policy," loses sight of a most material and saddening fact. It is this: the children of trained and civilized natives too often fall back, and become rowdies of a most unpleasant type. There is no steady progress even of families, much less of tribes. For a progress of this kind we must trust, not to Christianity alone, but to Christianity aided by a policy of order, restraint, and discipline. To a policy of this kind it may be objected that it is class legislation. To call a measure class legislation is no argument against it. This is one of those expressions which wise men treat as counters, and the unwise as genuine coin. Plenty of

sound legislation falls under this designation. Class legislation has produced the Factory Acts, and forbidden women to work in mines, and placed the burden of the income tax on the shoulders of the wealthier classes. Let then our legislators be deaf to clamours and crotchets, and regard the welfare of the country as a whole, doing their best not for whites only or for blacks only, but every class that constitutes the whole body governed. This can only be done by going to the root of the matter, by legislating for causes rather than for effects, by curing the disease instead of alleviating its symptoms. If the status of the natives produces preventible crime, Cattle Removal Acts and Skin Stealing Acts are but poor substitutes for a wholesome thorough discipline.

The evil caused by the great crime-producer, drunkenness, is too overwhelming to be left entirely unnoticed. The Kafir truly says: "You sent us the Bible and brandy, and you expect us to obey the Bible and to drink the brandy!" Drunkenness is the source of nine-tenths of the crime that fills our gaols. Happily our Premier has shown in Parliament his interest in this subject, and there we will leave it for the present.

The words of one of the shrewdest of writers may fitly close this paper:—

οὐ χὶ λέοντος σκύμνον ἐν πόλει τρέφειν  
ἦν δ' ἐκτρέφῃ τις, τοῖς τρόποις ὑπηρετεῖρ.

'Tis evil fate within the State a lion's whelp to raise;  
For as he grows, his might he shows, and men must bear his ways.

*Ar. Ranæ 1140.*

HENRY R. WOODROOFFE.

Somerset East.

## Adèle;

### A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Oh! what care my fellow-men,  
For a wretch's broken heart;  
Grief like mine's beyond their ken,  
And our fates are far apart.

*From the French of De Lamartine*

AFTER the trial, the Fiscal prepared to return to Drakenstein; but on the eve of his departure he heard the sad news that Adèle was lying dangerously ill and not expected to live. Then he resolved to stay at Stellenbosch, and became a constant visitor at the house

where the prostrate girl lay battling with death. His anxiety reached its climax when, calling one morning to make the usual inquiries, he found Mrs. Meerhoff and Annette overwhelmed with grief, sobbing bitterly, and heard the heartrending news that the unfortunate girl was sinking rapidly. Walking up to Mrs. Meerhoff, he pleaded earnestly that she would allow him to behold Adèle once more. Softly they entered the silent room, and cautiously approached the bedside. There lay Adèle, her life slowly ebbing, unconscious of the deeply afflicted mourners, the fast falling tears, and the despairing figure of the Fiscal beside her. She moved not ; she spoke not ; and her lustreless eyes looked vacant and sightless. He stooped down and kissed her hand. Her mother looked beseechingly into the Doctor's face.

"There will be a change before long, madame!" said he.

"Do you think it will be a change for the worse?" inquired she anxiously.

"I hope not."

The Fiscal, perceiving a slight movement, and her lips opening, turned hopefully towards the bed.

"Francois," she said, throwing up her hands, "Oh ! my Francois ; free again ! come back to me !" Deadly pale she sank back breathless with exhaustion.

All, except the Fiscal, strained forward eagerly. Had she breathed her last ?

"She is dead !" said Mrs. Meerhoff, looking anxiously into the Doctor's face.

"No, madame ; I am thankful to say her young and healthy constitution has conquered."

Then Mrs. Meerhoff, as she clasped her hands together fervently, saw that her child had fallen into a soft slumber, and breathed as lightly as an infant.

The Doctor left, taking every one except the mother with him.

The Fiscal, as he walked home, cursed his ill-success, but yet, as he turned in at his front door, he said to himself, "All this will soon be over now ; with women it is out of sight out of mind ; she'll soon be cured of this passing fancy, and before he is free again to use his French sorcery and spells over her, she'll be mine!"

With this comforting assurance he called daily at the house, and was pleased to hear that she was fast recovering. His leave of absence having expired, he paid a last visit to the house in the afternoon to bid her farewell. Entering the *voorbuis*, he looked about for Mrs. Meerhoff, but finding no one in, he softly approached the door of her bed-chamber, and perceiving it open he entered cautiously. Adèle was sitting up in bed, her eyes half closed as if in meditation. He started to see how terribly changed she was. Her quick ear detected a stealthy step ; she opened her eyes, stared in amazement, and then uttered scream upon scream.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Fiscal; "I have only come to say farewell."

"Begone!" she screamed, "Begone, out of my sight; thy presence is more hateful to me than death!"

Her mother coming up to her daughter's bedside at this moment, frightened and agitated, found her swooning and unable to speak.

The Fiscal returned to his house fuming and fretting; yet deeming it advisable not to molest her in her present weak state, he left for Drakenstein.

As he sat under his orange trees the next night, he confessed to himself that he had been amply revenged; he was sole and despotic master once more. After the late display of his arbitrary authority no Burgher would dare to oppose him; and yet he sought in vain for peace. None came; solitude with his conscience was unbearable; and Drakenstein, without Adèle, was unendurable. He became restless and sleepless; his appetite forsook him, and a superstitious dread of something—what, he knew not, haunted him day and night. Finally, he decided to seek relief in the excitement of the chase, and once more departed on a sea-cow hunt.

When, after three weeks, he again dismounted before his door, he was informed by the slave who took the horse that Meerhoff with his family, and a number of the most important Burgher families, taking advantage of his absence, had secretly, in the dead of night, departed for the desert. Without saying a word he walked down into the garden. Were the fates always against him? Was he to be forever balked? Had the bird flown, after all he had suffered and risked for its sake, and just when he thought, too, that he had baffled every obstacle, and was about to take firm hold of the wild and truant thing?

"They must not escape me!" said he, vehemently. "I must follow them; but how? To carry out my object successfully I must still retain my power over Meerhoff."

He thought awhile, as he slowly paced his garden. At last an idea flashed across his mind. He hastened home, took down his writing materials, and wrote the following letter to the Government:—

"To His Excellency W. A. VAN DER STELL, late Councillor Extraordinary of India, and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

"HONOURED SIR,

"I regret extremely to have to acquaint your Excellency with a fact at once full of peril and danger to ourselves. During my brief absence from home, on a sea-cow hunt, many of the chief Burgher families secretly trekked into the wilderness, carrying with them all their goods and chattels. This, if I may be allowed to express an opinion, is a most serious move, and the consequences no one can foresee. The rash Burghers may cause much future vexation and trouble to the Government, either by inciting the natives against us,



or by allying themselves with the savages and coming down upon us in overpowering numbers to take summary vengeance ; or they might establish a Free State, and ally themselves with the first foreign power whose ship touches at the Cape,—all which, if allowed to go on unheeded, would bring ruin and destruction on the Government and settlement. I would, therefore, suggest, if I may make so bold, that an officer, duly commissioned, be sent immediately after them, to proclaim the territory they inhabit under your Excellency's jurisdiction, and by judicious government to retain them as the Company's servants. Your Excellency will perceive that such a situation is full of peril to a Government official, who is so far removed from headquarters that he has no power to enforce aught he may do for the prosperity of the Company. Yet, notwithstanding all these considerations, for the good of the Company and the welfare of the settlement, I would even take all the risk upon myself, and volunteer to accept the perilous position, provided I were duly commissioned thereto. I shall anxiously await your Honour's answer.

“ Ever your most obedient Servant,

“ HERMAN VAN STALLENBERG.”

This he speedily dispatched to Cape Town, and three days after received the desired answer. The Government regretted the rash act of the Burghers, and quite agreed with the Fiscal that, if left unchecked, such doings might endanger and ruin the settlement. They therefore sent him his commission as Field-cornet, with proclamations and placards requisite for the proper administration of his office, and desired him to follow the Burghers at once.

A few days later Stallenberg, with all his wagons, goods, and slaves, was on his way, keeping the wagon spoor of the Burghers.

In the meantime, poor Francois was sitting on a rock, on Robben Island, eating a piece of dry biscuit, a shadow of his former self, while his haggard face and hollow lustreless eyes scarcely retained a trace of the gay young Francois of former days. He had been a month on the island, and he felt that if relief did not come soon he must succumb to circumstances and sink into an early grave. The faithful Jephtha, who had followed him to the island and there pursued temporarily the occupation of a fisherman, brought him such scraps of home news as he could gather from his associates. Francois heard that Adèle had been dangerously ill ; that she had recovered and had gone into the wilderness, but he also heard that the Fiscal had followed her. This intelligence, together with his utter inability to prevent their reunion, almost maddened him. Jephtha, watching him closely, saw how, daily, he grew weaker, as the burden of his afflictions pressed heavier upon him, and cudgelled the little brains he possessed to discover some means of serving and saving his poor young master. He saw that it was liberty he pined for, and that nothing else would save him, so he watched his opportunity, and one day came to Francois as he was sitting alone.

“Baasie,” said he, “look out this evening at sundown ; all the boats are out catching snoek, and the cutter leaves for Cape Town at sunset. Jephtha will be fishing in his little boat at that corner ; try and make your way there, and Jephtha will take you across the water.”

Anxiously Francois watched the sinking sun that day, and prayed inwardly that an opportunity for his escape might occur ; but at last he sat down on the nearest rock, with a despairing heart. The evening was closing in ; he saw the only chance for gaining his liberty passing away, and yet he was powerless. With that Dutch soldier constantly at his heels he could not move : he grew restless, and impatiently walked backwards and forwards. He scanned the horizon, and looked across his shoulder to the place where Jephtha and his boat lay. “Shall I run ?” thought he. “But for the fellow’s gun I would make the attempt.”

“Prepare to return to prison,” said the soldier, sternly.

Francois heaved a deep sigh ; his soul grew dark and rebellious, and he determined at all risks to make his escape. Forgetful of his physical weakness, in sheer desperation he made a stride forward to attempt to disarm the soldier. Just then three sea-birds alighted on the water ahead ; the soldier stooped and levelled his gun at them. Bang ! He strained his eyes ; two fluttered in the water. He turned to acquaint Francois with the fact, and, to his consternation and astonishment, saw the slender figure of the latter rapidly disappearing over a little rise at one point of the island. “De duivel haal hem !” said the Dutchman, and set off swiftly after him. Arrived at the summit of the hillock, he saw Jephtha in the act of pushing his boat from the land. His agitated manner excited the suspicion of the Dutchman.

“Have you seen a villian of a convict anywhere ?” inquired he, loudly.

“Not my way,” replied Jephtha, as he strove anxiously to widen the distance between himself and the soldier.

“Not your way, you scoundrel !” said the latter, rushing towards the boat, “when I saw him disappear over the rise here. Stop,” he cried, levelling his gun at Jephtha, “bring your boat back at once, or you are a dead man !”

Poor Jephtha was paralysed. Here was destruction to all his scheme and hopes ; but Francois, rising from the bottom of the boat, said,

“Pull away, Jephtha, he has no charge in his gun.”

The Dutchman remembered with agony his indiscretion in indulging his fancy for shooting birds, when he ought to have kept the charge for intimidating runaway convicts. There was no help for it. He hurried to the chief officer’s house, and reported Du Plessis’s escape, and that functionary at once sent off a letter by the cutter to report it at head-quarters. Francois and Jephtha, as they hurried on their way saw the cutter, full sail, skimming before the

wind, looking in a modern poet's metaphor, "Like a full blown white flower at sea." But the very wind that was so favourable to the cutter was against them, and rose to a gale as the night advanced. Once away from the shelter of the island, they became indeed alarmed at the mountains of sea that rose on all sides, and that threatened every moment to engulf them. Inky masses of cloud rolling overhead, and appearing at times to mingle with the black waves around them, sent forth vivid flashes of lightning, only to reveal more clearly to them how fearfully troubled the ocean was, and how great their danger in that little cockleshell of a boat.

"Liberty or death to night!" said Francois, as he laboured on bravely hour after hour.

At last the storm abated, and they rested on their oars breathless with exertion. As the first harbinger of dawn became visible on the Eastern horizon they heard the roaring of the breakers, and saw ahead the outline of the shore quite close.

"Thank God!" said Francois, "now we are safe."

Jeptha with an overjoyed heart jumped ashore.

"Stand!" cried a stern voice, and a dark figure came rapidly forward. Like lightning the Hottentot was back in the boat, and pulling away from the land.

"Stop!" cried the same voice. Thanks to the darkness of the night they bend low in their boats and pull all the harder. Bang, bang! one bullet strikes Jeptha's hat from his head, the other hits the water so close to Francois that the spray dashes into his face. Before the soldiers could reload their guns the boat was out of harm's way.

"What now?" said Francois. "That cutter carried the news in time to bring these rascals upon us; and now I don't see how we can save ourselves; we must fall into their hands one way or the other."

"Courage," replied Jeptha, who began rapidly to string together the fish and crawfish he had with him in the boat.

The two soldiers walked the beach for some time watching the boat. At last, finding the cold too intense, in spite of the brandy flask that they so frequently applied to their thirsty lips, they decided to light a fire behind some high bushes and to parade the beach at short intervals. The tired Dutchmen threw themselves besides the blazing pile, overcome by the fatigue of the rapid journey and of the long watch. The warmth of the fire, and the contents of the brandy flask proved so sedative in their effects, that their heads soon sank on their breasts, then on the nearest bush, and finally they lay full length in a deep and heavy sleep.

Jeptha waited a moment till all seemed quiet, then he said, "I will try again."

"No!" replied Francois peremptorily, "I won't allow it, the danger is too great."

"Wait," said Jeptha, taking off his clothes, "I won't take the boat; I'll swim to the shore in quite another direction, and recon-

noitre ; they will have their eye on the boat and I shall be quite safe. If I give a shrill whistle there is danger ; if a low one all is right,—come rapidly to the shore.

Then he jumped over the side of the boat and disappeared. Coming on shore he crawled on his hands and feet, his eyes and ears alive to all that was going on, with a keenness such as only the savage can boast. Presently he rose to his feet and looked warily around ; nothing was visible anywhere, but he felt relieved, for proceeding from some dense brushwood came nasal evidence of sufficient variety to assure him that both the Dutchmen were fast asleep. He went to the spot and peered round : the two horses started, snorted, and pulled violently at their halters ; one Dutchman moved as if waking. Jephtha drew back, but seeing that daylight was not far off he made another and a more successful effort. Francois sat for awhile impatiently straining his ear to catch every sound the land breeze brought, but the warning whistle came not. He concluded at last that they had suddenly strangled poor Jephtha, and he was on the point of swimming to the shore and making his escape somewhere and anywhere, when lo ! what was that, he put his hand to his ear, there could be no mistake, a low whistle was distinctly and clearly borne on the night breeze. “Thank God,” said Francois ; and he pulled vigorously to the land. Arrived there, he saw to his excessive astonishment Jephtha, shivering with cold, holding two large Dutch horses well laden with saddle-bags full of provision by one hand, in the other two guns.

“Quick,” said Jephtha, “take these and let me slip on my clothes !”

“How did you fare ?”

“That we’ll speak about afterwards.”

His clothes on, he took the strung fish and approached the horses.

“Mount,” he cried, “for God’s sake mount !”

His quick sight had detected two stealthy figures rapidly advancing towards them.

His warning cry was not a moment too soon : they were hardly in the saddles when the Dutchmen came up and caught the bridles. In a second the butt-end of each gun descended on the Dutchmen’s outstretched arms ; they fell, the horses released, snorted, bounded forward, and disappeared, leaving the soldiers two most pitiable objects, and completely at the mercy of either savage man or beast,—their food, their guns and their horses gone. But the boat was there. They hailed this as a Godsend, and forthwith took their departure in it, while they fabricated a story on the way that would exonerate them from all consequences of their want of vigilance.

Francois proceeded on his way, beside himself with joy, while he listened to Jephtha’s story.

“We shall go right away into the Interior,” said Francois, with a new light in his eyes.

“That we shall,” replied Jephtha, “straight away to Chotona, the greatest and best chief. I am his son by his sixth wife, and was made



captive while sojourning with my mother at a neighbouring chieftain's; he'll welcome me back with open arms and will be good to you when I tell him everything."

At noon they offsaddled, and Francois took charge of the horses while Jephtha prepared the meal, which consisted of broiled crawfish, roasted tortoises, and Dutch biscuits.

"Where in the world did you get these tortoises from?" said Francois, as he washed down the crawfish with some of the soldier's brandy before a blazing fire.

"The country teems with them."

"Did you roast them shell and all?"

"That is the way: just make a blazing fire and throw them into the midst of it; they are soon dead, and roast nicely, keeping all the juice in."

"There is not much on them," said Francois, as he tried to pick a piece here and there from a mass of singed entrails and crushed shell.

"This is the way," answered Jephtha; and he neatly tore off four savoury quarters, then he took out the liver and then the eggs. "When one only understands it," said Jephtha, "you get a pretty decent bit for an empty stomach."

"Uncommonly good," said Francois; "I declare this is a very free jolly sort of life. I say, Jephtha, we must look out for a buck; with these guns we shall have some splendid sport."

"Just so," replied Jephtha; "but we had better now move on and get to some huts before the night, or we might meet with sport we don't like quite so well."

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### Governor and Governed.\*

IN the face of stirring events now being enacted at home and abroad, we are in danger of losing sight of the fact that the Cape Colony has only escaped from a severe famine—as if by a miracle. But for the fortunate change of the weather, and the refreshing late rains, the country was being stripped bare of all vegetation; and from the sea coast, as well as from the far interior, the most gloomy reports were everywhere rife as to the absence of water and the failure of crops. With a change of wind came an answer to the prayers of the Faithful; and those who were ready to walk through the towns beating their "tom-toms," and confessing their sins, are now equally ready to laugh at their fears and trust in Providence as heretofore for years of plenty and fatness in the land.

\* ON THE *BENGAL FAMINE*: How it will be met, and how to prevent future Famines in India. By the Right Hon. Sir H. B. E. FRERE. London: J. Murray.

RECREATIONS OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL. By Lieut.-Col. MALLISON. London: Longman & Co.



It is to be hoped, however, that with the advent of a new Administration, and Sir Bartle Frere as our Governor, we are prepared to make some effort to avoid these periodical droughts, and see what lessons of prudence can be learned from the actual experience of one who in his varied career has had to deal on a large scale with war, pestilence, and famine, among millions of Indian subjects in the most trying of countries.

It has been well said of Sir Bartle Frere, that it has been his peculiar fate to always take up a new appointment at a critical period. It was so at the time of the settlement of the Deccan; it was so when he was nominated Secretary to Sir George Arthur; it was so when he was sent to Sattara; scarcely less so when he was promoted to Scinde; much more so when he returned to that province in 1857. Both before and after the great mutiny, and during the state of chaos which supervened upon it, Sir Bartle Frere bent all his energies to the task of ameliorating the condition of the people whom he was called upon to govern, by equalising expenditure, developing resources, removing social and financial disabilities, and opening up new sources of wealth, by irrigation works, canal schemes, tree planting, forest conservation, road making, and the spread of education. In a word, he thoroughly identified himself with the interests of his people; and, placing a great end before him, his only care was to see that the end was properly arrived at. Speaking of his career in India, Colonel Mallison remarks of Sir Bartle Frere, that, "Of all the qualities which characterised him not one was more striking than his utter absence of self-love in his performance of duty. In upper Scinde, for instance, he determined to enlarge the Bigaree Canal, but before recommending the scheme for adoption he visited the part of the country for which the improvement was destined, and saw that to carry it out, to deepen and widen the canal, could not fail to benefit the people, to give them the means of fertilising their fields, and thus to make them to a great extent independent of the seasons. It was his policy to encourage great works which might be useful to the people and remunerative to the Government. His frontier policy also was simply a policy of justice. If the Beloochies attacked a village in our territories, committing murder and lifting cattle, it was not considered expedient to adopt the Franco-Algerian system of burning in revenge unoffending villages on their side. The retribution demanded was simply the punishment of the malefactors—of the men who had committed the outrage. The result of this policy has been that the popular sympathies, which were formerly entirely against the law, have completely changed to agreement with the law; and this not only in the case of important national matters, but likewise of family hereditary blood-feuds, not only within the border but beyond it."

It is not, however, within the scope of this paper to review the career of Sir Bartle Frere, but to show from the circumstances narrated how competent he is to deal with large questions of finance and administrative difficulties, and how thoroughly he

has fitted himself for the profession of governing down-trodden and ignorant races of men. Personally the mildest of men and a most finished and polished gentlemen, he is fearless of responsibility, and is not easily diverted from his objects and public aims, by mere opposition or difficulty. He has been subjected to many severe tests and has been tried by many a real fight. As one of his biographers, Col. Mallison, relates: "It is his pride and a proof also of the statesmanlike tone of his mind, that he has been a successful administrator, a valued and competent councillor, and again, a foresighted and successful Governor. This result we believe to be due to the working of experience in dealing with men on a clear and well prepared intellect. His Indian training was not bureaucratic. His intellect thus escaped the danger of shipwreck on a rock fatal to so many. The naturally capacious mind, unfettered by questions of red tape and routine, accustomed itself then, in the arena of active life with which it was occupied, to expand still wider. In all the vicissitudes of his career he never separated himself in sympathy from the interests of those with whom he was brought so constantly in contact. And it is worthy to be recorded that he owed his great popularity with the natives of India, not less to this, than to that complete abnegation of self which was a very principle of all his actions. To many, not natives of India, there appeared something strange in this self-negation, or rather this absence of any idea of self-interest or self. To the mass of men, his competitors and rivals, it seemed so strange, so new, so unaccountable, that they did not believe it. In whatever he did, however simple and natural it might really be, they endeavoured to discover an *arriere pensée*. The question has freely been put, 'What can be Frere's object in doing this?' When in reality there was no other object but the simple one patent to the world. To these men, the idea of a man of ability not being self-seeking, either in an open or roundabout way was, simply incomprehensible; and as it was clear that the object of their wonder was not the first, they grasped at the conclusion that he must be a subtle edition of the second. Their minds could not realise the simple truth that there could be an able man who, though he might place before him as an axiom of life that 'God's will should be done on earth,' and the best things done in the best manner for the good of the majority, should yet regard the carrying out of that axiom as the 'all in all' of his existence, satisfied only that the work should be done without a thought or care regarding self in the performance."

Having said so much of our present Governor, what are we to say of the actual condition of the governed? In what way are they to be approached by a man whom the Queen and the nation have delighted to honour? In what sense are they still to be regarded as being in leading-strings, and in need of a guide, a councillor, and a friend?

To many, no doubt, who are fond of mere village politics, it seems a matter of trifling importance who is set to rule over us.

Wrapped up in their local interests, they are supremely indifferent to the progress and welfare of their neighbours ; and are quite content to jog along in a quiet humdrum way, and live their lazy lives as their forefathers did. But the rising generation, let us hope, is rising above this narrow range of vision, and learning to think for itself upon many of the social problems of the day. The post, the rail, the telegraph, are mere means to an end ; and are practically useless if we fail to make use of them. Without the impulse of trade to accelerate our movements, what need would there be to annihilate time or space, or quicken our communications with each other ? We vegetate and stagnate now, where in less favoured communities we should be rushing to and fro, eager for news, eager for gain, eager for knowledge, and eager for the opportunities of doing good to others. Here in South Africa we are surrounded by thousands of slavish intellects—obscured by barbarism, and unconscious of the mighty possibilities of the human heart and brain. We have no national life,—no common centre of enthusiasm,—no religious fanaticism, no desire to slay and plunder, to work and toil, to doubt and sneer, to do good and fear not. We have sunk to a dreary level of “know-and-do-nothingism,” without capital, without public spirit, without the means of probing our own wretched condition, and starting aghast from the shadow of our own non-progressive skeletons. ’Tis time we learned to clothe these dry bones with flesh and sinew, and set the circulation going to the very extremities.

In a country where nobody seems to work, the question of labour supply is intimately associated with the price of food and the number of mouths to be filled. The owners of land are quite content to wait upon the seasons for the excellence of their crops. The thews and sinews of the Colony are quite content to stand out for as high wages as they can get—whether they are fully employed or not. As a natural consequence, both land and muscle are made to do as little as they can, and every now and then an unusually dry season throws them altogether out of the market for food. Now, if there is one thing as clear as the sun at noonday it is this—that the numerical superiority of the coloured people of this Colony cannot be got over by attempting to destroy them in detail. There they are, and must be utilised by the governing races. In the eye of justice, all men are equal before the law, that is to say, they have equal civil rights, and are entitled to equal consideration from their rulers. How comes it, then, that thousands of acres are lying as idle as the thousands of native men who claim to be British subjects ? and that this vast Continent is doing so little to feed the millions who may shortly be expected to overrun its fairest provinces ?

The need of irrigation and of constant water-supply to a thirsty soil like ours, appears to be one of our most obvious public wants, and is so intimately associated with the evils of periodic famine and ruinous droughts, that it is really quite time we took the bull by the horns, and made ourselves independent of the clouds and winds. To

do this effectually we shall have to plant extensively, and store up the winter rains in district dams and tanks. Let us glance at the modes which Sir Bartle Frere was led to adopt when in India, before we call upon Mr. Gamble to give us a specimen of his ability in the irrigation scheme, which it has already taken him two years to prepare for the information of Parliament.

In a lecture delivered before the Society of Arts in 1873, on the then impending Bengal famine, showing how it would be met, and how to prevent future famines in India, Sir Bartle Frere made it the main object of his enquiry, to find out why is death from want of food so much more frequent in India than in England? Amongst these causes he assigned the superior agriculture of England; the power to import grain; and the elaborate social and administrative organisation of England,—besides the injurious effects of “caste” and the “permanent settlement” of Bengal. With these, however, we are not so much concerned at the Cape, as with the views he has set forth upon the prevention of famines in future. In these he includes effective and easy inter-communication by land and water; works of irrigation and internal navigation, road-making, education, railways and trunk roads.

In his own words, “There are many who pretend to know some thing of India:—who will tell you that famine is one of the normal conditions of native life in India, that the East is unchangeable, and that the ordinary laws, which we recognise as directing our conduct in this country, do not apply in India. I entreat you not to believe a word of this kind of teaching. If I have learned any one lesson during the many years I have spent in India, it is this: that there is no single law of what we call political economy, or of common sense, which applies to us here in England, which is not equally applicable in India. If the law does not really apply to India, depend upon it, your notion of the law is mistaken, and it is no law at all, but only a delusion.

“It is not much more than thirty-five years since the want of internal communication in India was recognised by the Government, and road-making on a considerable scale commenced. The making of navigable canals and railways as general measures is of still later date. For some years it was agreed that works of this kind ought to be made partly at the expense of the present generation, with such sum as could be spared from the annual revenue after the expenses of immediate necessity had been provided for, and that part should be borne by posterity, by borrowing the capital which is always so freely lent for such undertakings in England. This system received the sanction of some of the greatest administrators and financiers who have interested themselves in Indian affairs during the present and past generation.

“But of late years a school has grown up, which has discovered that India is a very poor country, that she is unable to pay more than the most economical provision for hand to mouth expenses, and that nothing is to be given for works of permanent improvement unless



it can be saved from the current revenue, and the works can be proved, beyond all doubt, to be such as will pay directly an ample percentage of direct earnings. In fact the Government must execute its public works in the narrowest spirit of a money-lender, not of a land-owner, or of one who has any permanent interest in the land or in its cultivators; not looking to the possible returns ten years hence, still less to indirect returns in the general improvement of the country, calculating no profits save those which can be realised as soon as the work is paid for, and stipulating that those profits must always be something more than the current rate of interest.

"I feel certain the more the facts are tested the more clearly it will be seen, that in no other way can money be so advantageously expended, with the view to future production and cheap supply, as in great works of irrigation and internal navigation.

"To satisfy you that in India, as in England, actual famine can be prevented by effective means of communication, I shall take the case of the district between the Godavery and Toombudra River in the Deccan, East of Poona. The tract may be roughly taken at three hundred miles in length from north to south, and two hundred miles wide from east to west.

"The population consists chiefly of hardy, industrious, intelligent Mahratta cultivators. The country is generally a vast plain, with undulating rocky ridges and low ranges of bare barren hills, trap-rock or trap-detritus everywhere forming various soils, from rich black cotton soil to shallow red gravel, which only with abundant rain gives a crop of millet—the usual grain. The rains are scanty and uncertain, though the greater rivers rising in the western ghauts rarely run entirely dry.

"This district has always been subject to famine whenever there was a serious or repeated failure of the usual rains, or when war or tumult had prevented the timely cultivation of the fields.

"There had been a severe visitation in 1832 and 1833; traces of its cost to Government in uncollected revenues, and in advance to buy food, were on every public account-book. One of my first experiences in Indian district life was an enquiry into cases where an attempt had been made to wring arrears from the half-starved survivors by actual torture; and famine waifs, in the shape of unclaimed scraps of property which had belonged to unknown fugitives from famine, who had died in their aimless flight from starvation, and children who had been sold by their parents to buy food, or who had been left by dead or starving parents, were to be found at most stations, in the public offices, or in mission houses, or in places of temporary relief which had been provided for the famine-stricken.

"When I first knew the Deccan, nothing could exceed the misery and poverty of the great majority of the cultivating classes. Here and there you met a man who, by great energy or by influence with minor Government officials, managed to make both ends meet, and perhaps do something more. But as a general rule, the cultivating classes were deeply in debt—often on the borders of starvation—and



but for their extraordinary attachment to their hereditary lands, and the total absence of other means of living, would probably have very generally abandoned agriculture, or at least have fled the country.

"I can give you but a very imperfect idea of the miserable state of the cultivators. Few had more than one meal a day, few more than one coarse blanket and a scrap of cotton cloth as clothing during the year. There were no roads, no wheeled carriages, except that in very rare cases a cart might be seen used for dragging manure to the field, with wheels hewn out of solid stone. The lands had no saleable value. Except in a very few cases, where water privileges existed, no manure was ever used. When the rains fell at the proper time there might be a good crop, but everything depended on the rains, and if they failed the country was a desert, and all who could absconded, generally in secret, to the less severely taxed districts of a neighbouring native power, where, though the central government was weak and corrupt, the local officials being resident on the spot, and somewhat interested in the welfare of the people, were generally less exacting, or at any rate, more discriminating in exaction, than under the far-reaching and iron despotism of the English Government."

The outcome of his official experience in India, as to the best mode of dealing with the relief of actual famine, may be briefly summarised thus. There are certain respects and particulars in which the Government, while abstaining from interference with the ordinary course of trade, can render assistance towards mitigating the effects of scarcity.

In the first place the opportunity will be taken to prosecute with vigour the execution of public works in those districts where large numbers of persons are, or will soon be, in need of employment or in distress.

The requirements for labour on all these public works will afford employment to large numbers who by reason of the cessation, or the slackness of the usual agricultural operations in a season of scarcity may be thrown out of work.

Thus considerable bodies of men will be congregated on or near the works at a distance from their homes, and often in localities remote from the established markets. It will be necessary, therefore, that sufficient supplies of food be collected for their sustenance. If the accumulation of such supplies be left to the ordinary course of commerce, special pressure will be put on the grain trade in certain localities at the very time when all its resources are being taxed for the general supply of the province or district. And if the wages were to be paid in cash to so large an aggregate of labourers, an extraordinary rise of prices would be created by the action of Government, thereby aggravating the crisis in districts already placed in critical circumstances, and so far counteracting the benefit which the works were intended to secure, namely, the mitigation of the effect of the scarcity.

The State will thus be in the position of an employer of labour

on an unusually large scale, and is justified in doing that which all other employers do, viz., selecting the mode of remunerating its work-people most acceptable to them, and most suitable to the surrounding circumstances. Such mode of remuneration will generally be payment in kind ; that is, in food grain—in preference to money wages.

After the destruction of cattle by the Kafirs in 1856, Sir George Grey distributed nearly 30,000 natives among the farms of the Western Province. This large number of cheap labourers were readily absorbed ; and in the event of Sir Bartle Frere succeeding in breaking the power of the chiefs, there seems no reason for doubting but that the Western Province could readily absorb twice as many again. Having escaped from the perils of drought, the upshot of this protracted rebellion cannot fail to recoil on those restless spirits who have plunged the Colony into warfare and slaughter of their cattle, without full thought of the consequences of their acts. When once the rebels are broken, and the chiefs deported to Robben Island as the price of their contumacy, the Government of the day will find it necessary to reward its supporters and punish its enemies. To do this effectually, the conquered territory will have to be divided into strips of land, and its loyal subjects will be encouraged to settle down on them, by grant or easy terms of purchase, so as to give each occupant a firm legal grasp of the soil with a right of commonage on special locations. The destruction of pastoral and nomadic habits will surely follow on the independent culture of the soil and the establishment of convenient markets for the sale of country produce. The opening up of roads and of means of easy communication will give ample employment to the large numbers of natives who by their circumstances will for a time be excluded from a right to settle on their loyal neighbours' lands ; and tribal pressure being removed, and the chiefs restrained from ruinously taxing the manhood and industry of their followers, each individual native, on the strength of his registered land certificate, will take a keen interest in the development of his wealth, and in lending moral and material support to a Government which preserves them from oppression and eating up, and summary processes of tyranny. Being thus all made equal before the law, they will naturally learn to respect and uphold the law. Far different will be the prospects and condition of the rank and file of the tribes now in revolt. Beaten and dispersed and starved into subjection, it would be cruel to injure them in return. It would indeed be far better policy to offer them suitable employment on our public works—paying them in food, and setting them to such simple tasks as the clearing of mountain roads, the construction of dams, the felling of timber, and in aiding them to emigrate to the agricultural districts of the west, where their numerical strength would be neutralised by the nature of the country and the absence of forests and shelter for rebels. It is idle to talk as some do of exterminating Kafirs and Zulus ! Providence has placed them in our path, just as He has placed saplings and shrubs and virgin forests before sturdy settlers in America, and clearly intends us to

bend them to our use and convert them into social blessings. The labour market indeed lies very close to our hands; and we shall practically disarm the native races much more speedily by the law of self-preservation and respect for their private interests, than by burning every assegai and musket, and forbidding the possession of any weapon whatever. It is time this native question was firmly enquired into and faced. The chiefs are no fools, and have a policy of their own to support! They grasp at despotic power over life and limb, and encourage their young men to be warriors rather than citizens. They have no wish to see their people happy and contented. They burn to keep up large standing armies, and to attract the remnants of weaker tribes to their kraals. Their common enemy is the power which aims to introduce civilized wants, and expose the weaknesses of the native system. They are careless about trade and the diffusion of knowledge, and the disfranchisement of their military serfs. As a necessary consequence they are jealous of all advances to these ends, and seek to deter us from the right path, which will lead to their total subversion, by harassing all those who in any way would like to assimilate themselves to the English. The struggle of 1878 is a struggle, not for supremacy but for very existence. The chiefs are alarmed at the progress of the Fingoes, and feel that we are weaning their subjects from their ordinary allegiance by giving them land, and wealth, and civil rights and privileges, in visible return for industry and thrift. It is no longer a question of pensioning off these magnates, and buying off their hostility. They must be deposed, and their people made to earn their own bread in any way they choose. Not by slaughter and fire, but by patience and starvation, and destruction of their cattle and crops, we must try to force these muscular giants into grooves of usefulness, and habits of thrift. In the way of land loyally obtained—to him who hath some much will be added, while from him who hath not—from him will be taken even that which he hath. No doubt the struggle will be prolonged, but it can only end one way. Sooner or later the power of Krela and Sandilli, and other despots, will pass away, and be transferred to intelligent headmen, as deputies of the Queen in the maintenance of order and of justice. No longer will it then be possible to live a life of sloth and dangerous idleness—dreaming away the hours in schemes of revenge or plans of plunder and savage maraudings. The hill-sides then will be green with crops; the valleys full of corn; and throughout the length and breadth of the Colony we shall have a large native population looking up to the Crown for the protection of their property, and finding their best friends in the very colonists whom they are now taught hereditarily to despise and plunder whenever they get a chance. Such, if we are not mistaken, is the programme which we deduce from the past experiences of Sir Bartle Frere in native administration in India. It is a policy of conciliation and of common sense, and inevitably must commend itself to the support of every calm and thoughtful politician at the Cape.

## Autumn Sunshine.

(IN THE OLD COUNTRY).

The sunshine went a-straying  
 One gracious harvest morn,  
 While autumn winds were playing  
 Among the yellow corn.

The reapers' necks and faces  
 She dyed deep berry-brown,  
 And draped in mystic graces  
 The smoky toiling town.

She kissed in sober sadness  
 The flowers too soon to fade,  
 And pierced in merry madness  
 The orchard's bosky glade.

The leaves, before her shrinking,  
 Disclosed the apples green,  
 That blushed red-ripe for thinking  
 How idle they had been.

She dropped, in noon-day dreaming,  
 Her necklace in a pool,  
 And left the jewels gleaming  
 Amid its waters cool.

She climbed with motion queenly  
 The mountain's rugged breast,  
 And slept, brief space! serenely  
 Calm on its cloudy crest.

Thence on the sea descending,  
 She trod with footsteps bold,  
 For ever westward trending,  
 A track of heaving gold.

At last, with travel drooping,  
 She sought her crimson bed,  
 And forth the stars came trooping  
 To watch the world instead.

## African Folk-lore.

### THREE MADAGASCAR TALES.

THE following short specimens of the folk-lore of Madagascar have kindly been translated for us by Miss Cameron, who acquired a knowledge of the Malagasy language during her residence on that Island. The originals are contained in a work entitled "Specimens of Malagasy Folk-lore," edited by the Rev. L. Dahle, of the Norwegian Mission in Madagascar, and published at Antananarivo last year. As this important contribution towards our knowledge of the native literature of the Malagasy is, at present, unaccompanied by any translation which could bring its contents within the reach of ordinary students, it is with particular pleasure that we thus see ourselves enabled, with Mr. Dahle's kind permission, to publish even these few stories from his Collection, for those in South Africa and elsewhere to whom they will be an object of interest.

#### THE WILD CAT AND THE RAT.

The wild cat and the rat were playing together : the rat was house-keeper, and the cat was the hunter. The cat was away on the chase, and the rat had dug a hole in the earth, but the cat did not understand the idea of the rat. Then the pair of them had a consultation, and they agreed to go and steal an ox.

So they went to steal, it is said, and got a fine fatted ox ; but the rat was cheated by the cat,—the flesh was taken for himself, and the bones were given to the rat. And when they had both eaten, there was still much remaining uneaten ; so the rat asked for some of the flesh, but the cat gave him none, only the skin was given to the rat. Then the cat cut up the rest of the flesh, salted it, and sewed it up in a basket, hanging it to dry above the door-post, and went again to hunt.

And when the cat had departed on the hunt, say they, the rat made a hole through the basket, and ate up every bit of the meat (*kitoza*). And when the cat returned from hunting, he spoke and said, "I'll fetch some of the meat for my supper." But when he got it (the basket) down, there was not any to be seen. So he was extremely angry, and chased the rat, but the rat ran into the hole which he had dug, and so escaped. Then the cat cursed the rat, and said, "While my race lasts, these rats must be destroyed." And this is the reason why the rats are devoured by the cats. (*Angano na Arira*, No. 55, pp. 301 and 302.)

#### THE VAZIMBA.

It is believed that there was, in former times, a race called *Vazimba*, and this is the description of them : small of stature, with small heads : and men say that at the present time there are some of them dwelling on the West Coast.

These people rose up to make sport at the waterside, and they caught the animal called *Fananimpitoloba* (Seven-headed Hydra) ; then passed by the serpent called *Tompondrano*, and a *Vazimba* sent it on a message, saying,



“Go say to my parents, ‘Thus saith *Ravazimba* your son : I am gone down below the water, and I send to bid you good-bye ; send, therefore, the blood of some living creature, with its feet, its fur, and its fat, and if ye do this, ye shall be blessed.’” So the serpent went his way.

And this is why these serpents are called *Tompondrano* (Lord of the water) by some. It is thought that the *Vazimba* bestowed power upon them, and scarcely any are found daring enough to kill this reptile.

Some time afterwards the *Vazimba* sent the *Vintsy* (a small blue bird) to his parents, saying, “Greet my parents for me, and say to them, ‘Thus saith *Ravazimba*, Send me fowls and sheep.’”

And when the *Vintsy* had told his errand, he departed, and returned again to *Ravazimba*, who said to him, “Because you have been diligent and wise, I bestow honour upon you ; I will place upon your head a crown of glory, and I will array you in blue, day and night. When you have young, I will rear them, and those who seek to kill you I will slay in their youth.” This, it is believed, is the origin of the beauty of this bird ; and this is why we always find their nests at the water’s edge. Until this day, there are not many people bold enough to kill or to eat the *Vintsy*, and some firmly believe this tale, and pay great deference to the little bird called *Vintsy*.

Many of the inhabitants of Imerina have besought the *Vazimba*, saying, “If thou wilt prosper me, or if I am cured of this my sickness, or should my children or my wife have offspring,” &c., &c., “then I will revere thee, anoint thee with ointment, and slay sheep and fowls in offerings unto thee.” (*Angano na Arira*, No. 44, pp. 294 and 295.)

#### THE SONGOMBY.\*

The *Songomby*, it is said, is a large and fleet-footed animal, about the size of an ox. Some say that it devours human beings. In past times, though not so long ago, it was the opinion of people in the South that the horse was the *Songomby* of countries at the other side of the water. And this, say they, is the way in which people in those countries were accustomed to trap the animal : A crying child was placed bound, near the mouth of the *Songomby*’s den, and when the animal heard the crying of the child, it came out, and was trapped. And, in like manner, said they (the people of the South), if we set traps we shall catch *Songomby* to be our horses. Near our town, says the person who tells of this, is a cave, where folks say that there are some of these animals. If they see a man they are sure to attack him, and although the female does not fight savagely, yet she incites the male, and keeps up with him in the attack. One story tells of a man who was journeying by night, and met with one of the *Songomby*. Fierce was the combat, which lasted until near morning, between that man and the *Songomby* ; but, as the man was very powerful, he was not devoured by the animal. This, they say, is a sure testimony to prove the existence of the *Songomby*. Another tale is of a troublesome child who was turned out of doors by his parents, and would certainly have been eaten by the *Songomby*, had not some people hastened to the rescue. Still another story tells of a naughty child who was turned out of the house with these words from his parents : “See here, *Songomby*, this is yours !” Then came the *Songomby* in truth, and the child cried out,

\* This piece is from the Betsileo.

"Look ! look ! it is really here !" But the parents replied, "Let it eat you, then" (thinking that the child was speaking falsely). After a little while they opened the house door, but the child was no longer there. Then the parents and others from the town hastened with torches to search for the child ; and there they saw the traces of the child's blood along the road. They went on and on to the end of the road, which brought them to the *Songomby's* den. Many other stories are related by the people, bearing testimony to the existence of the *Songomby*. (*Samponi-azatra sasany mahagaga*, No. 1, pp. 99 and 100.)

L.

### Bad Building Habits.

It is impossible to wander through the streets of Cape Town without being convinced that, until lately, a national habit of imitation has influenced the style and character of its buildings. Formerly, during the slave time, the private residences of the inhabitants were substantial, roomy, and almost identical in architectural embellishment and design. The walls of old houses are thick and massive, and well adapted to keep out heat in summer and cold in winter—the rooms are spacious and lofty, but all on one plan of primitive character, altogether devoid of those convenient and comfortable arrangements which are considered essential in the construction of houses in the present day. They are certainly good substantial buildings, such as are seldom erected now-a-days, so far as substantiality is concerned. When landlords possessed slave labour, economy of labour and material was of little moment ; and it would appear that even the teakwood, so generally employed formerly in the framing of roofs, doors, and windows, must have been comparatively inexpensive. How different is it now when nothing but Memel or American timber is used, at little more than one-fourth of the cost of teak.

After the emancipation of the slaves, a great impetus was given to building in Cape Town and its neighbourhood. Multitudes of small cottages in rows, and in many cases, pretentious, isolated buildings were erected, of more modern design than of old, in which were provided many of the conveniences so much wanted, in the shape of pantries, fire-places, and double-hung sashes, not to be found in the old establishments of the purely Dutch time. In its way, this was a great improvement so far as arrangement was concerned, but it was by no means so as regarded stability and better building. Under the new system, economy became a necessity, the cost of free labour being far greater than that of slave labour, and, in consequence, houses were planned with smaller and less lofty rooms and with much thinner walls, and, therefore, not so well adapted to the climate, as well as in other respects far from satisfactory ; for notwithstanding our modern improved arrangements for domestic conveniences, our masons, and the materials employed by them in the construction of the walls, remained, and still continue the same, whilst the substantial thickness of the brick walls was much diminished ; and this is the most important point to which it is

desirable to draw the attention of builders. At the present time, as of old, the practice prevails of laying bricks in clay mortar. In thick walls, where stability was insured by the mass of materials, it answered very well and was easily worked, but with walls reduced in thickness to two, or one and a half brick, clay mortar is a delusion; it has no cohesive or binding quality; it simply affords a convenient bedding for the courses of bricks, without combining or cementing them into masses such as are produced, when good lime mortar is employed. Clay is not adhesive, is very friable when dry, and in no way can it conduce to the strength of a wall, and yet, from mere habit, it is almost universally used here, except for pointing and external plaster. Now, well made lime mortar, consisting of one part of lime to three parts of sharp, or well washed sand, adds considerably to the strength of masonry. In crystalizing or setting, it adheres to, and becomes incorporated with, the bricks so firmly, as to render their separation a matter of difficulty, in fact, almost impossible, especially when the bricks have been previously soaked in water—a process no mason likes, for, not only is the weight of the bricks increased, but his hands, however inured to hard work, are not proof against their abrading action when wet. Not only is the use of clay mortar pernicious and inexcusable when lime and sand can be procured, but its economy is very doubtful, even as regards the first cost and that without reference to its inferiority to lime mortar; for, in the first place, sand can be supplied at a cheaper rate than clay, or ought to be so, the labour in digging being less; and though lime costs, say, one shilling a bushel, the proportion in which it should be employed would add but little to the price, viz., three pence to the bushel of mortar. It should always be kept in mind that a mason will prefer to operate with plastic clay, because of its spreading most easily under the trowel, and for the same reason when working with lime mortar, he desires to have as much lime in it as possible, notwithstanding that an excess of lime in mortar renders it of less value than pure clay. The reason for this preference for soft plastic material is obvious. If two masons be set to lay an equal measurement of brickwork, the one in clay and the other in good strong lime mortar, the latter will require a longer time to perform his task than the former, but then the work performed by each will differ very much in value as regards stability; the difference being probably as six to one.

The unwise builder may save a few shillings by resorting to what must be called *slop work*, but its true value will be far less than if he had adopted the only correct method of building. Possibly the cause of this adhesion to a manipulation of building materials, which answered well enough in the construction of the old edifices, but which in the more modern style is indefensible and improper, may be fairly ascribed to an inherent habit (like that of the Chinese) of doing as our great, great grandfathers did: it suited their times, why not ours.

# In Memoriam

B. M. R.

His 'Yellowwoods' are sighing  
To the weary 'Ocean's roar,'  
And his 'Avond-bloem' is dying,  
For he cometh nevermore.

No laurel-wreath from the House of Fame  
Was woven for his brow ;  
The lords of Art have not heard his name—  
And his voice is silent now :  
Yet the Seraph of Song once touch'd his tongue  
With the altar's living coal,  
And his simple lays through the lone wilds rung,  
For his was the poet-soul.

No aureole bright from Learning's fane,  
Or from stately classic halls,  
Sheds a glow serene on the smile of pain,  
Where the mortal shadow falls :  
But he conn'd the pages of God's grand book  
Out in the sun and wind,  
On the mountain slope, by the woodland brook,  
For his was the student-mind.

No glory-crown from the battle-field  
Is laid on his early grave ;  
It was fell disease that bade him yield,  
'Mid the unknown good and brave :  
Yet none more true to his country's weal  
E'er acted a gallant part,  
For, with iron nerve and a grip of steel,  
His was the hero-heart.

Poet, Scholar, and Hero that might have been !  
To me thou art each and all ;  
Thy name is fragrant, thy memory green,  
In spite of oblivion's pall :  
Thy spirit shall win in a higher sphere  
The crown thou hast loved so well,  
And thy tomb bear a wreath, than all more dear,  
Sweet friendship's *immortelle*.

His 'Yellowwoods' are singing  
To the music of the shore,  
And his 'Avond-bloem' is springing,  
For he liveth evermore.

H. M. F.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## The Graves of Heitsi-eibib;

A CHAPTER ON THE PRE-HISTORIC HOTTENTOT RACE.

By DR. THEOPH. HAHN.

READERS of the Cape Monthly Magazine for March will recollect a very interesting article, entitled "Sparks from Kafir Anvils." The following remarks, at page 192, especially drew our attention, where the writer, speaking about "Qamata," the Supreme Being of the Kafirs, says:—

*"In the olden times, that was the only name, but now he is called u-Tixo by some. Since then I have ascertained that a superstitious act of a very peculiar kind is somehow or other connected in their minds with prayer to or worship of Qamata. In various parts of the Kafir country there are artificial heaps of stones, and a Kafir when travelling may often be seen adding one to the number. He repeats no words, but merely picks up a stone and throws it on the heap. Why does he do it? That good fortune may attend him, that he may not be carried away by the river spirit when crossing a stream, that he may find food, etc., etc. But old men have told me, when I enquired the object of this act, that it was for 'Qamata.'"*

At the very outset, I must state that this peculiar superstitious act is originally not a Kafir custom, but, like many ethnological and linguistic peculiarities, has been taken over from the Hottentots.

I shall endeavour in the sequel of this paper to corroborate my opinion by philological as well as ethnological proofs. But before entering on the subject, I deem it necessary to give a short sketch of the geographical and physical condition of the territory inhabited by the pre-historic Hottentot race.

In those remote days, when the configuration of our continent showed a totally different aspect to its present geographical boundaries, it is very likely that South Africa had never been connected with Central, and certainly not in the slightest degree with North, Africa. The present great Sahara and Kalihari, and, as far as we are allowed to judge, those parts lately thrown open by Cameron and Stanley, had been submerged by the sea. The numerous fossils and molluscs found both in the Sahara and Kalihari (some of the same



species as are still living in the neighbouring seas), are sufficient proof that these regions were formerly under water. The Niger or Quorra River, which empties itself at present in the Gulf of Guinea, poured its waters in those remote days into the Sahara Mediterranean. The Upper Zambesi, the Upper Touga and Cunene, all flowed into the Kalihari Sea, which we may suppose had its Strait of Gibraltar in about the latitude of Ondonga Ovamboland. A very small part of Damaraland and Great Namaqualand, lying between  $15^{\circ}$  and  $18^{\circ}$  long. E. of Greenwich, and connected in the South with the mountain tracts of our Western Colony, parts of the Free State, the Transvaal, Kaffraria, Natal, together with Sclater's "Lemuria," formed a continent unequalled in coast-line by any other continent of the present times. The western part of this continent was the territory of the "*Red men*," as the Hottentots style themselves. The climate and meteorological condition of the country were very different from what they are now. Heavy snowfalls were every winter's occurrence, and a meteorologist of those days—if such a science had existed—would certainly have noted more days of rainfall than we are accustomed to in our times. Our abominable "South-Easter" which generally follows summer rains, and destroys their cooling effect, was unknown. The inhabitants of the present arid West Coast of Great Namaqualand and the Colony enjoyed the refreshing breezes of the Kalihari Mediterranean, and in those far distant days no easterly wind used to raise the thermometer to  $110^{\circ}$  or  $115^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, depressing every mental and physical energy.

In accordance with the Climate, we may presume was the Flora and Fauna. Nature had bestowed on the inhabitants of this continent all those advantages and privileges favourable to the development of mankind. And that the ancestors of the "*Red men*" had begun to climb the first steps of the ladder of culture and civilization, we have no reason to doubt, even if we had no proofs to that effect. But there is such a proof, which allows us an insight into the state of culture the Aborigines had reached—namely, the language which is still spoken by the last Mohicans of the Hottentot race, especially by the nomadic tribes of Great Namaqualand and the present Griqualand West.

We are entirely at a loss to understand the arguments which have induced some philologists to trace a relationship between the Hottentots and old Egyptians, and we are equally perplexed to understand how the same authorities could doubt for a single moment the kinship of the Hottentot proper (Khoi-Khoi) and Bushmen (San). In fact every colonist from the border will look with amazement at the man who would try to convince him of the non-relationship between Bushman and Hottentot. We will, however, have the opportunity of entering upon the discussion of this point in some future paper. *For the present we have to state that, linguistically speaking, we never can and we never will consent, to acknowledge a connection between the Hottentot and the old Egyptian languages, unless such indis-*

putable proofs and arguments are produced as shall fully agree with the system of our present Comparative Philology. But we can understand that the admiration of the high and sublime qualities of the Khoi-Khoi dialects has had a great deal to do with the above mentioned theory, so that even such an ingenious philologist as Martin Haug considered the more developed elements and the superior ingredients of the Hottentot idioms as due to a pre-historic contact of the Hottentot race with a civilized nation. What nation, he leaves to be an open question.

But, alas ! before this culture could show its blossoms and come to a full development, the ground on which it was thriving became deprived of its productive agencies and propelling power.

Volcanus ardens urit officina—and the gneiss and granite began to raise the beds, both of the Sahara Sea and the Kalihari Mediterranean, and a great revolution took place in the meteorology of the whole of our continent, gradually altering the features of the Fauna and Flora, and even partly destroying it. The inland ocean disappeared, finding its way to the Atlantic, through the mountains which tower now above the lower course of the ! Garib or Orange River. The average level of the Kalihari, as far as I could ascertain, is not less than 2,500 feet above the sea ; and in North Great Namaqualand I have found granite boulders as high as 5,800 feet, and gneiss and metamorphic rock exceeding even 7,000 feet above the level of the Atlantic. Rains now commenced to fall less frequently, and consequently the country could no longer yield the sufficient quantity of herbs and grass necessary for the life alike of wild and domestic animals. Where formerly perennial streams used to run, they now became periodical, and on account of droughts—the chronic meteorological disease of South Africa,—tribes and families had to separate, to “*trek*” with their flocks, constantly in search of the best grazing ground and water.

The reader can well imagine that these changes fell like a mildew on a culture which stood in its infancy, especially in those days, when telegraphs, post-carts, and public roads were unknown. By the elevating influence of the Plutonic masses, Central Africa gradually began to form a bridge between North and South. From Asia the Semitic and Hamitic races had entered Africa, driving the aboriginal Nuba and Fulah nations to the west, and causing on their southward expeditions a great stir amongst the Bantu nations, whose wild warrior waves crushed their breakers on the northern limits of the Redman's territory. It is not unlikely that for some time the Hottentots had resisted and perhaps repelled the attacks of their northern foes ; but after some time they were outnumbered by the Bantus and overpowered, and had to retreat to the sterile South and West, leaving those fertile valleys of Zululand and Natal to their enemies, who did not hesitate to take there a permanent abode. From the Kalihari and desolate Karroo, hot winds, like the glowing fire of the oven, became frequent, which even now are so notorious for their depressing effect on the spirits. If

we, who boast of our physical and mental qualities, due to a high education and civilized origin, must succumb to such detrimental influences, can we expect natives to find means and energy enough to resist, and to exert their moral strength? Besides this, the Hottentots, naturally not accustomed to warfare, as they originally had no neighbours to fight with, came in contact with a race which brought with themselves practice and experience in warfare. The Bantus coming from Equatorial Africa and moving towards the south, came, compared with Central Africa to a cooler climate, which did not act on their constitution so deleteriously as the change from a cold to a warm climate worked on the physical system of the Red men.

The last and the worst enemy in this struggle for life, proved the white man, whose civilized vices played the trump card in this gloomy tragedy of annihilation. Hence the ruin of the Hottentot races, of whom so few remnants are left, to tell to the historian and ethnologist the tale of the destruction of their race. The Hottentots of our day, even where we find them still in national independence, like in Great Namaqualand, are mere caricatures of the pre-historic "Red men." Except the Indians of North America and the Tasmanians, no race of mankind claims so much our deepest felt sympathy and leaves to the future poet the task of writing a Byronic tragedy, saturated with scornful laughter, on the management of a just and merciful Providence.

This ancient race, especially the family of the Khoi-Khoi, or Hottentot proper, had a sidereal worship. Their religious ideas were more sublime than those of the Bantus, being less subject to that gloomy mental disease of superstition, in which the religious ideas of all the black races are steeped. When the Pleiades appeared above the eastern horizon, mothers used to lift their little ones on their arms, and showing them those friendly stars, prayed loudly: "O Tsū-||Goa, our father, give us rain, bless our cows and flocks, give us plenty milk, that we and our children may grow, and that we may bless thee again!" How striking the resemblance to the ancient prayer of the pious Athenians:

ἵσον, ἵσον, ὦ φίλε Ζεῦ κατὰ τῆς ἀρούρας τῶν, Ἀθηναίων καὶ τῶν πεδίων.

"Let rain, let rain, O dear Zeus, on the soil of the Athenians and on their fields," or to the more familiar: "Give us this day our daily bread—for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever!" The general name for Tsū-||goab was !Khūb, the rich one, the one who possesses plenty. The Pleiades go by the name of "||Khūseti" those who are heaped, those who are numerous. It is now evident that the Hottentots worshipped in "||Khūseti" (Pleiades) the symbol of Tsū-||goab, their Jupiter Pluvius. In fact at the present day still, the Topnaars of Sandwich Harbour, and of the |Khomab Mountains—between latitude 22°—24°, and between the Atlantic and longitude 17° E of Greenwich—worship a Being Tusib, the rain god. Tū means in Old Namaqua "to rain," tūs

"the rain," and tū-≠oab, the rain-wind, which proves that from the remotest ages only the northerly breezes were the welcome messengers of rain. In the same manner they pray to Heitsi-eibib for rain, which leads us to believe, that they mean by him the same person they call Tsu-||goab, just as we speak of our Saviour, Jesus, the Christ, Son of the Virgin, the Lord, etc., etc., giving different titles to the same person.

They say that Heitsi-eibib came from the East and was very rich. The same they believe of Tsū-||goab. If a Hottentot is asked, who will assist him in danger or who will give him good luck on his hunting expedition, etc., etc, the general answer is: " !Khūb gum ni mateo, or !Khūb gum ni huiteo." "The Lord will give me, or the Lord will help me." For !Khūb they often say Heitsi-eibib, or even more familiarly Tsu-||goab. There are still stronger proofs, which justify us identifying Tsū-||goab with Heitsi-eibib. Both are good beings, and take great care and interest in the welfare of men. They fight against the bad beings and men-destroyers, !Haū-!gai-!gaib, ≠Gama-≠gorib, ||Gau-nab, and the Lion. The lion is a mythological being: he is said to have been with wings and lived on a tree in olden times, but one day he destroyed too many people, and Heitsi-eibib burnt his tree and cut off his wings.

Tsū-||goab and Heitsi-eibib kill the bad beings and restore peace on earth; they promise men immortality; both are said to have been great and eminent chiefs, wonder-workers, who understood the secrets of nature and could tell men what would happen in future times. Both are believed to have repeatedly died and risen again. "Therefore," say the old Hottentots, "we see those graves and stone heaps, scattered all over the country, and we call them Heitsi-eibega," (plur. masc. obj.). These Heitsi-eibega I have found all over Great Namaqualand and Damaraland; and I hear from traders that they are met with even at the Okavango River and in the Lake N'Gami territory. All along the Western Kalihari I found them even at spots where no stones are to be found near at hand. They are now still to be seen at Van der Merwe's farm, Hexriver, close to Botha's place in the Goudini, and in the neighbourhood of the Tradouw Pass.

The learned Liechtenstein on a journey with Governor Janssens in about 1804, found these Heitsi-eibib graves in the country of the !Gonaquas. He saw still fresh leaves and flowers on those graves, and his hospitable guide, the Field-cornet Rademeyer, informed him that the Hottentots throw those branches and flowers on that grave in honour and in memory of an old doctor and wise man, who is said to have lived amongst the Redmen long before the Europeans arrived in South Africa. (See Liechtenstein, German ed. I, p. 349.) The same kind of sacrifice is still at the present moment in use amongst the great Namaquas. I have myself often found fresh leaves and branches on the Heitsi-eibib graves, and often I had occasion to observe in passing



such graves, how my Hottentot servants eagerly added stones to the number. When I questioned them as to the reason of their so doing, they answered: "Gâi-lo he ta ni ga," "That I may be lucky." They approach those heaps and throw branches and pieces of clothing and skins on it, praying to Heitsi-eibib for good luck, rain, &c., &c. In Hottentot the word for praying is: |gure or |gore, originally meaning "to approach, to come near," as in Latin "adire deos, to pray to the gods," or "adire regem, to pray to the king," instead of to approach the gods or to approach the king. In German the Latin expression is in use, we say "Jemanden angehen."

The custom of kneeling before or on the Heitsi-eibib graves was still prevalent when the first Europeans settled at the Cape, for Dapper in his *Description of Africa* (Amsterdam, p. 627 Germ. E.) says "that the women and children of the Hottentots kneel before erected stones."

Nicolaus Witsen, of Amsterdam, communicates to his learned friend Iobst Ludolf, in Germany, the following interesting letter of his correspondent in South Africa, dated Cape of Good Hope, 19th February, 1691: "Nobilissimus vir miscebat sermonem cum aliquot Hottentotis, qui pro sua erga ipsum familiaritate docebant nihil dissimulando," "*se adorare Deum certum æliquem*," "cuius caput manus seu pugni magnitudinem æquaret, quique in tergo suo foramen haberet; grandi eundem esse et deducto in latitudinem corpore; auxilium vero eius implorari tempore famis et annonae carioris aut alterius cuiuscunque necessitatis. Uxores suas solere caput Dei conspergere terra rubra, Buchu et aliis suave olentibus herbis, oblato quoque eidem sacrificio non uno. Exquo demum intelligi coeptum est, Hottentotos colere etiam aliquem Deum." The hon'ble gentleman had a conversation with some Hottentots, who were on the most friendly and confidential terms with him. They informed him that they worshipped a certain god, whose head was as large as a hand or fist, who had a hollow in his back, who was possessed of gigantic proportions. To him they prayed for assistance in times of famine, scarcity, or in any other general calamity. It was a custom that their wives spread on the head of this deity a red kind of earth, buchu or other sweet-smelling herbs, this being not one of their offerings only (but one of many). From this it can be seen that the Hottentots worship also a god. (Conf. Coment. de vita etc Iobi Ludolfi. Lipsiae et Francofurti, 1710, p. 228.)

Sparmann and Thunberg mention having seen these peculiar heaps on their journeys through the eastern part of the Colony. It is noteworthy that they are also found in such localities of the Hottentot territory as are desolate on account of the barrenness, and where doubtless never a Bantu man has put his foot, so that we are induced to believe that they have been raised in pre-historic times. The present Damara, or better "Herero-land," one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, was still occupied by the old Hotten-



tot tribes of the ≠Nuwis and the Gei- ≠nams, and it appears that the present occupants, being only a short time in the country and having had no friendly intercourse with the "Red men," cannot tell what the object of those Heitsi-eibib graves is. The Kafirs, however, on the East Coast, who must have made their inroads and encroachments on the Red man's territory at least two thousand years ago, had even a friendly intercourse with the Hottentots; they got intermarried to each other, as is evident by the present remnants of the !Gonas or !Gonaqua tribe.

Women on the whole are said to be more religiously inclined than men; they are the guardians of the language and of the religion of their tribe. The children imbibe with the mother's milk the first accents of the language of the tribe, and with the language the religious ideas. The Germans have the pregnant and beautiful expression "*Muttersprache*," mother's language. We speak of "*Vaterland*," but not of "*Vatersprache*," and we are well aware why.

The Kafirs are renowned polygamists, and we can well imagine that after having been victorious in a battle, they, according to their custom, may have killed the men but certainly spared the female prisoners, with the view of increasing the number of their wives, as it is considered a great honour and a sign of wealth amongst them to have a large family.

Now, it will be clear, how it was possible that the children, as they are entirely left during their infancy to the care of the mother, were the medium through which the Hottentot clicks got introduced into the Kafir idioms (Zulu, ||Khosha, etc.); and with these elements they introduced the mother's religious ideas and the name of the Supreme Being Tsu-||goab (old Cape dialects Tui-||goa, Ti-||goa, Tou-||ga, Thui-||koa), which is Kafirised u-Ti||go; some write this name u-Ti||o. We have seen in the above, that Hottentot mothers taught their little ones how to pray to Tsū-||goab, and are we now able for a single moment to doubt that they, although now married to Kafirs, would have neglected to teach their little ones how to perform the rites and ceremonies of the Tsu-||goab worship, in throwing stones on his graves, or laying branches and flowers on the stone-heaps erected in his memory?

In conclusion we may add that, among other expressions, the words for sheep and "horse" i-gu-si and i-hāsi in Kafir, have been borrowed from the Hottentot gu-b, msc.; gu-s, fem.; gū-i, com. sheep; and ha-b msc.; ha-s fem.; ha-ī com. horse. This latter word probably has been transferred from the English to the Hottentot, as there is no difference in pronunciation of the English horse and Hottentot has. The Hottentots had originally no horses. The Bantu tribes brought their own cattle from the north, a quite peculiar and different stamp to the genus bovinum of the Hottentots; but they had no sheep, and adopted sheep-breeding from the Hottentots. The present Damara sheep is an autochthon of South Africa, and not of Central Africa.

Another remark we should like to add, concerning the construction and object of the abovementioned artificial stone-heaps. The custom of erecting stone-heaps in honour of deities, or in memory of the deceased, especially of eminent men, is a world-wide one. Burton, on his journey to the Tanganyika, found such heaps, on which the natives used to throw stones, for the purpose of having good luck. The Kalmoucks still now-a-days construct such artificial stone-heaps in honour of their gods, and every one who passes by has to add a stone to such a heap. Travellers tell us that these heaps are to be found connected with a certain kind of worship all over China, in Central and West Asia, especially in the neighbourhood of the City of Mosha in Korassan. On the road from this city to Mishapoor is a large stone-heap, on which the inhabitants of that country in passing by, "*will throw a stone in honour of the spirit of the place.*" (Le Tour du Monde) Wilhelm von Humboldt, in his essay "*Researches into the early history of the Aborigines of Spain,*" says, p. 176, "*that he found large artificial stone-heaps in the province of Galicia, on which every one who passes by has to throw a stone as a kind of pious sacrifice.*" In the province Pommerania (Northern Prussia) it still happens, that people throw on certain stone-heaps (Runenhügel) leaves and branches, as they say that a murdered man lies buried under that heap.

Eckermann, in his Hand-book of the History of Religion, treating of the form of worship of the old Druids, speaks "*of stone-heaps raised in honour of the Celtic gods.*" In ancient Greece, graves were covered with stone-heaps, with leaves of the laurel, and with flowers, in honour of the deceased, and for the purpose of attracting the attention of the people passing by. The graves were generally situated on hills and along the sea shore, "*that the vessels of foreign nations might see the hero's grave, and carry his fame to foreign countries.*" On the tombstones in ancient Greece one could often read such inscriptions as the following:—ΤΟΥΣ ΑΓΑΘΟΥΣ ΚΑΙ ΘΑΝΟΝΤΑΣ ΕΥΕΠΕΤΕΙΝ ΔΕΙ: You must be kind to the good and deceased.

The leading idea of such an act was the belief that the deceased still could influence the fate of those he left behind, and that after death eminent men and heroes became deities, and were transported into heaven, and among the stars. Such a prominent man, and a hero of the Hottentots, was Heitsi-eibib Tsü-||goab. After his death they felt his loss so much, that they longed for his return.\* They erected those artificial stone-heaps, which we find all over South Africa, in his honour. And what could be more natural than that they should go to these graves to pray for assistance in difficulties.

\* NOTE.—The German Emperor Barbarossa is firmly believed by the German country people to sleep in the mountain Kyffhauser, and is confidently expected one day to leave his mountain castle, and restore the glorious days and golden times of old Germany. We think the present Emperor William has fully realized those expectations.—THE AUTHOR.

After some centuries, Tsu-goab became so etherealized in the fiction of the Hottentots, that they transferred him to the place of the moon amongst the stars. Hence it is that the moon promises men immortality, as Heitsi-eibib and Tsu-goab did. That the Hottentots really believe in a connection of the deceased with the stars, as the Bushmen do, is quite evident by the following formula of imprecation, which one frequently hears amongst the Namaquas :—" *Thou happy one, may misfortune fall on thee from the star of my grandfather.*"

Stellenbosch, April, 1878.

## Deep Waters.

BOOK OF JONAH, i: 5.

WHEN sufferers sink in seas of dread,  
And weeds are wrapped about their head;  
Faint, blind, o'erwhelmed, amazed, dismayed,  
How, Father, shall they find Thine aid?

The waves and storm of waters roll,  
To deeper darkness falls the soul;  
Not e'en Oblivion's jaws provide  
A tomb of refuge from the tide.

O Thou, from Whose dejected head  
Thick dews of anguish dropped blood-red,  
Wild hearts re-echo, one by one,  
The dread assent, "Thy will be done!"

Yea, yea; the general hope sufficed,  
For anodyne, the fainting Christ;  
All too sublime for flesh and blood,  
That prayer may still restrain the flood.

Great God! shall not Thy soothing grace  
With whelming seas of pain keep pace?  
Till, in the chambers of the deep,  
A troubled spirit rests in sleep.

T. W. SWIFT.

## Adèle;

## A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

## CHAPTER X.

Christians came, and shrank the savage from his father's old abode,  
For he knew no more the tenure on which earth is held from God.

WHEN the Burghers departed from Drakenstein—the fruitful quiet valley, where years before they had settled contentedly, and where they had hoped to end their days in usefulness and comfort—they took with them all they possessed, determined never to return, but for the future to seek a home in the wilderness. As the heavily-laden wagons moved slowly along in the silent midnight hour round the foot of the Drakenstein mountains, the Burghers cast lingering glances at the fast disappearing settlement, and with many regrets bid adieu to the old home endeared to them by pleasant social reminiscences. The tears of the women fell fast, and the men sat with bowed heads as the last of the picturesque homesteads disappeared among the rich orange groves, and they thought of the cherished ones left behind, whose beloved faces they feared they had looked upon for the last time.

Their change of circumstances, however, and the fact that they had left behind, perhaps for ever, a spot embittered by recollections of many a galling deed of oppression, did not permit them to nurse their regrets long; once fairly in the wilderness they were conscious of a sense of relief such as they had not experienced for years. The calm balmy summer night added its soothing influence to their spirits, and as they travelled onward they chatted long and pleasantly about their future prospects until the grey dawn on their right announced the approach of bright Phœbus to witness their first day of glorious liberty, and to show them how vastly wild was their desert home of the future.

Oom Hans, the spiritual father of the party, at this juncture rose, and with a good deal of ceremony and importance gave out, in a loud and pompous voice, a Psalm of Thanksgiving, which he began in nasal tones varied by sundry arpeggios. The assembled Burghers took up the strain in unison, and soon the country around resounded with their deep solemn notes, which rose in thanksgiving to the starry vaults above, and mingled in strange contrast with the low tramp and heavy creak of the oxen and wagon, and the distant roar of the monarch of the forest, startled out of his lair by sounds so unusual in his desolate wilds. When at last the sun rose and with his scorching eye surveyed the little party of pilgrims, his rays fell on bronzed faces, hopeful, expectant, and even exultant. The Burghers having unyoked

their oxen, busily prepared for breakfast,—fires blazed, kettles boiled, and for a time all was bustle and commotion, then family groups gathering round the fires eagerly dispatched their morning meal. Some complacently watched their oxen luxuriating in the rich pasturage around, while others who had finished their breakfast stepped lustily forth into the veldt in search of game and to view the country, their bold step and manly bearing suggestive of the heroic spirit within. Slowly and cautiously they continued their journey in the afternoon, carefully reconnoitring the country by day, and placing, as sentries, trustworthy slaves to guard their stock and property by night ; for though they congratulated themselves upon their change of condition, and regretted that they had not taken the adventurous step sooner, they were aware that dangers lurked in every kloof and gully, and threatened them at every nook and corner : the forests were infested with wild beasts, while their every onward step was resented by the surrounding savages, whose hostility was aroused by the injuries they felt themselves to have sustained by the encroachments of the white man, who took from them their best pasturage, water and stock, the home of their ancestors, until homeless wanderers, bereft of all, they had either to lie down and die of want or, what was worse to a freeborn child of the desert—thoughtless and careless as the wild bucks around them—to bend their necks to the galling yoke of slavery, and serve where they had reigned. The little band of pioneers felt that their safety depended on constant watchfulness ; nothing baffled, however, they pushed on night and day, overcoming all obstacles, determined to establish themselves somewhere in the wilderness and to fight for the land if necessary.

Among the trek Burghers were our old friends, De Villiers and Meerhoff, with their respective families. Also a personage who held a prominent position and was commonly known as Oom Hans. He had been an elder in the Church at Drakenstein, and now by common consent occupied the place of religious father among them. He wore a short tight jacket, and a white nightcap surmounted by a tassel, and with a long face and pompous strut thought himself as dignified and important as the great prophet of the Israelites, and believed that like him he was destined by Providence to lead his people into the wilderness from the oppression of wicked rulers who held them in bondage. Like the great prophet, too, he had often to reprove them for their hardness of heart and to threaten them with dire vengeance from above. On Sundays he preached to them, and offered his advice upon all occasions, whether solicited or not. But Oom Hans was mortal, and the sight of the fat kine about him was a stumbling-block and a snare to him, for he longed to possess some of them, yet dared not put forth his hand to satisfy his cupidity, for in his office of prophet it was his duty to disclaim against the covetousness of his flock. And, therefore, although his sermons chiefly touched upon this vice, and his harangues against avarice were frequent and long, he invariably concluded by impressing upon his hearers the



necessity of feeding him who served at the altar. This latter injunction, however, fell upon ears that heeded not, for though the Burghers scrupled not to take from the natives, yet they held their spoil with a firm grasp. These things preyed heavily on Oom Hans' mind, and there were times when he wished, in spite of the dignity, that he had not been the Moses of the party.

They had been journeying on for three weeks or more, had encountered many vicissitudes, and had overcome dangers not a few, when one evening after they had outspanned and drawn their wagons in a circle to protect their stock from the natives, they gathered round a blazing fire some little distance from the wagons to enjoy the savoury side of a recently slaughtered sheep, which was broiling on the coals, out of which each Burgher cut a dainty morsel with his clasp-knife as they energetically discussed the subject nearest their hearts—the persevering native thieves who harassed them night and day, and felt no compunction in spoiling the spoiler, or in deluding them by craft and subtlety into barren waterless tracts.

“It will never do to allow these vagabonds to escape,” said Meerhoff.

“Most certainly not,” replied Marais; “when once they find that they can with impunity come down upon us and carry off our cattle, we are done for.”

“I agree with you,” said De Villiers; “and yet I would counsel a little more humanity. Considering that we take from them pretty well all we want, we ought not to be surprised at their returning the compliment.”

“Brethren!” said Oom Hans, sniffing the tempting broiled mutton and hastening to join the Burghers. “Beloved brethren,” and he dug his knife into the meat, “De Villiers speaks discreetly; let us heed the voice of wisdom. We are indeed appointed and fore-ordained to root out these Canaanites from the land, and fear not that the Lord will give you the heathen for your possession, but let us do it with judgment. I would say, therefore, smite the heathen, yea, smite them on the cheek-bone, but righteously and in open battle; then shall ye have honour of the Lord; and in dividing the spoil, forget not him ‘who serveth at the altar.’”

“Now you speak like a fool, Oom Hans,” said Meerhoff, rubbing his greasy hands on his hair for want of a napkin. “Can a handful of Burghers fight myriads of savages?”

“Aye, that were madness indeed,” replied Marais. “Of course they would overpower us; and such cruel savages, when intoxicated with victory, would massacre us in cold blood.”

“Well spoken, brother,” said Pinard, “let us remember that our safety depends upon their remaining ignorant of their own strength.”

“Then what do you propose?” inquired Oom Hans, dispatching his last toothsome morsel.

“We must be severe and vigilant,” replied Meerhoff. “They must be made to fear us and to understand that we do not allow a

single theft or outrage to pass without prompt and condign chastisement."

"I don't for a moment dispute the necessity for stern and effective measures," replied De Villiers, "yet let us act fairly and discreetly, for I think, at any rate in this instance, the fault lies with ourselves."

"Rubbish!" answered Meerhoff colouring with anger. "Mild measures! A Hottentot looks upon mildness as a proof of weakness. The sjambok on his back is the kind of thing for him."

"Have you considered the consequences of enraging the savages and bringing them down upon us?" said De Villiers. "Remember, we have no help to fall back upon, and dare not return."

"Ah! there is our weak point," replied Marais; "we have voluntarily severed ourselves from our Church, our Government, and all our friends, and where are we now? Aye, where are we now, notwithstanding our boasted liberty and freedom? How are we to be fed? how dispose of our produce? And then our children—are they to grow up unbaptised heathens under our very eyes?"

"Very true, beloved brethren," replied Oom Hans, who still lingered near the spot where a fresh side of mutton had been put to broil. "Very true, but as long as I am with you, and you sustain him who serveth at the altar, your souls need not perish."

"Our souls be hanged!" answered Meerhoff angrily; "they are not in question now."

Oom Hans drew himself up and said in a slow and pompous voice, as he cast a most awe-inspiring glance at the offender,

"Brethren, cleave not to the fleshpots of Egypt, but feed rather upon the heavenly manna which alone can satisfy the immortal."

"That may be substantial enough for an old fool like you, although I very much doubt it," said Meerhoff, looking at the well polished bones in front of Oom Hans, the *dèbris* of his repast; "but the fleshpots for me."

Oom Hans' face lengthened, and a vision of Moses and his many trials rose before him as he left his seat and, fixing a withering glance upon Meerhoff, impressively exclaimed,

"Oh, stiffnecked and perverse generation, the Lord will surely visit your sins upon you and make you a reproach among the heathen!"

Upon delivering the last awful words he looked around, but seeing suppressed humour plainly reflected on his hearers' faces instead of looks of contrition, he slowly retired crestfallen to his wagon, harbouring more hatred towards Meerhoff than a holy prophet was justified in feeling. Poor Oom Hans! he was keenly sensible of the humiliation, too, for his important position and the dignity of his office afforded him great satisfaction; and he wished that he could for a moment be endowed with the prophet's miraculous power, that he might with a single wave of his potent wand strike terror into Meerhoff's stony heart, and bid the earth engulf him as it did Korah

Dathan, and Abiram. As it was, he had to content himself with a quiet slumber in his wagon, and afterwards to seek consolation for his wounded spirit in demolishing a Benjamin's portion of a side of sheep while enlarging to some of his flock upon the enormity and profanity of Meerhoff's offence.

The latter and those around him, left to themselves, roared with laughter at their shepherd's discomfiture; and after a few passing remarks upon his amazing powers of digestion, and his questionable sincerity, they resumed their former conversation, and agreed unanimously to seize the first opportunity of re-connecting themselves with the Dutch Government.

"For," said De Villiers, "we shall be the gainers. We shall reap all the benefit of the position and suffer no inconvenience, as they can't follow us here!"

"Well, then, that's settled," exclaimed Meerhoff impatiently; "and now what about those black devils that stole our cattle. They will unyoke our oxen under our very noses next. Let us arrange something definitely about them."

A little further discussion followed, in which opinions differed; and finally it was agreed that they should start the next day in search of the thieves and the kidnapped cattle.

At three o'clock next morning the little band, well equipped, departed, in the direction of the Hottentot kraal of whose whereabouts they had had intimation the day before. The first part of their journey lay over rugged ground and through deep gullies, in the latter of which great caution was needed, particularly when they entered the dense foliage of the feather mimosas that skirted the banks of the periodical streams winding along the foot of the mountain chains. Many an anxious glance, therefore, did the Burghers cast in every direction, ever on the alert lest the treacherous enemy should spring upon them suddenly like wild beasts of the forest, and, perhaps, with the same deadly gripe; but at last with a sense of relief they gained the open ground above, and saw a wide flat country stretching out before them as far as the eye could reach, but no native location as yet in sight.

"The villains have had warning," said Meerhoff, "and have taken themselves off to the mountain fastnesses: the cunning rascals, I expected as much!"

"Ah! What is that?" said De Villiers, peering into the darkness. "Smoke, surely, and at no great distance off; it must come from the kraal."

Eagerly they bent their steps that way, quickening their pace as they went, and arrived just in time to see the last of the huts fall into ashes, and find the kraal deserted. The Hottentots, ever on the alert, had had warning in time to escape with all they possessed. One little Bushman was left behind to watch the Burghers and report upon their movements, and most effectually he fulfilled his trust, his sharp restless black eye fixed upon the invaders. They, well

acquainted with the tricks of the Hottentots, rode about searching every nook and corner in the hope of finding some spy whom they might intimidate into betraying the whereabouts of his companion, but in the grey dawn the Bushman so closely resembled the rock and sand where he lay concealed, that he remained undiscovered.

The Burghers, baffled and disappointed, continued their journey, not in the best of humours. Miles and miles they rode over barren wastes, with naught to shelter them from the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun, save solitary thorn trees, far apart, with branches and foliage spreading out horizontally, affording a grateful shade to travel-worn desert roamers. Towards one of these trees the Burghers were now hastening, unable to endure the noon-day heat any longer, and thoroughly exasperated with the unsuccessful issue of their day's excursion; when suddenly, like startled springbucks, two Bushmen bounded across the veldt. The Burghers set off in hot pursuit.

"Stand! stand!" they cried; but the frightened creatures heeded not, not understanding Dutch. Bang went a gun, and down one poor Bushman dropped.

"Stop!" called out De Villiers. "Stop! I call this downright murder!"

Another moment and he was by the side of the one poor fellow who stood trembling from head to foot.

"Let us take him alive," said De Villiers, "he may serve as a guide to lead us to the haunts of the robbers!" Laying his hand gently on the Bushman's head, he said, in broken Hottentot, accompanied by much gesticulation, "I am going to spare your life, but on this condition, that you take us to the kraals of the Hottentots who stole our cattle."

"Yes, yes," replied the captive, and went patiently on, keeping up with the horses through bush and brake, never for a moment intending to betray his comrades, but hoping that, in his onward course, he might find a chance of escaping.

"The devil take the fellow!" said Meerhoff, enraged. "I don't believe he is guiding us anywhere. "Villain!" he cried, as he came up to the Bushman. "Tell us, instantly, where the thieves are, or I slay you on the spot."

The savage scanned the veldt in every direction, but seeing that escape was hopeless, he fell on his face, feigning death. The next moment Meerhoff's sword passed through the body of the prostrate man, transfixing it to the earth. Then, reckless as usual, the Burgher followed his party as if no stain of innocent blood defiled his hands.

Shortly after they halted under the nearest thorn tree, and refreshed themselves with a frugal meal and a sound sleep; and late in the afternoon they continued their journey, directing their course towards some mountains opposite, and before sunset had the satisfaction of seeing smoke arise from what appeared to be a gully.

"Ah! There are the thieves!" said Meerhoff, not at all caring



to know whether the men in the gully were those who had robbed the Burghers or not. According to him, all Hottentots were alike, rascals and thieves, and deserved punishment.

To the gully, therefore, they eagerly sped, and soon arrived at the foot of the mountain; they hesitated not a moment, but began rapidly to ascend, and had nearly reached the rise, commanding a view of the kraal below, when a number of woolly heads appeared above the ridge. The next moment a volley of arrows and assegais rained down upon the astonished Burghers, several of whom were severely wounded, and one poor young fellow fell to rise no more.

The Burghers, though staggered for a moment by the unexpected attack, quickly rallied, and, before the savages had time to escape, fired with such success that the enemy did not reappear. Then, without delay, gaining the top, they descended rapidly into the gully, and there found the utmost confusion: some of the men had fled, others were running about in all directions, driving their cattle into a bush at the foot of the gully, while the terrified women followed their husbands everywhere, wringing their hands in despair, their poor frightened babes clinging to them the while. No mercy was shown now. Meerhoff led the van. The men who remained behind were shot; the women and children pinioned, and, together with the cattle, which were scared out of the bush by a few blank charges, were driven before the victors, who reached their wagons at noon the next day, laden with spoil.

As they descended towards their encampment they saw a small cloud of dust on the horizon; they halted for a moment, and, shading their eyes, peered into the distance to ascertain the cause; but disappointed, and rather uneasy, they had to continue their journey, and shortly after reached the wagons amid the cheers and congratulations of their comrades. Greetings over, they sat down to a plenteous meal, well satisfied with their late excursion.

What shall we say then of the unfortunates left dead in the gully? of the bleeding desolate hearts of those who, escaping death, were yet bereft of their homes, or torn from wife and child and all they held dear, and possibly without provocation on their part to call forth such signal vengeance? Did the Burghers' consciences not reproach them for these wanton acts of cruelty? Apparently not; for flushed with success and eager for their share of the booty they began to divide the spoil.

Oom Hans peeped timidly from behind the *voorklap* of his wagon, prepared to come down and claim his due, but the excited faces, angry questions, and fierce disputes which he beheld, so effectually frightened him that he waived his rights, and for the time being withdrew into his wagon, where, with a mournful shake of the head, he declared to himself that his people were a stiffnecked generation, but that his duty was clear; so descending from the wagon he approached the Burghers, his whole bearing weighted with unusual importance.



“Brethren,” said he waving his hand with a gesture of reproof, “what meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear. Have you disobeyed the voice of the Lord?”

“Get away for an old fool that you are!” said Meerhoff fiercely; or I will send you back bleating and lowing faster than you came.”

“Check yourself, brother Meerhoff,” said Pinard, “and speak more respectfully to a grey-head, and an elder of our Church.”

“Nay, stay!” said Oom Hans, turning towards Meerhoff, “and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said.”

But while the shepherd knit his brows and lifted his hand on high, his address was abruptly interrupted by the arrival of wagons, and to the surprise of all, before the oxen stopped, the Fiscal Stallenberg jumped down and cordially saluted the Burghers.

“Good day, fellow-Burghers!” said he advancing towards them.

“Good day, and welcome!” answered they.

“Pray,” inquired Meerhoff, “to what do we owe this condescension on the part of the Fiscal, that he has followed us all the way into the wilderness?”

“The Fiscal is no more!” said Stallenberg, laughing; “I stand before you now as your Field-cornet, duly commissioned and empowered by the Governor Van der Stell.”

“And right welcome you are in whatever guise you come,” said Marais; but Meerhoff, stepping forward, put his hands into his pockets, and with an insolent swagger, said, “I am inclined to think though that Fiscal or Field-cornet or whatever other office you may hold in this desert, my honourable official, you will find your wings clipped.”

Stallenberg was staggered for a moment. Certainly he had expected something of this sort to happen, but he had hoped that it might not have come from that quarter; still he was determined to be conciliatory, and trusted that time and his awe-inspiring presence might effectually vanquish them. Making light of what Meerhoff had said, he replied calmly,

“I have not come this time to try the strength of my wings, Burgher, but to offer you the goodwill and protection of the Governor, and to declare the country as far as you go under his jurisdiction.”

“Well and good!” said Meerhoff, “we are willing to have the protection and goodwill of the Governor as a backdoor in case necessity forces us that way; but don’t you bring any of your proclamations or placats here, for we are like to choke you with the paper that contains your impudence!”

This roused the Field-cornet.

“Your insolence passes the bounds of decency, Burgher,” said he haughtily; then waving his hand towards the rest of the party,

he appealed to them. "I do not for a moment think," said he, "that these free Burghers, ever loyal subjects of the Company, will uphold you in these rebellious expressions."

The Burghers laughed.

"Meerhoff always allows his temper to carry him too far!" said Du Prèz. "We certainly don't go to that extent, but we decidedly advise you to limit the number of your proclamations and placats. We fled to the desert to escape them; and most certainly we won't have them imposed upon us here, however unwilling we might be to sunder ourselves from our Church, our friends, and the Government."

"Before I assume my duties here," said the Field-cornet sternly; "I shall be obliged to the Burghers if they will assemble together and listen while I read my commission and all I have been empowered to proclaim."

They listened patiently until he came to a lengthy proclamation, in which the Government cautioned them to keep peace with the natives around them, and to treat them humanely, and threatened to bring summary punishment on the heads of those who disregarded this latter injunction.

"Let us hear no more of that humbug!" said Meerhoff, interrupting him, "as you value your peace and position. *We* understand how to deal with the savages, and shall continue to manage them in our own way. As for your threats, they are but mere vain boasting; let us see your power first, it is more likely that we shall go down and punish *you*."

Stallenberg having discharged his duty, and hearing no voice of dissent from what Meerhoff had said, folded up the proclamation and retired to his wagon. That night he wrote to the Governor, giving him a lengthy account of all the insolence he had had to bear, and asking him to judge for himself how difficult was his position, and how little he could hope to accomplish for the Company without power to carry his threats into execution; and then he ended by assuring the Governor that under no circumstances, however trying, would he desert his perilous post, but for the good of the settlement would ever persevere and endure to the end.

As time went on he quietly accepted his novel position for ulterior objects; and there came to be a tacit understanding between himself and the Burghers, that he would be permitted to live among them unmolested as long as he assumed no undue authority. Having made this concession, he did not refuse such bribes of fat cattle and sheep as were offered to him for preserving a discreet silence as to some matters when his voluminous despatches went to head-quarters, not that the Burghers feared any evil consequences from the Field-cornet's reports, however faithful they might be, as long as they were in the desert, but the day might come when for many reasons they might desire to visit Cape Town.

## CHAPTER XI.

'Tis no default in us ; I dare acquite  
 Thy maiden faith, thy purpose pure and white  
 As thy pure self. Cross planets did envy  
 Us to each other, and heaven did untie  
 Faster than vows could bind.

Like turtle doves  
 Dislodged from their haunts, we must in tears  
 Unwind a love knit up in many years ;  
 In this last kiss I have surrendered thee  
 Back to thyself ; so thou again art free.

HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester.

Early on the Sunday morning, the Burghers awoke, astonished and perplexed to see the heavens above thickly studded with innumerable bright atoms fluttering about in every direction. The swarm of locusts—for such it was—floated past all day in dense clouds, obscuring the sun and looking like suspended diamonds in the pure azure above. Where they settled down at night, thickly covering every shrub, they left not a green blade behind when again they took flight in the morning. The Burghers looked grave and concerned, for the visitation boded the destruction of their fine herds and numerous flocks by starvation. With heavy hearts they took their breakfast, and afterwards congregated beneath a belt of thorn trees, where they awaited Oom Hans and his sermon ; meanwhile they discussed matters that claimed their earnest attention.

“I hear,” said Marais, “that the savages, terribly outraged by our last attack upon them, are assembling in large numbers and preparing to descend upon us unawares. I propose that we move off at once without a day’s delay.”

“Stay one moment,” said Stallenberg. “Did you not tell me that you had appointed Chotona to meet you here to-morrow, and that you intended to form an alliance with him against the disaffected savages ?”

“We did,” replied Meerhoff ; “but it would be folly to delay our departure on that account, for how can we depend upon these villains ? they are all equally treacherous. I should not wonder that, under pretence of serving us, he led us into the very jaws of the lion and remorselessly butchered us for the sake of our goods and chattels.”

“If all I hear be true,” answered the Field-cornet, “Chotona is a thoroughly trustworthy Hottentot, and most powerful ; half the chiefs of the interior are subject to him. Give him a chance, for I do not see what else is to be done under the circumstances.”

“Well spoken, Field-cornet !” replied Pinard ; “to dwell safely in the wilderness we must ally ourselves with the most powerful chieftain in our neighbourhood.”

“And you must *keep faith with him !*” replied Stallenberg earnestly.

“There is certainly this advantage in your scheme,” said Meerhoff sneeringly, “they are so avaricious that they would readily join us in fighting against their neighbours, for the sake of the plunder.”

"Be that as it may," said Stallenberg; "you all acknowledge the necessity of having strong allies in the wilderness; none stronger or more likely to prove faithful than Chotona; therefore I counsel you to form an alliance with him as soon as possible, and I caution you again against breaking faith with him. "Let not your avarice, I beseech you," concluded Stallenberg, impressively, "get the better of your prudence."

The Burghers felt and acknowledged the truth of Stallenberg's sage advice, and agreed to be guided by him in this instance; at the same time, as they saw Meerhoff walk away sulkily, they feared that he who had never kept faith with any one, might in this instance be the ruin of them all.

The Burghers ceased talking, and became solemn to a man, seating themselves in an orderly way under the trees; for slowly and solemnly advancing towards them, his Bible under his arm, his night-cap well-drawn over his eyes, was Oom Hans.

Stallenberg, as he seated himself glanced around, missed Adèle, and hurried away to look for her.

She had lately fallen into the habit of wandering off to some lonely secluded spot where, unseen, she loved to sit and meditate.

The peaceful Sabbath morning tempted her out earlier than usual. Slipping her Bible into her pocket, she stole down to the river side unobserved, passing with difficulty through the thorn trees and thick underwood that skirted the edge, and seated herself on the bank overlooking the stream. With one little hand she supported her head, with the other she laid the Bible open in her lap, but the effort to read was vain, her large melancholy eyes remained dreamily fixed on the stream before her, her poor heart racked with a thousand harassing reflections, while the pose of her drooping pensive figure was touching in the extreme. She was living the past over again, especially those scenes in her life which had impressed her most. With loving tenderness she dwelt on the first great love of her youth, that had flashed upon her like a brilliant meteor, filling her passionate heart with wonder and amazement at its fervour and intensity, but vanishing while yet she contemplated its glory, and leaving all around darker and gloomier than before. On her thoughts swept, swifter than lightning, through scenes of joy and gladness, until her wan face grew paler and sadder, and her whole being was convulsed with emotion as she beheld him once more in his hour of trial, pale and sorrowful, her all on earth, bowing his manly head under the cruel blow that sundered and crushed them for ever. She clasped her hands fervently, and sobbed aloud as she thought of him in captivity without one tender heart near in his darkest moments to whisper a word of consolation or hope.

Poor child! The future she saw stretching out before her was a blank and cheerless one, in which she herself ever stood a mourner at the altar where lay the shattered remains of her best affections and most cherished hopes. Her painful reflections seemed completely to

overpower her in this, one of the darkest moments of her life, and for a moment she believed she was praying, but she was too greatly agitated for prayer ; it was more the despairing cry of a broken heart that at last burst from her as she exclaimed passionately—little aware who was listening to her not far off—with a burning longing heart,

Oh ! Love ! Great mystery. Best gift from above,  
The soul's true life. The heart's best joy. Oh love !  
'Thy power overwhelmed our souls and sealed  
Our destinies. Our hearts to thee we yield,  
Yet nought but anguish and despair is left,  
A broken heart of all its wealth bereft.

She bowed her head, folded her face in her hands, and for some moments remained perfectly motionless. When at last she lifted it again, aroused by a noise in the underwood, the tears yet wet upon her lashes seemed to have relieved her,—she felt calmer and better, but thoroughly exhausted. Reclining beneath the shade of the mimosas, she watched the insects buzzing about, the soft morning air fanning her cheek, until gradually drowsiness stole over her, and she fell into a light slumber, looking sweet and innocent as a child. The first freshness of her beauty had indeed fled, her eyes, once so bright, were hollow and lustreless ; her once brilliantly coloured face looked wan and pale ; her supple, graceful figure drooped, while her elastic step lagged, and a weariness marked her every action. For some moments she slumbered on peacefully, looking like a withering lily in her unconscious loveliness, little aware of loving footsteps that softly approached, of longing eyes that looked passionately into her face, and yearned over her until the impression of a fervent kiss on her brow roused her, when opening her eyes languidly she looked full into the handsome well-loved face of Francois. Instantly it vanished, leaving poor Adèle, after she had risen and looked searchingly around, perplexed and uncertain.

“It was too real, too real, to be a dream !” she exclaimed, greatly agitated ; “and yet if Francois were here surely he would come to me.”

The stillness around remained undisturbed, and a sickness of heart seized her as she thought for the first time that it might have been an apparition ; the thought that probably something serious had happened to Francois weighed her down as an unexpected gust of wind does a tender tree, and she caught at the nearest branch for support, leaning her head on the outstretched arm ; suddenly she rallied, dropped on her knees, and bent eagerly over something in the sand that excited her greatly. Poor Adèle ! her colour went and came as with a beating heart she read on.

This proved an eventful morning to her, and one extremely trying : from utter hopelessness, harassing anxiety and uncertainty, she was to be transported into regions of joy such as she had not dreamed were in store for her. Here were words, loving words, in the damp sand, traced by Francois' own hand. It was *his* dear face, then, she



had seen but a few minutes ago ! Yes, there could be no mistake, thought she, blushing deeply and feeling an unaccountable shyness stealing over her as she became aware that she was no longer alone—that loving eyes were probably watching her and at no great distance. Her soul yearned towards him with an intensity that set every pulse throbbing, yet she stirred not, nor ventured again to look round, for she felt that if Francois were there he must come to her of his own free will. Listening attentively for the slightest noise that might warn her of his approach she bent low and read again :—

“ Wrapt in unconscious sleep, my love, Adèle,  
I am free, but oh ! what words my grief can tell,  
To see thee like a broken lily now,  
Thy fair form wasted, trouble on thy brow,  
Yet dare not ask thee to fulfil thy vow,  
Nor join thy sweet pure life to one undone ;  
A broken vow, a wreck, despised, alone,  
Whose only solace in his savage home  
Are mem’ries of thee, sweet and past, that tell  
Of love’s image, stamped on my heart, Adèle.”

“ Love’s image ! ay,” thought she, “ and stamped on my heart too, Francois ! ” and she wondered why he did not come. Suddenly the crimson in her cheek deepened, and her heart throbbed violently, as she listened to the rustling in the underwood that came nearer and nearer, until the brushwood close to her parted and a step stopped in front of her.

“ Well, Adèle ! ” said a well-known voice, but his next words were interrupted at sight of the quivering little face uplifted to his, in which dismay and blank disappointment were but too plainly reflected. “ What is the matter ? ” said he feelingly, holding out his hand to her.

She recovered herself instantly, and slowly rose to her feet.

“ What brought you here ? ” she enquired.

“ Need you ask ? ” said Stallenberg, looking passionately at her. “ Don’t I always seek to be where you are ? ” Then noticing an unfavourable change pass over her face, he said, “ I came to tell you, Adèle, that Oom Hans is waiting to commence the service.”

“ Pray excuse me this morning ! ” replied Adèle, stepping back, “ I’ll not join the service.”

“ Surely that will seem strange ; you have never been absent before,” said he, wondering at the cause of her decision and at an undefinable change in her.

“ I shall not go this morning,” she replied firmly.

“ Your romantic little heart enjoys the quiet beauty of this spot, and you would rather remain here,” said Herman, softened and fascinated. She was particularly lovely to him this morning ; her bright eyes and renewed beauty charmed and astonished him, her old self seemed to have vanished, a new and fairer one stood in its place, and in some mysterious way she communicated her peace and joy to him,

and perhaps stirred up a little hope in his heart, for he said pleadingly, as he came nearer to her and bent over her, "Stay, then, Adèle, but allow me to remain with you."

"Don't let me detain you, pray. I would rather be alone."

"This is not a safe place for a young lady to be alone in," replied Herman, disappointed and looking uneasily about, for there was more rustling in the bushes than he cared for.

"Quite safe for me," said Adèle, with conviction, the sweetest smile just parting her pretty lips, and her large liquid eyes speaking volumes, unintelligible, however, to Herman, who felt completely mystified, yet irresistibly drawn towards her.

"You are very lovely, Adèle," said he, smiling too, and lifting one of her little hands to his lips, and then folding it fondly between his own, while he looked thoughtfully on the ground before him, and presently became completely absorbed.

Adèle, aware that Herman had been baffled with regard to her lover, who was free again and near her, felt some pity for him, and gently withdrew her hand, but the next moment she started forward with a little cry and swept her foot over the ground before him, effacing all. He had seen sufficient to arouse his suspicion but not enough to satisfy his curiosity. With a questioning flash he looked up at her suddenly, and saw her dismayed and agitated; then he felt convinced that she was anxious to hide from him a secret that affected her well-being. What was that? He uttered not a word, but fixed upon her a look so fierce and jealous, that she quailed beneath it and looked away as if beseeching help. A sudden rush as of an animal bounding forward, recalled the Field-cornet, who, believing that a lion was upon them, caught Adèle in his arms and hurried from the spot. They returned in time to see Oom Hans lay his hand solemnly on the open Bible, while he glanced searchingly round on his assembled flock as if he intended that every man present should pass through a severe and personal ordeal. In a slow and pompous voice he read to them the chapter on Judas and the thirty pieces of silver. Then leaning over the Bible he questioned them in deep and impressive tones as to the state of their own souls. Gradually he worked himself into a semi-frantic condition; he rushed backwards and forwards, struck his breast, thumped the Bible, and placed himself at times, where the sermon required an illustration of a true sinner's position, in most woe-begone attitudes, his hands folded on his breast, his eyes cast beseechingly to heaven, every theatrical gesture in perfect imitation of the Dutch minister at Drakenstein.

In the pulpit Oom Hans felt the full power of his office: he could say there what he pleased, no one dared openly dissent from him, except Meerhoff; and Oom Hans was pleased to think that he was not there. Presently, however, a frown darkened the old man's face, and he hesitated as he saw his enemy advance, a long nightcap on his head; in his hand a small gourd containing the purest spring water,

as *he* said, and added that it was dry work listening to Oom Hans. After applying the vessel to his lips once or twice, he began to show symptoms of a comic nature ; he looked up benignly at Oom Hans and smiled, while the face of the latter only grew longer and more solemn after every profane glance. Then Meerhoff assumed a long face, and with the tassel of his own cap imitated the absurd antics of Oom Hans, winking the while at the Burgher opposite to him. Calmly Oom Hans continued, heedless of this by-play. But Meerhoff's gourd, nearly empty, he made louder demonstration ; he sighed, wept, struck his breast, argued earnestly and loudly with Oom Hans, repeated long sentences after him, and finally concluded, as he fell heavily against his neighbour, that it was all *bosch*, and Oom Hans a great humbug. The preacher paused in his sermon ; in proportion as his enemy sank his own courage rose, and now once more he felt like a lion with his paw on the trembling prey. Slowly pointing his finger at the prostrate figure before him, he drew back appalled at such audacity and profanity, and began by making the past scene a warning to the rest of the Burghers, but in drawing the lesson he put too forcible a stress on Meerhoff's name, whereupon the latter, slowly lifting his intoxicated head, knowingly shook the tassel of his nightcap at Oom Hans, but, incapable of further demonstration, he lay down again, and left Oom Hans to conclude in exultation in spite of the turn he had had. Resuming his former topic, avarice, he once more attacked the demon as if visibly present, and was in the act of rushing forward and shaking his fist in the face of the Phantom, when a gentle pull at his short jacket behind arrested his attention, and a whisper in his ear metamorphosed him in a moment. With an effort he calmed the conflicting feelings that agitated his pious bosom at the moment ; and never wanting in resources when his own interests were concerned, he decided, after a moment's reflection, and gave out the 119th Psalm to be sung. Then he disappeared, and after an unusual absence, reappeared, holy resignation beaming in his contented countenance, his flock out of breath and very red in their faces from such prolonged singing. The hymn concluded, Oom Hans continued his discourse, if possible, with greater earnestness and eloquence than before, thumping the Bible harder than usual, and at last concluded with a deep-toned, impressive amen, much to the satisfaction of the Burghers, who were curious to learn the cause of the sudden interruption. They were not long in discovering that a Hottentot, arriving during the service with some fine sheep, and wishing to dispose of them at once, sent intimation of his intention to the Burghers, choosing, as chance would have it, Oom Hans's slave to carry the intelligence. They further heard that Oom Hans had successfully possessed himself of the sheep, and that the Hottentot had decidedly had the worst of the bargain. The Burghers waited not a moment, but went to his wagon and taxed him with his perfidy. But Oom Hans showed himself equal to the occasion, and replied promptly,

"I frankly confess that by the blessing of the Lord I have been able to procure a little sustenance for my starving family. For what says the Scripture, shall not he who serves at the Altar live of the Altar? Have any of you ever held out your hand to give unto me? Therefore, I gathered up such crumbs as it pleased Providence to put in my way."

About three o'clock the Burghers were suddenly aroused from their siesta by a slave who brought the intelligence that two Hottentots were descending the hill opposite, and Meerhoff, peering from beneath his at which he had placed over his face to keep the flies off, exclaimed,

"The devil—it is Chotona!"

And sure enough there he was rapidly descending the rise, a tall dignified looking Hottentot, with a frank honest countenance and an unmistakable nobility of mien and carriage, which marked him even in these wilds as one who filled an important and commanding position. His neck, wrists, and ankles were encircled by gold and brass rings, an ornamental skin was wrapped about his loins, another flung gracefully across one shoulder, while in his hands he carried his shield, assegais, bow and arrows. Beside him walked a Hottentot, slenderer in build and shorter in stature, but in face strongly resembling the chief, and clothed as a European. They were kindly welcomed by the Burghers, who all assembled in the appointed place of rendezvous, between the wagons of Meerhoff and De Villiers, where the women sat sewing in the shade, their large sun-bonnets folded back, exhibiting their tanned faces. Adèle and Minnie sat a little apart, absorbed in each other's conversation; and Herman as he joined the party took up his position opposite the former. He had not seen her since the conclusion of Oom Hans' service, but he had thought a great deal over the occurrences of the morning, and although the verse in the sand, of which he had only seen the first line, puzzled him, he felt more than ever convinced that it contained the clue to her renewed happiness. He would have given much to possess the clue, but her anxiety in effacing the lines effectually baffled him, and left him a martyr to suspicion and jealousy, while he closely watched her, in the hope that something might seem to throw light on the mystery.

Soon the conclave commenced; and Adèle, as she looked up and listened to the younger Hottentot, who acted as interpreter, and spoke good Dutch, started, and thought that she had seen him before, but in vain she taxed her memory, she could not recollect where or when. As she looked at him and wondered, she became aware that he was closely observing her, but she little suspected that another of the party was keenly watching them both.

The conference proceeded, and after much discussion ended, to the satisfaction of all. Then the Field-cornet drew up a treaty, in which they agreed to respect each other's rights, and mutually to assist one another in times of danger, or at such other times as they deemed necessary to punish robbers and reclaim stolen cattle. This was signed by all present, after which the Burghers brought out



refreshments for the Chief,—broiled meat, bread, biscuits, and some arrack, also a few presents, consisting of brass wire, beads, pipes, and tobacco.

While Chotona was enjoying his repast, the interpreter suddenly stepped forward and stooping down before Adèle, lifted something apparently out of the sand.

"You have dropped your ring, Nonnie."

"My ring!" she exclaimed, astonished; but no sooner had her eyes fallen on it than she closed her hand and changed colour.

"Thank you," she said softly, retiring to the wagon, where unobserved, she examined the ring closely, turning it round and round, and wondering what it was intended to convey, until at opposite ends she discovered two threads, which she cut eagerly, and there fell into her lap a thin scrap of paper containing the following lines:—

"Adèle, I am near at hand, but dare not ask for an interview. The ring I return given to me under happier circumstances. I have no right to keep it now.

"FRANCOIS."

She pressed the paper between her hands, and looked pensive for a moment. "Ah! Francois," she exclaimed, half reproachfully, "how little you know me." Her momentary sadness, however, was soon dissipated by her joy and thankfulness that he was free once more and near her, and her anxiety to return the ring to him without a moment's delay.

Hurriedly writing a few lines on a small scrap of paper, she secured it to the inner surface of the ring, exactly as Francois had done, and returned to Minnie, watching her opportunity, but time passed and none occurred. The Chief rose to depart, Jephtha glanced anxiously towards her; her face flushed as, restless and impatient, she hastily gathered some pebbles and began scattering them carelessly about. Chotona took his leave, and Jephtha had but concluded the interpretation of the Chief's last words, when he put forth his foot and dropped his pocket knife. In picking it up he picked up Adèle's ring with it, and put both into his pocket. Adèle heaved a sigh of relief, and felt that a heavy weight had been lifted off her heart. Up to this time she had been so entirely absorbed in her anxiety to return the ring, that it had not once occurred to her that those around might possibly have observed what was going on, and for the first time she thought of looking up, but, poor girl! in lifting her eyes, they encountered those of Herman, and for the second time that day she quailed beneath the terribly piercing look he kept fixed upon her, and that told her plainly he had witnessed all. Startled and alarmed she retired to the side of her mother, and, fearful of evil consequences to Francois should his hiding place be discovered, she never after that day ventured forth alone while the Field-cornet was in the camp. The latter, as he retired to his wagon was thoroughly miser-



able. With intense bitterness he asked himself what the scene he had just witnessed between Adèle and a wretched Hottentot *could* mean — his eyes had not deceived him. The painful conviction forced itself upon him, that Adèle and the Hottentot had secretly exchanged tokens that caused her to be greatly moved. He was perplexed and wretched, and haunted with such dire suspicions about her that he watched and followed her wherever she went.

The sun was rapidly sinking behind the picturesque hills opposite the camp, shedding its last glorious rays on a small group of Burghers slowly lifting young Marais' body to carry it to its grave in the wilderness. His father, removing the cloth for a moment, sighed heavily as he bestowed a last lingering look on the fine face of his unfortunate boy who but a few days ago had been the life and soul of the camp. Solemnly they carried him to his grave in the desert, where no faithful heart would come to mourn over his ashes, no loving hand tend one single flower, to speak of hope and the glorious resurrection—forsaken, forgotten; his grave a pathway for savages and wild beasts; himself the victim of the avarice of those who stood around. So they lowered him into his grave, while Oom Hans said a few appropriate words.

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### To my Wife.

A song from me my heart's delight,  
That you may sing to me,  
In numbered words how can I write  
Love measureless for thee?

My love for thee which fills for aye  
This beating heart of mine,  
And there shall stay, nor pass away,  
Such love is mine and thine.

My love for thee through coming years,  
My love through time that's past,  
My love which stays through smiles or tears  
And through this life shall last.

Shall last through toil or danger's breath,  
Through sadness, pain or woe,  
And thus through life, e'en until death,  
With love and love we'll go.

## Our Girls' Education.

BY A CERTIFICATED TEACHER.

Now that London University is open to women, we may expect the woman of the future to be so much the wiser, more liberal, and more reasonable than the advanced woman of the present day. Else, where is the good of the long conflict which has at last culminated in this victory? One must look upon this opening with gratitude, as affording us a standard to judge by, whereas now, too much has to be taken from talk in determining a woman's intellectual stand-point. Women, far more than men, are affected by the sciolism of the present day, and knowing more (?) than their grandmothers, are apt to exaggerate that knowledge; and a trip to the Continent, a course of popular lectures, a hand-book or two glanced through, enables them with their natural eloquence to talk like savants, and even almost to regard themselves as such.

The class mostly influenced by this step of the Senate will be teachers. To them the severe methodical study necessary to get a degree will be of the greatest benefit, giving accuracy and moral backbone to the enterprising and yet patient feminine mind. Women are not backward in fitting themselves to work in the great education field; certificated teachers are fast driving into the background the genteel governess, and certificate will soon have to yield the palm to degree,—the survival of the fittest operating here as elsewhere. The honour of first admitting women to degrees belongs to the colonies. Miss Edgar, of Auckland University, N. Z., being the first lady B.A. On the public presentation of the degree to her, Bishop Cowie remarked that he had submitted to no higher intellectual test for other degrees than had admitted to that one.

The doubt may arise whether teachers of so high a capacity may not raise the standard too high, and the ordinary girl, who has to return to her home at sixteen or eighteen, and is looked for as her mother's assistant, may not find herself as little fitted to fill the post as to pass her matriculation. Such a climax would be deplorable, and in such a case the teacher would be at fault, however high her degree; as a teacher her incapacity would be evident. The error would be the very common one of trying to put in a great deal of foreign matter, instead of drawing out the child's mind and working from that. But they who argue that because algebra is not required to make apple dumplings, girls should not learn algebra but devote themselves to dumplings, err likewise; for she whose mind had been trained to appreciate the higher mathematics, and brought up to the same point in other subjects, would be likely to bring more intelligence to bear upon her cooking, and, therefore, would be more likely to make wholesome dumplings than her sister, who merely learnt imitatively of the cook.

A true teacher understands Lessing when he says, "The seeking of a knowledge is worth more than the finding;" and discards with contempt the idea that children must learn many things which it is impossible for them to understand now—hereafter they may, by some sort of miracle, one supposes.

As a common illustration of this kind of teaching, take the following:—Mr. Sonnenschein, whose capital arithmetic should be in every teacher's hands, was examining a London Board School. In addition, he began at the top of the line, and was immediately stopped with,

"That's not right, sir."

"Why not?"

"Don't know sir, but it's not."

Then again, in carrying a number, forty-nine say, he put down the four and not the nine.

"That's not right, sir," was immediately the cry.

"Why not?"

"Don't know."

"Well, is there a law against it?"

"Oh! yes, sir."

"Who made it?"

"Don't know; was it God, sir?"

"But where is the law written? If it is a law it must be written somewhere!"

After some time the reply came:

"Please sir, it is in the Bible!"

And yet these children were reputed as being well taught, and the master excused himself on the plea that children could not understand reasons. Possibly some might pass by cramming many a competitive examination, and yet fail when confronted by some difficulty in practical life, and lookers on wonder.

The great deficiency in ladies' schools of old was that they only imparted a smattering of knowledge, and now, perhaps, an evil as great is the cramming system, which is but another form of imparting an extended smattering. Under teachers, who must of necessity know what real study is, it is to be hoped this practise will decrease, which it undoubtedly will if too great pressure be not put upon them by examinations. Take a frequently occurring case. It is required for the credit of a school that a list of honours be exhibited after every University examination, so a teacher is imported who has passed the Home tests, and the most advanced of the pupils under the prescribed age give up the ordinary school work and devote themselves to certain subjects for two or three months, and the result is a pass list, which acts as an advertisement to the school, but is no criterion of its real work. This procedure reacts upon the children with the unhappiest effects, their anxiety becomes to get smartness of reply,—a quality by no means dormant in the Colony; to beat one another in the race of honours, and from neglecting for the time certain branches of study not required by the University, they come

to regard them of inferior value after. The real inward taste for study which has to be so carefully fostered, if not to be implanted altogether, is overlooked, and sometimes lost in this competitive struggle. Nor is this the fault of the examination, but of its abuse; to form a test of the work of a school a whole class should be sent up and not a few picked members.

Then might we plead for an extension of the examination. A girl of sixteen should have added to her knowledge of her own language that of another tongue; say French or German, while English should have been so taught that a great number of Latin and Greek words should be known to her as roots. This will give her precision in the use of words, an invaluable gift at the present time when the world goes round so fast that we scarcely stop to enquire what word exactly expresses our meaning, but use the first which occurs.

She should also be able to wield a pencil with tolerable facility, to copy an ordinary freehand outline, to sketch a familiar object, a spray of leaves, a chair, etc., and to draw some simple geometrical figures. Art has been much neglected in our colonies, where music has received perhaps more than its due share of attention. This is the more inexcusable, for Nature herself tempts us. Look at our glorious sunsets and cloudless skies over the vast mountains that undulate with wave-like symmetry into the distance—look at the gorgeous colouring and perfect peace of the whole, and say what there is yet in store for us, when our future artists' imaginations are kindled and their brushes touch canvas!

To return to the more practically useful,—needlework should not be forgotten. In France no female teacher obtains her diploma without a knowledge of needlework; and surely out of the two hundred days of the school year, one-fifth is not too much to devote to a subject which the girl will have to take up probably every day of her after life, whatever else she may lay aside. Equally important is the study of Hygiene. Lessons on ventilation, cleanliness, food, and clothing will be invaluable to the girl by and bye, and ought to be included in the Education Schedule. To women is entrusted the household sanitary arrangements, the selection of diet, the nursing of the sick, the management of children; how essential then is a knowledge of the laws of health! And surely no one will argue that all this comes intuitively.

Beyond and above all the knowledge that the teacher can impart, will be the silent, but none the less strong, moral influence she will exercise over her class. In these days when the dogmatical teaching of religion is forbidden in our public schools, this is imperative, that by her continual example the young souls around may catch some sparks of devoutness, reverence, and true nobility of character.

Every day and every hour should she hold before them the standard of undeviating integrity, and never should she lose an opportunity of commending to their notice, the finest and best traits in

the characters they study, hoping thus feebly to help on the perfecting of the ideal woman, endeared to our softest sympathies and linked with our holiest aspirations, as the highest pinnacle in the far distance to which we all are journeying—the full development of our race.

E. M. G. C.

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## Some Recent Cape Works.

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### A CRITICISM.

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(Concluded.)

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SERMONS. BY THE REV. CHARLES GRANT FORRESTER.  
SOUTH AFRICA—PAST AND PRESENT. J. NOBLE.  
LIFE OF TIYO SOGA. REV. J. A. CHALMERS.

WERE Mr Noble a personal friend, and a stickler for all the punctilios of honour, he might perhaps insist upon the critic saying *peccavi* who placed his book either second in order of review, or whose estimate of its merits may seem to have given it a secondary position in relation to the "Life of Tiyo Soga." As to the first reference we cannot help ourselves. The one book must come before the other. One iron in the fire, one book in hand at a time, is enough for us. As to the latter reference, if any one shall have thought from whatever we may have said, that our estimate of "South Africa—Past and Present," as compared with the "Life of Tiyo Soga" is depreciatory, we beg to say here with emphasis, that we have been misunderstood.

There are things for which we cannot account, and something in the appearance of Mr. Noble's book kept us from taking readily to it at first sight. Not, however, by looking at it, but by reading it, the excellencies of the book came out. We have spent very enjoyable hours over its pages, and have been pleased as well as instructed thereby. Comparing the historical portions of the Life of Tiyo with "South Africa—Past and Present," we give the latter our preference. It is freer of professional or of personal colouring.

But what is the historian's proper province? Is it simply to ascertain what has taken place within the period of which he professes to treat, and to make a truthful record of it all? Or does it comprehend, in addition to the record of the events which have taken place, and the incidents of the time, a studious tracing of the multifarious relations of these, and a determining of their connection with other events, and of the influence which they have upon character? It is evident that as a man sets the one or the other of these objects



before him, he sets himself a very different task. The man, too, who might do the one with praiseworthy success, may markedly fail in the other. The same character of man is not required in the one case as in the other.

Take the names of two of our foremost historians, Robertson and Ranke. Judging from the manner in which these two men have wrought out their respective tasks, to the one the ideal of history, its elements, essentials, and results, must have been very different from what it was to the other. With all this, however, it is hard to say of which of them it were better to emulate the excellencies. With such a subject as the history of the Popes, who else than Ranke could have written in a temper so dispassionate, so undisturbed, so philosophically calm, as almost to seem to be without human sentiment and feeling! And it is this which has given to his work the high position which it occupies. Nothing of partizan-ship. A dignified historical impartiality which commands respect.

The true admirer of Ranke, however, will not the less value Robertson, the large broad grasp which he takes of his subject, the sound philosophising of a singularly well balanced mind, with such education, training, and culture as leave him with but few equals in the same field. Such a one cannot have any other position than that of a master. And that noble, manly self-respect, that respectful assertion of the dignity of his office, in his dedication of his *History of Charles V to the King*. Where have we aught like it? Would that those who wrote the prefatory dedication still prefixed to the authorised version of our English Bible, which is so sadly out of place, where its place is, and is only a monument to the sycophantish flattery, the lick-spittle, crawl-in-the-dust soullessness of the writers, would that they had Robertson's preface before them! How it shames their memory, shames their work!

But where are we landing ourselves? It was not to flatter the author of "*South Africa—Past and Present*" that we got into this strain. We do not mean a bit more by it than to say that it is to the Ranke school that he belongs. The form in it which he occupies we do not determine. We doubt not he has in himself ambition enough to rise higher. Simple, cool, impersonal is the style of his narration.

Illustrative of the different modes of narrating the same events: In the "*Life of Tiyo Soga*" and in "*South Africa—Past and Present*," the breaking out of the 'Forty-six War is given, and to even a very cursory reader the difference is palpable.

Does not the author of *Tiyo's Life* do himself a very positive injustice here? In reading the passage it seemed to us so. The war was barely justifiable—the cause so trifling, the theft of an axe merely; Sandilli's proposal more worthy of adoption: instead of giving up the murderer, we have each lost a man, let us say quits.

Such a view we cannot think of the author deliberately entertaining. But in his haste or inadvertence in writing, he so gives

expression to personal feeling, throws in reflections as does bring the thing up to our eye under that colouring.

How are we to get thus to our task ! It was not to write altogether about either of these two books that our pen was taken up.

Mr. Forrester's sermons belong to a different class of literature, and they stand more markedly out from and above the ordinary run of sermons, than do either of the other works in their class. We are proud that South Africa can put in her claim to these sermons. They were preached in a South African Church, and the author's mortal remains rest in a South African grave.

The first public notice of Mr. Forrester as a preacher was in a Cape Town newspaper, on the occasion of his visit there. We attached no great importance to that at the time. It is known all the world over, that Scotchmen have very decided national partialities. They well protect each other's good name and character. The complimentary notice which then appeared we put down as one more illustration of that feature of national character,—more than anything really meritorious in the preacher.

Now that we have had an opportunity of forming our own estimate from the sermons in the volume before us, we heartily endorse all that was said by the friendly critic in reference to Mr. Forrester, and the high position to which he was entitled as a minister. There is a freshness, an unconventional way of treating the subject in these sermons, which engages the attention, and makes the reading of them really enjoyable, and the simplicity with which their practical principles are illustrated, and the affectionate earnestness with which they are applied, make these sermons profitable in the best sense as well as pleasing. That the Presbyterian Church at Port Elizabeth was, during Mr. Forrester's ministry, all too short a centre of attraction, and that it attained the front position among the Churches there, is not matter of surprise. It would have siad little indeed for the intelligent Church-going people of that place, if the man who brought up such sermons from Sabbath to Sabbath, had failed to make his mark among them.

"Drelincourt's Consolations against the fears of death" is a good old book, which has been in the hands of the religious world for some two centuries, and is still popular. The first English edition was, however, slow of sale. De Foe was got to write a ghost story commendatory of the book. Contrary to the ways of all others, a certain Mrs. Veal re-crossed that bourne from which no traveller ere returns. She came back with the praiseworthy object of bearing testimony to the worth of Drelincourt. We copy the title from the identical book in which we used to read it, with eyes wide with wonder, at good old grandmother's side fifty years ago. "A true relation of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's book." Friendly critics must have been scarce in that year !

This story, originally a tract or pamphlet, is now printed and bound up with the original treatise. There are sensible people, however, who have it cut out. Even so we feel heartily disposed to do with Principal Tulloch's prefatory note to this volume. The faintness, or some other negative quality, of his praise, really damns the book which it was meant he should commend.

We do not ask any one to read that preface. If he do, there is little likelihood of his afterward reading the sermons. It is not worthy of the man whose name was thought would give it influence. And it does no honour to the man whose name it was thought thus to honourably and worthily introduce to the literary and religious public. We envy not the man's literary tastes, and we make little account of his religious culture, who would lay aside this volume of sermons, for anything of which the Principal of St. Mary's is the author. Forrester needed no such ungenerous, slovenly piece of patronizing as this. Pity that his friends ever thought he did.

To any boy who had been three months under our tuition, if he had any passable capacity at all, we would have paid more generous hearty tribute of appreciation, or been silent. We hope to see another edition of the sermons speedily called for, and that the prefatory note will be there cancelled.

Are we correct in supposing that these sermons have not been, properly speaking, published, that is, issued for the service and benefit of the general public? Is it not more as an ordinary memorial volume, printed to gratify the wishes of an attached people who heard the sermons preached, and have had them put into this more permanent form, in order to keep alive in their affections and memories a beloved Pastor and his ministrations? We have seen no notice, by advertisement or review of the book, so as to make its existence known to the religious public, or to interest them in it.

If this be all that was meant by the Presbyterians at Port Elizabeth in having these sermons printed, they have erred in judgment. They have been over modest. We do sincerely hope that they will speedily rectify any such error, and take means to have the book brought into public notice. When made known, it will make its own way. They have no cause to be ashamed of their late Pastor. The wide circulation of this volume will reflect honour not upon the author's name alone; it will bring honour as well to the people, the Church, which enjoyed his ministrations. And what is more than either, we are convinced that an intelligent Christian public would receive this volume of sermons with hearty appreciation; and that it would be eminently profitable to those who read it, building them up in faith, and hope, and gladness, confirming and strengthening them in all practical goodness.

Though he be dead, let the late Pastor at Port Elizabeth yet speak. His words will find a glad acceptance.

By way of introduction we have written enough. It were better

to let the sermons themselves speak for their author. We shall do little more than transfer to our pages a few extracts.

"Talking to children," who like Dr. Alex. M'Leod can do that? Whether Mr. Forrester were possessed of this talent we do not know. But that he realized the importance of giving special attention to the young who were attracted to his ministry, and could adapt his pulpit discourse to them with winning affection, is evident from many passages in these sermons. He was a sound observer of what takes place in the growth of the young :—

"I, for my part, do not expect young people, until they reach their youth, to have much other than the natural life : the development of the animal life, and some growth in the development of the faculties of the soul, I do expect to find, but the spiritual life I do not then look for. To be sure, some movements of this undeveloped part of their being there often are. Home influence, the tender care of a Godly father and mother, and the teaching of the Sunday school, may have beat about this part, and awakened in it strange movings and questionings. Still, any real decided active life of the spirit I do not in general look for. Nevertheless, I find that those who are trained in a Godly manner are generally the first to blossom out into the spiritual." \* \* \* "Oh, my dear young people, it may be that many of you have been brought up very strictly and very carefully. Perhaps you are truthful and obedient. No great fall has come into your young lives yet, to stun you and cause your beings to reel and stagger at the thought of some awful act you could not have dreamt yourself capable of. You are as yet natural men and women. It may be, like Adam, you are in your Edens. Life is very fair and very full of joy. You wonder why older people can speak of life as being on the whole sad and sorrowful. You can see no vale of tears. You don't know what remorse is, what weariness and loneliness are, how sharp the pangs of bitter regret are. No ; life is full to you, you are in your Eden. The great fall has not come. The great temptation, which is to try you, as it tried Adam, and as it has tried every son and daughter of his since, has not yet dangled before you in all its allurements ; and so you go on jauntily, and feel as if there were little want in your nature. The natural man is to you enough. So lightly have the world and temptation beat upon you thus far, you see no need of that about which ministers preach —of having any other birth to go through, or any new life to enter upon.

"Oh, my dear young brother or sister, happy will it be for you if you can pass from that glad natural life into the spiritual without any great fall ! I do not know that many spiritual men among us can say they have. I cannot. Oh ! there is a time when passion, and flesh, and sense, and vanity, will rise up in their strength like giants, and march through the land making terrible desolations. The sense of right and wrong which was once so tender will be drowned out. The havoc they may work our life here may never



be repaired. So it is with most of us, I say. I do not say it need be so with you. If you would even now, in this the day of your natural gladness, remember that there is one part of you which has not yet come into life, which has not yet been born; that besides that natural life of soul and body which you now rejoice in, there is also a life of the spirit which has not yet begun at all; if you would just at once make up your mind about this, and set yourself in God's way that He may begin in you the life of the Spirit, it may be that you might pass from the natural man to the spiritual man without any terrible fall. You might thus save yourself from recollections which would haunt you with shame to your dying day. You might pass from the darkness of the natural man into the light of the spiritual man, and no monstrous sins might be rising up between the two to cast their chilly shadows on your better way."

"It is because I would save you, if possible, any dreadful fall, and bring you this day, if it so please God, into a far higher and more blessed life than the one you are now living, that I have put this matter now before you in the strong light which my text suggests. 1 Cor. ii. : 14.

"It says the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God. Here, then, is a test of your state. Do you receive the things of the Spirit of God? One of these things is the Bible. That was given by the Spirit of God. Can you receive it?"

This is a lengthy extract, but we are convinced that the readers of the *Cape Monthly* are few who will begrudge the space which it occupies in the pages of the magazine.

There is sometimes a rigid, cold orthodoxy which repels rather than wins, and thus fails in the great object of preaching. Warmth of heart, humane dispositions, are as necessary as is soundness in the faith to the preacher. He may be doctrinally evangelical and yet be defective in the candour, the temper, the manly simplicity, the forbearance, the humility, the charity, of an acceptable evangelist.

In reading these sermons, one has not the feeling that it is an official utterance from the pulpit which they present, but that it is simply a man speaking to men. It is with persuasive earnestness, it is true, as becomes his subject so all important, but wonderfully human withal. "Brothers, my brothers and sisters!" How we should have liked to have heard our preacher thus address his people. The words seem to have a meaning and import different from the conventional and customary "Brethren." There is a warmer kindliness in their tone; they bring the preacher more intimately into relation with us; they indicate both a livelier and greater oneness of interest, and give us to experience a more kindly feeling of attraction to the man. Not only the ear, but the heart, lies more open to his instruction, reasonings, expostulations, pleadings, aye, and reproofs when needed.



"Tempted without sin!" is the heading of one of the sermons. Here is the introductory paragraph:—

"You all know what it is to turn a key in a door. You know that it may be turned that way, or it may be turned this way. If you turn it that way, you lock the door; and if you turn it this way, you unlock it. The two processes are very similar, but the results are very dissimilar."

The key in the lock, and the turning this way, or that, who can fail to understand this! It has all the wondrous simplicity of one of the parables of the Gospels. The illustrative figure is kept up through the whole sermon, and is used well.

"The will is the heart's doorkeeper. There is neither going out nor in without his permission. If he lock the door, and keep the key in it from the inside, there is no forcing it. The key in the lock from the inside, neither the devil nor any other can get his in from the outside. He may come with his temptation if he choose; that temptation need never force the door if the will forbid. Should temptation approach, the will has but to turn the key that way, and all the heart's possessions are safe. He may knock, the will is not bound to heed him. He may push against the door, it will withstand him. He may try to put his key in from the outside; the opening is filled up. He may ply his subtlest arguments, his most winning entreaties, his fairest promises; or he may even change his voice and loudly threaten. It may be all harmless. The will has but to resist, and the devil will flee baffled. That is 'being tempted yet without sin.'

"Let us each look back into our own lives and see if this be not the history of our great temptation. We, too, all of us, have had our gardens of Eden and gardens of innocence, gardens of childhood in which all was pure and comparatively innocent; gardens of boyhood, when conscience was governor, and the will was not disobedient to his commands; gardens of youth when life was full, when the past had no sting, and the future was big with hope. But the great temptation came. Satan came into our Edens too. He held up his glittering temptation, and we were not without sin. Oh, how little a matter it seemed! We could not believe it could have wrought such havoc. Only this once, we said, never more. 'I have never tasted it yet, will never again. Just let me know what it is,—give me the knowledge of it,—let me know whether it be good or evil. One spot on so much spotlessness may well be borne. No one will know it.'

"Is there no young man or young woman here—no youth who has yet his Eden of comparative innocence—who has yet kept the key in the door against the great temptation, who has not said to himself or herself these words, or something like them? Perhaps it may be even now that Satan is dangling his temptations before you. Even this day, or the coming week, may find your wills hovering between turning the key that way or this way. Oh stop, stop! keep guard,

my dear young brother or sister; your life is on that turn. It may seem a small matter, but your all is hanging on it. Whether you are to live an honoured life, or a life of regrets and shame; whether you are to face the purest with a look of innocence, or turn the head in conscious guilt; gladness, or remorse; strength for good, or power for evil; hope of heaven, or dread of hell. All is in that first turn of the key!"

If preaching of this stamp be common, it has not been our good fortune to have had many opportunities of enjoying it. Experience witnesseth to these truths, with what sadness, to those who have not kept firm hold of the key, or who have faltered in the turning of it.

The readers of the magazine may think from our lengthy quotations, that copying is a favourite exercise with us. We once heard one of those young men to whom Mr. Forrester's ministry was an attraction, say with emphasis, in reference to the copying out of these sermons, "Oh, I would copy them all out with my own hand, rather than be without them." Our enthusiasm might not carry us through such a task. But to make such sermons better known we do not begrudge a large amount of copying. And we are sure that the intelligent readers of the *Cape Monthly*, who procure the volume for themselves and read it, will not fail to thank us for bringing the book to their notice.

The following may take standing as aphorisms of truth :—

"A man or a woman tempted and fallen, is a man or a woman to tempt to fall."

"The man who has been tempted and stood, is the man who is strong for his own good, and for the good of others."

"There is no force so powerful against temptation as the force of innocence."

"Sin grows so, as it goes."

"Oh, my young brothers and sisters, keep the beginnings,—keep your self-respect; let nothing stain it, as you value all about you that is valuable. Once break your *morale* and you have lost your best vantage-ground."

The passages which we had marked, we find, were we to transfer them all to the pages of the magazine, would occupy a whole number. One sermon, which some readers may think the best in the volume, we have not given a single extract from. Mr. Froude, who also, though not a young man, was attracted, when at Port Elizabeth, to Mr. Forrester's ministry, is said to have expressed unqualified admiration of this discourse,—“Life more than its circumstances.” The volume, however, needs not our commendation. To those who, like ourselves, have some regard to the appearance of a book, it is enough to say it is from the publishing house of Blackwood, Edinburgh. A few sentences, biographical of the author, closes our labour of love.

Mr. Forrester was, in the fullest sense of the words, a self-made man. He was of what is usually called humble parentage, a parentage, however, which has raised—and nowhere more than in Scotland—many of its sons to highest rank and honour. For ages

they have been found in the front line of all professions, where a liberal education is a condition of success, especially in that which gives tone and wholesome influence to them all, the ministry of religion, the Church.

To this service, under the influence of parental training, and the example of an elder brother, Mr. Forrester's mind was turned in boyhood. In more advanced youth, however, he had opportunities of observing what he thought the difficulties of that brother's position, in gaining for himself a place of mark in the United Presbyterian Church, and he abandoned for a time all thought of the ministry, betaking himself to the tradesman's bench in preference, as the means of his choice of filling up his future life in the manly independence of honest industry. What so noble!

Something, however, of what he had seen of that brother, of words that he had addressed to him, so influenced the young man, that he laid aside his tools, and betook himself to that systematic course of study which all candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church must pass through. To do this he had to devote himself to teaching, an altogether congenial preparatory training, which the great majority of ministers in Scotland have enjoyed, and by which they have supported themselves in praiseworthy independence during their student course. That he might be in no way chargeable to his parents, who could ill afford such a charge, he gave himself to teaching; but with over zeal, he undertook too much. It was then that the seeds of that disease took root which latterly sapped the foundation of his constitution. One more illustration of the sacrifice at which the ardent minded Scottish youth will purchase for himself an honourable place in the class of educated men.

But for the state of his health, Mr. Forrester would speedily have been called to fill one of those pulpits of the Church to which he belonged where popular talents have fullest appreciation. When the commission went home to Dr. Norman McLeod and Principal Tulloch, from the Presbyterian Church of Port Elizabeth, to select for them a suitable pastor, the appointment was offered to and accepted by the young preacher, in the hope that he would have in the genial climate of South Africa a field of service which might reinvigorate his constitution. This hope was not realized. A few months of active service developed unfavourable symptoms. His attached people afforded every means of relief in their power. On a six months' leave of absence he went to try the effects of the drier climate of the more inland country. But he came not again. He breathed away his spirit on the morning of April 27th, 1875, at the farm-house, Leeuwkraal, and two days thereafter his emaciated body was laid to rest, till the morning of the resurrection, in the burying ground at Dordrecht.

G. B.

St. Mungo.

## Lines, on a Marriage Morn.

FAIN would I weave a joyful lay,  
 To greet your bridal morn,  
 Would strew with flowers your onward way,  
 And pluck forth every thorn;  
 Treasures I'd bring from every land  
 Rare tokens meet for bridal hand.

Yet, though earth's riches are not mine,  
 Nor costly presents given;  
 May "every good and perfect gift"  
 Descend on thee from heaven:  
 And nought that's evil e'er destroy,  
 Thy present brimful cup of joy.

A journey that can never end,  
 Together you begin;  
 And hand in hand with him you love  
 "A crown of Life" may win,  
 If this one flower adorn your cot—  
 E'en "Sharon's Rose," that changes not!

You sought Him ere you plighted troth,  
 Therefore have nought to fear;  
 For e'en if thorny be your path,  
 He will be ever near:  
 He'll "never leave, nor e'er forsake"  
 Those who in Him their refuge make.

His eye your path in life can see,  
 And has as clear a view  
 Of hills and valleys yet to be,  
 As what are past to you:  
 In Him then may you both confide,  
 A loving, true, unerring Guide!

For, 'tis not ours—no, not for us—  
 To say what should be given  
 By Him, who knows how much we need,  
 To lead our hearts to heaven.  
 Cast all on Him! He'll shape your way,  
 And shine thereon "till perfect day."

C. C. P.

March 20th, 1878.

## Nellie Goodwin; A STORY OF THE FOREST.

### CHAPTER III.

"NELLIE!" said Clara, one morning as they sat over their breakfast, soon after their adventure in the forest; "do you know they have had a ball at Witherly since we left?"

"How do you know?" enquired Nellie.

"She saw it in the papers," answered Arthur; "there is an elaborate description of it, and it seems to have gone off very well, considering that you and I were not there to grace it, Miss Goodwin."

"I don't suppose anyone missed us," laughed Nelly. "If it were at all possible to be in two places at once, I should like to have been there too."

"Why shouldn't we have a dance at Aveena, it would be rare fun; and shouldn't we astonish the natives! eh, Clara?" said Arthur.

"Where are the dancers coming from?" enquired Mrs. Ross, with less surprise than might be imagined.

"From that most picturesque little village of Deepfontein," answered Arthur; "the young folks there are all falling asleep for want of a little amusement. They can all drive over in an afternoon; it is only a few hours you know, Mamma."

Mrs. Ross would have been ready to do almost any impracticable thing to please that handsome son of hers; and as his present idea only involved some trouble and management, she was quite willing to give her consent.

"Go and arrange about it among yourselves first, and then come and tell me the conclusion you arrive at," was her reply.

"The garden is the nicest place to talk in," suggested Clara, "let us go there."

"Do you think we shall be able to get a sufficient number of people?" asked Nellie.

"Here are three of us to begin with; and Papa always dances, which is a great advantage, as there is always a superabundance of young ladies in these villages. Then there are the Civil Commissioner's daughters, and the clerk, and all the Doctor's family, besides several more that you will find out when they arrive, or before that, as you are to help me write the invitations, Nellie!"

"Well, if you will undertake the ladies, I will ride over to Deepfontein to-morrow, and invite partners for them," said Arthur.

"But where are you going to put all these people after the dancing is over? They cannot all go home the same night; at least not the girls!" was Clara's remark.

"Oh! never mind, we will manage somehow or other," answered the eager Nellie. "The house is large enough at all events."



The party was at length fixed for that day week, and in the interval the girls were very busy making preparations. On Arthur's return from the village, he gave them an amusing description of the excitement which his announcement had caused.

The long looked-for day at length arrived, and was hailed by Nellie with extreme pleasure, though Clara both looked and felt a little anxious. The guests were not to arrive till late in the afternoon, so the morning was occupied in picking ferns and evergreens for the decoration of the ball-room, and in arranging them into garlands in bunches around it, where Arthur with his hammer and nails found himself in special request, and seemed highly flattered at the fear Nellie displayed when he pretended to be in danger of falling from the ladder on which he was perched.

"Here they come!" exclaimed Nellie at length, as the sound of wheels and barking of dogs announced an arrival; and, springing from the chair on which she stood, she went out on the verandah, followed by Arthur, while Clara remained to complete the arrangements.

A short time after Mr. Ross passed through the room, and stopping, said kindly,

"Why, Clara, my child, have they left you all alone to finish? That is too bad!"

"I have nearly finished, Papa," she answered a little wearily. "Have all the people come?"

"I believe so. You had better run away now, and leave me to put the finishing touches, for Mamma is looking for you."

Clara obeyed gladly, and found most of the guests assembling in the drawing-room, where there followed a general hand-shaking all round, and a confused murmur of many voices. The younger portion, however, soon trooped out to the garden, under Nellie's escort, where the young ladies kept up a continual flow of small talk, and went into ecstasies about everything great or small till tea time. Tea had been laid out for them all on the lawn in front of the house, and while they were settling themselves, Nellie whispered to Clara,

"I don't want any tea, so I shall make my escape and begin to dress: there will be such a rush directly among all these girls and no one will be ready."

Soon afterwards, as Nellie had foreseen, there was a general rush upstairs; and then followed such a searching for mysterious packages and bundles, such a babel of voices, and hurrying to and fro, that Clara found herself wishing them all back in their own homes again. She scolded herself for her breach of hospitality, however, and lent such effectual aid to the excited "demoiselles," that at length each had secured her own, and commenced adorning herself with great celerity, only calling out now and again for a hair-pin, or a needle and thread, as occasion required, and giving up their places before the different looking-glasses to each other with great amiability. There were two Miss Doltons whom Clara watched with great

amusement and perfect security, for they never took their eyes off their own images for a minute. They were dressed in the height of fashion, with skirts clinging so tightly that any graceful movements were impossible, and the number of curls and plaits and ribbons (to say nothing of artificial flowers most unnatural in shape and colour) which went to the adornment of their heads, would have been sufficient to deck a whole boarding school of young maidens. When Nellie entered the room they surveyed her slowly from head to foot, and then smiled meaningly at each other.

"Dresses are not made that way now, Miss Goodwin!" remarked the eldest Miss Dolton; "and you ought to put more flowers in your hair."

"Really!" answered Nellie with a laugh and a half curtsy, "I am much obliged for your advice, and when I want a fashionable dress, perhaps you will be kind enough to give me the pattern." Then without looking for an answer, she turned to Clara, saying softly, "I am going down now, 'cherie,' shall I do, think you?"

Clara gazed for a minute at the sweet upturned face, and put a few lingering touches to the white buds in her golden curls, saying as she kissed her softly,

"You look very nice, Nell dear; some one will be in raptures to-night, I know."

Nellie flushed scarlet, and ran downstairs to the ball-room, where they were all assembling; but, as she stood quietly by Mrs. Ross's side, her eyes wandered in search of some one, till a voice said close by her,

"You are engaged to me for this first dance!" and Arthur led her off triumphantly.

The young ladies took it by turns to play the piano for the dancers, and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly.

"Well, Clara!" said her Father later in the evening, "how are you getting on?"

"Capitally, Papa! Have you been dancing?"

"Yes, a little; but I find I am getting too old and stiff for that sort of thing. Where is your little friend?"

"Nellie! At the other side of the room; see how bright and happy she is looking. I am so glad we managed this dance for her sake."

Mr. Ross glanced across the room to where Nellie sat chatting gaily to his son, who stood beside her; and a strange smile flitted across his face as he answered,

"And some one else's too, I fancy; it is not difficult to guess the end of that game, is it Clara?"

"Not very, Papa; but I must go across and see how Miss Mostyn is getting on; she has not danced much, and is particularly fond of it, so I must go and console her."

When Clara came to her, she was looking rather dull, for being a young lady of an uncertain age, and who was passionately fond of dancing, it was rather a disappointment to get so little of it. But the clouds cleared off as Clara engaged her in conversation, and she made some clever if sharp remarks on the dress and personal appear-

ance of all who were in view. A few minutes afterwards, Clara was accosted by a very gentlemanly looking man, who said pleasantly, "Allow me to compliment you on the success of your experiment, Miss Ross!"

Clara looked up with a half start, and her brown eyes shone with a new light, as she answered quietly enough,

"I am glad you think so, Dr. Hamley; what makes you so late? I thought you were not coming."

"I had a patient to visit before I came; and was afraid I should be much too late, for he lived some distance out of the village: still I knew if I were only in time for one dance with you, Miss Ross, it would quite recompense me for my long ride. May I claim it now?"

"Certainly," she answered, glad to escape from the scrutiny of Miss Mostyn's gaze, though the Doctor's words had been spoken so low that they could have reached no ears but her own.

Dancing was kept up till a late hour; but at length the last quadrille was played, and the young ladies began gathering together in knots about the room, looking rather tired after their exertions. Then followed a long lingering about in the hall, and a great deal of talking and leave-taking, before the gentlemen rode away in the moonlight, and the girls hurried upstairs to bed. Most of the rooms had been converted into sleeping apartments for the time, and those who couldn't be provided with beds were perfectly contented with a mattress on the floor, looking upon it all as part of the programme.

On the morrow, there was a great hunt got up among the gentlemen, and the ladies amused themselves with needlework and chatting over the last night's amusement till late in the afternoon, when all returned to their various homes, and Aveena was again left to its usual solitude and the quiet routine of everyday life.

#### CHAPTER IV.

About a week after the ball, Mr. Ross received notice that a large sale of stock was to be held at a neighbouring farm, some hours ride from Aveena, and thinking to make some advantageous bargains, started that afternoon for the farm, accompanied by Arthur. They were to remain there that night, and be ready to attend the sale next morning, intending to return home after it was over in the evening. The girls had ridden out some distance with them, and many a jesting word passed between Arthur and Nellie, she declaring how happy they should be without him, and he protesting and saying they would be intolerably dull. Farewells were at last exchanged, and the two horsewomen rode home briskly enough at first, but as they drew near Aveena, they slackened their horses, and trotted quietly along the silent road, where the lengthening shadows from the tall shrubs on either side lay like spectres across their path.

"How peaceful it all looks this evening!" exclaimed Nellie, breaking silence at last, "as if nothing less than an earthquake could disturb its perfect serenity."

"How I wish I could believe that!" answered Clara with a slight sigh; "but much less would do it, or rather, disturb the human hearts that dwell there, and the face of all nature will appear changed."

"Yes, but it will only appear so; in reality we know it is just the same, and there lies some comfort in the thought. But leave foreboding evil, Clara dear, and enjoy the present. See, the sun has just fallen behind the trees; I can still trace a few golden rays among the leaves, and the birds are going to sing, as they always do at this hour."

"Yes; and do you notice how the trees seem to be bowing their heads, and whispering almost reverently together. Do you remember these lines?

"Silent and solemn everywhere,  
Nature with folded hands seemed there  
Kneeling at her evening prayer."

As Clara finished the words, they passed under the shade of the avenue, and the last glow of sunset faded away.

"I shall never forget our ride this evening, nor how lovely Aveena looked!" said Nellie; and she never did forget it, for it was the last time she beheld the scene with no cloud of sorrow to dim the beauty to her eyes. When they arose early on the following morning there was a strange oppressive feeling in the air, and the warm breath of the Karroo wind came stealing over the mountain and finding its way through every crevice of the quickly closed doors and windows. Every one complained of langour and headache, and though the coolest summer dresses had been selected, still there seemed no way of escaping from the stifling heat. It was too hot to work or read, too hot even to think, and after trying all three Nellie threw herself back in an arm-chair and watched the flies, which also seemed too lazy even to exercise their wings, and crept a few inches up the pane only to fall back and begin again. Clara scolded her for her idleness, and ended by following suit; only Mrs. Ross kept bravely at her household work till all was satisfactorily accomplished, and then threw herself wearily on the sofa.

Out of doors things were as bad, or worse: everything looked parched and withered, the flowers drooped in the garden, and the very leaves on the trees seemed too hot and languid even to rustle. The sky was covered with leaden-coloured clouds, and there was a lurid glare in the sunlight that was painful to the eyes; the animals seemed as much overcome as the "humans," and dogs and cats lay in eccentric positions, trying to squeeze themselves into the small patches of shade which were but few and far between; the fowls, more fortunate than their larger companions, crept right into the bushes and shrubs, and stood with ruffled feathers and protruding eyes, waiting till the heat was past.

It was about twelve o'clock when Mrs. Ross suddenly started up from the sofa with a hurried exclamation of, "Girls, do you smell the smoke? there is fire somewhere!" and, regardless of the heat,



she hurried out of the front door followed by the two girls. Truly enough the air was filled with the suffocating smoke, which seemed to have enveloped trees, hills, everything, in its dense mantle of vapour ; the crackling sound of flames seemed close at hand. Still the exact spot whence the fire proceeded could not at first be discovered.

"It must be at the back, Mamma ; look ! both smoke and wind come from that direction !"

And Clara fled round with a wild look of fear in her eyes, which soon communicated itself to all beholders, as they beheld the fire advancing rapidly upon them, and within a mile of their home at that moment. The fire had come over from the other side of the mountain, crossing it at the lowest spur, some three miles away, then advancing rapidly among the thick brushwood and dry "veldt." At the outskirts of the forest, which was fortunately too damp to allow the flames to penetrate far, it threatened in a short half hour to envelope gardens and houses in one sheet of flame. Already pieces of burning bracken were flying in all directions, and it seemed as if the thatched roof must catch. Mrs. Ross stood for a moment horror-struck, and neither moved nor spoke, but gazed at the fire with parted lips and dilating eyes and hands clasped convulsively together. A low cry from Nellie at length broke the spell, and the mother turned, and pointing to the high road, which widened out to some breadth after the avenue was passed, said in a voice of despair,

"Save yourselves, children, the fire may not cross that road, and there lies your only chance. Oh ! if your Father were only here !"

Then Clara roused herself, and turning to the terrified servants who were about to fly in all directions, said angrily,

"Call the men, can't you ? there is still a chance of saving the house, if you will only be brave, and we will all help. Mother ! mother," she continued, "don't look like that ! There is the large ploughed field between the forest and the garden, the flames may not cross it, and perhaps the fire will pass away on the right of the house. We must get blankets and cover the roof ; but where are the men ?"

"I let them go fishing this morning, thinking there would be no need of them, and they said it was such good weather for it ; there is only the boy Hendrick and those girls on the place. But it is no use talking, we must do our best," and so saying she ran into the house and seizing all the blankets she could find, plunged them into a large barrel of water at the kitchen door, and then calling for a ladder, herself set the example of mounting it, and ascending the roof.

She was soon followed by the rest, and all lent a hand in carrying up buckets and saturating the roof ; even timid, delicate-looking Nellie, gaining courage in the sudden emergency, was as eager as the rest in giving all the assistance in her power, and when at one time a piece of burning bracken set fire to her light muslin, she neither screamed nor ran, but gathered it up tightly in her hands, and



succeeded in extinguishing it, though at the cost of burnt fingers. There was little or no time for talking, but Clara, who witnessed the action from her elevated position on the roof, came to her for a moment as she stood pale and trembling, trying to lift a bucket of water from the cask, and drawing it out for her, held her to her for a moment, with a whispered,

"Courage, dear, I feel so sure we shall be taken care of, because of our very helplessness."

"I have been thinking of this all the time," half sobbed Nellie: "'What time I am afraid, then will I trust in Thee!'" and it has helped me so much."

There was no time for more. A dense cloud of smoke came between and half suffocated them, but when it cleared away, and they gazed anxiously in the direction of the fire, it seemed to have reached a space where the vegetation was less luxuriant, and was advancing more slowly though not less surely. The roof was as well protected as mortal hands could render it by this time, so they all descended, and stood together watching the conflagration with beating hearts. The house was surrounded on the right side by a large open space of short grass, beyond which was the open "veldt," but owing to frequent burning on Mr. Ross's part, it had not attained any great height, though a long continuation of dry weather had rendered it parched enough. Their only chance of safety lay in the hope that the fire would be stopped at the field below the garden, and would then turn off to the right, and finding more nourishment in the thick reeds and brushwood, would follow that course, and pass them. After watching the waving mass for a few moments, the boy Hendrick lamented that the master had not set fire to that little patch of "veldt" the day before, as he had proposed.

Mrs. Ross turned eagerly to the anxious faces. "Couldn't we do it now? the wind seems to be changing a little and blowing more from the house. If we stood at the edge and beat it out as it encroached, we might clear a space before the other fire reaches here. Will you come and help?"

Without waiting for an answer she took up a large lighted stick and ran towards the place, followed by Clara and Nellie, and more unwillingly by the servants, who were casting longing eyes towards the road that lay white and glaring in the sunlight; still there were faithful hearts among them who would not desert their mistress in her trouble. It seemed a terrible remedy to be raising more of that devouring element, as the counterpoise to itself, and as the flames leapt up and crackled among the grass, a tremour ran through the frames of all; but the kindly wind came to their assistance, and though it was hotter than ever now, and their parched skins tingled and pained as it passed over them, still they blessed it for carrying those devouring billows away from them.

It was hard work, beating out the fire whenever it seemed to be approaching too near them, and they were nearly suffocated with the

smoke, which rose in volumes around them. But no one thought of self at that moment, though their hands were blistered and sore, and all their dresses more or less scorched and blackened. At length all was done that could be thought of, and in that quarter at least, they were comparatively safe; so there was nothing left for them now but to rest as quietly as their anxious hearts would permit them, and watch the progress of the other fire. It had advanced rapidly during the short time they had been occupied, and was now within a few yards of the fence, but the influence of the contrary wind was beginning to tell, and except where the fire had caught some old dry tree or stump that was smouldering away quietly, the forest was being left comparatively untouched.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was impossible, tired though they were, to remain quiet when their fate hung in the balance, and Mrs. Ross and the girls paced to and fro the length of the garden, now standing quite still watching, then turning for a moment to avoid the scorching heat. There was a large patch of bracken to be passed ere it reached the fences, and through that the fire passed rapidly, but its progress was in some way checked by a small stream that found its way across the lower boundary of the field, and round whose edges grew tufts of "arums," whose moist broad leaves were not easily ignited.

"Now," said Mrs. Ross in a breathless whisper, "it all depends upon which side of the field the fire catches the fence. On the forest side there is an old dry one, but this side the spars are green and freshly put up, so will not burn readily."

It was a moment of terrible suspense, and they stood clinging to one another's hands, ready to fly for their lives should the fire catch the dry fence. Above them the sky was black with smoke, and the sun looked out from the midst like a ball of fire, and on the right the main body of the fire was burning furiously, but increasing the distance between them every time the flames leapt up, though to their horror they knew it would soon be right across the path of those for whom they so anxiously watched and waited. Over the bracken the fire crept, hissing and crackling as it reached the damp grass and leaves by the little stream, but the wind blew the flames across, and they reached from twig to twig and leaf to leaf with their cruel fingers, though still to the relief of the watchers on the forest side they seemed less vigorous. After another breathless interval of a few minutes, a sudden gust of wind blew the fire right across the stream on the upper side, and in a moment the lower spars and posts of the fence had caught. One look at each other's faces and they turned to fly, when suddenly there came a lull in the air and the wind dropped, causing the fire to sink a little, and they turned again for another look.

On the so much dreaded forest side, the fire had quite gone out among the wet grass, and they saw that by a little exertion

during the momentary calm it might yet be extinguished. In among the still burning embers they rushed, and by pouring buckets of water on the fence and beating out the rest, the fire was at length completely subdued. It was over at last, and they could breathe freely once more ; then, womanlike, the reaction set in, and they who a few minutes before had worked so bravely and fearlessly, now sat down among the blackened grass and ashes, and sobbed, to the great astonishment of the servants, who relieved their minds by shouts of joy. It did them good, however ; and soon the next consideration was to return to the house and think about some refreshment for their exhausted frames. How precious every pet animal and plant, even every article of furniture, seemed to have grown after having been so nearly lost to them ; and Clara nearly broke down again over her piano, which she touched with soft caressing touches, as though it could feel and know her affection for it. The girls went to lie down after a while, and woke late in the afternoon with aching limbs and head, to find Mrs. Ross pacing up and down the verandah with a face scarcely less pale and anxious than she had worn in the morning. Clara looked into her face eagerly, but asked no questions, for following the direction of her eyes, she knew but too well how much cause there was for fear. All along the horizon, far as eye could reach, the fire still raged furiously, and it seemed utterly impossible for any to pass alive through that devouring element to come to them. The day was drawing to a close, and the wind, though cooler, was still blowing violently. Mrs. Ross was the first to break the silence, by addressing Nellie, who stood by, trying to keep back the tears, and bear patiently the pain her burnt hands and arms were beginning to cause her, to say nothing of that other fear which lay as deep in her heart as in those of the mother and sister, though she couldn't speak of it as they did.

"My poor little one," said Mrs. Ross, drawing her towards her ; "you have been so brave and good, we couldn't have done without your help ; and now we must try and bear the pain together bravely too, for look Clara and I are both badly burnt."

"I don't mind the hurt so much, Mrs. Ross, and I am very glad I was with you, and of some use ; if only I could help you in this other anxiety too."

"Nay, my child, no mortal can do that ; it may be there is no cause for fear, but I can't help feeling sure that directly Mr. Ross and Arthur saw the smoke, their first impulse would be to come to us, and if so, think of the danger of passing that terrible fire, for nothing would induce them to go back while for all they could tell we might be all burnt out."

It broke the ice, to speak of the danger in plain words, and they gathered together and spoke of all the chances for and against their coming back, ever keeping eager eyes on the road, and on that cruel fire that stretched along it, and across, on all sides.

Day faded rapidly away, and darkness gathered round them, still they never relinquished their watch, but continued walking restlessly to and fro, or standing perfectly quiet, listening intently to every sound that broke the stillness of the night, starting with fresh hope every time the dogs barked (which they did from sheer restlessness that warm night), only to find their spirits sink to zero at every fresh disappointment. It was a weary time, long remembered by all three ; there was neither moon nor stars to relieve the darkness, for the clouds which were gathering fast for a thunderstorm obscured the sky ; over the forest the wind came sighing and sobbing in great gusts, and occasionally the melancholy hooting of an owl, or the plaintive wail of the night hawk, made the night more weird and drear, and struck on the hearts of the listeners like a foreboding of evil. Far in the distance there was a low rumbling of thunder which seemed to draw nearer at each peal, and the line of lurid fire leaping and flickering in the darkness filled them with sickening fear. It was too dark to distinguish any object, still they couldn't go indoors, for the suspense was too great, so they only drew close together, leaning on the rails of the verandah, in an agony of listening. There was a momentary lull in the air, then a startling clap of thunder, and a vivid flash lighted up the scene, revealing for an instant the blanched faces to each other, a few heavy drops of rain came pattering on the leaves, and they knew the thunderstorm had begun. There was a sudden rush, and a furious barking among the dogs, and how they trembled, and held their breaths to listen ! when to their great and unspeakable joy, voices spoke out of the darkness and quieted the animals in a second.

"Papa ! Papa ! is that you ?" cried Clara, unable to contain herself any longer ; and she fled down the steps and caught him close in her arms.

"Are you all safe, my child ? Where is your mother ? What a terrible day it has been !" he answered wearily.

"She is on the verandah, waiting ! Come quickly, Papa ; are you hurt or lame ? Where are the horses ?"

"Strayed away long ago ; we have walked for miles and are very much burnt ; but God be thanked you are all safe !"

Mrs. Ross was too much overcome to move from her post, and when her husband reached her she fell fainting into his arms.

No one had thought of lighting candles, and the house was perfectly dark, so while they gathered in consternation round Mrs. Ross, Nellie rushed in for lights, and soon brought a look of cheerfulness to the deserted rooms. Now, that there was no need for "keeping up," how haggard and weary each face looked by the candle light ! and the torn blackened garments and bandaged arms of Arthur and his Father told that they had not come unscathed out of their peril !

Mrs. Ross soon recovered consciousness, and a bright smile of thankfulness lit up her pale face when she looked up and saw her husband beside her and Arthur kneeling by the sofa with her hand in his.



"Mother," he said gently, "did you think we were burnt? It has been an awful day, but I think the worst part was our fearful anxiety as to your fate. We didn't know Aveena was standing till we were within a few yards of it, and a sudden flash of lightning just lit up the whole place. It was like a sudden revelation, Mother, and how thankful we were!"

"Now, I think," said practical Clara, "that the wisest way to end to-day's wonderful adventures would be to take some supper and go to bed. It is very prosaic, I am fully aware, but we are only mortal, and if we sit here talking all night, the chances are that either Mother or Nellie will be ill to-morrow, and that will be a poor finale all our bravery and heroism. So I vote we all keep our adventures for to-morrow, and retire for the night now."

Clara's suggestion was received with a smile, and every one seemed quite ready to accede to it; so, after a pretence of supper, mutual good-nights were exchanged; but a burning flush was brought to Nellie's cheek, by Mrs. Ross, who turned to Arthur, and said,

"You have no idea what a real brave little woman Nellie has been to-day,"

They then retired to rest, and quiet fell upon Aveena once more.

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### *To the Flash Light, Green Point,*

FLASH forth thy bright protecting ray,  
And guard our famed Table Bay  
From wreck and ill-renown;  
Be harbinger of Hope e'er bright,  
Thou vivid-shining constant light,  
To ships which near Cape Town.

Time was when Gama felt his way  
Along our coast from bay to bay  
In darkness and in gloom;  
Thro' the thick cloud and misty haze,  
No lighthouse warning-gleams could raise,  
No flash broke through the loom.

Near where Agulhas royal stands,  
Signalling round its bright commands,  
Diaz himself went down,  
Brave martyr to high enterprise,  
Whence many a gallant deed should rise  
Spite Afric's stormy frown.

Full many a ship hath struck in grief  
Where now thy lighthouse Cape Receife,  
Along the coast-line towers.  
How thou art watched from out at sea,  
Thy glare sought for, how anxiously,  
Amidst the darkest hours!



And where bold seamen hold their ways,  
 Skirting the rugged rock-bound bays,  
     Winding from south to north,  
 There where the cloud can come and haze,  
 Now shineth light, well 'clept St. Blaize,  
     Sending its beams far forth.

Where many a stricken spirit pines,  
 The Robben Island lighthouse shines,  
     And beckons to the bay,  
 The vessel proudly speeding past,  
 Mistress of wave and feathered blast,  
     Which sweeping round her play.

These are thy happy sister lights,  
 Companions thro' the stormy nights,  
     Tho' seeming sever'd far :  
 By some electric lighthouse thrill,  
 Ye seem to gather up one will,  
     To show that one ye are.

But Green Point Flash, 'tis thine to say,  
 Rest and be thankful in our bay,  
     Safe from dread Cape of Storms ;  
 Rich laden argosies may now  
 'Neath Table Mountain's cliff-rent brow,  
     Rest from the sea's alarms.

Till once more loaded with fresh spoil  
 Gather'd from Afric's fertile soil,  
     'Tis time for new dispatch :  
 Freight with many an anxious heart,  
 Reluctant, sad, or coy to part,  
     Then thine the farewell flash.

Flashing the Hope too deep for word,  
 Flashing the vow ne'er to be heard,  
     Flashing the sigh and tear :  
 Flashing the mourner's heart-rent cry,  
 Flashing the lover's soul-lit eye,  
     Flashing the "Good-bye, dear."

Flash on, until thy flickering ray  
 Loses itself in morning gray,  
     Flash on till daylight grows ;  
 Flash on again when Even sends,  
 Some coming craft, which stately wends,  
     And finds a calm repose.

Flash on, and be the seaman's friend,  
Flash on, and, brightly flashing, send  
Thy rays in to his home,  
Where anxious wife and children play,  
Flash on, and light them as they pray,  
For one on billowy foam.

Flash to them HOPE and PEACE and GRACE,  
Flash bright, with ever flashing face,  
Flash to them HEALTH and STRENGTH.  
Flash, and so flashing let them see  
That "in the haven where he would be,"  
The dear one is at length.

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Sea Point, March, 1878.

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## *The Music of the Future.*

No. IV.

BY CH. THORPE.

THE early specimens of Opera produced by the Savants of the later Renaissance,\* taken as embodying the results of their experiments in the restoration of classical Greek art, were manifestly a failure. But on the other hand, a considerable artistic advance was made from such crude productions as the Morality, or Miracle Play, while still retaining much of the old materials. For these exhibitions appealed to the imagination, the understanding, and the feelings, not only by means of the painted scene, the spoken word, and the vocal chorus, but also by that chorus of Instruments, which—whatever might have been its previous aims or pretensions—assumed in later times a position and a power that claimed to speak for itself. And this claim has been fully recognised by the most profound thinkers of the present age; from whom, however, must be excepted a few of the more "advanced" theorists, who have attempted to show that future generations cannot accept this view; and that Beethoven's "children of the orchestra" only stammer and imperfectly express an artistic intuition; needing the assistance of a "poetic basis" to render it complete.

The simultaneous employment of Voice, Orchestra, and Scene, as the three factors of Opera, has before been referred to. Of the Solo Voice it was hinted that—if the new theories as to its proper functions are to be carried out—it will be principally employed in the enunciation of recitative. The Scenery, from its nature, scarcely admits of anything new, unless improved mechanical appliances be regarded as such. But the Orchestra is to occupy so important a place in the regeneration of the

\* The date here referred to is A.D. 1600: the Renaissance being in reality spread over a long period. Seemingly initiated through the mere accident of the Italians being possessed of "the treasures of ancient learning," which at the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries the victories of Chas. 8th, Louis 12th, and Francis 1st, opened to the world; the introduction of printing, and perhaps the Reformation also contributed to the completion of this "Revival."

Lyric Drama ; and the claims of novelty in its application to the general dramatic effect are so ostentatiously put forward that it becomes necessary to accord it special consideration. Evidently any attempt to produce an Opera without the Orchestra must be regarded as a mutilation of the work ; but this consideration applies with tenfold significance to the music-drama of Wagner, which without an orchestra would be simply impossible. It is certain, that, although Wagner limits its power, or rather denies its capability of expressing a poetical idea when employed alone, he nevertheless cannot take a single step in which the Instrumentation does not play a very prominent part. This arises not so much from the fact that in the orchestra lies the whole of Wagner's power as that he employs it to a great extent as a substitute for the vocal element, hitherto understood to be the first consideration in Lyric Drama. In other words, with Wagner, singing is principally to be effected by the orchestra ; vocal expression to be abandoned for instrumental ; while the dramatic necessity is completed by the "poetic basis" enunciated by the voice in a kind of measured recitative.

Although the art-form, Opera, as we have hitherto recognised it, undoubtedly originated at the Renaissance, the orchestral element in this triple combination was employed long before that period. As but little information on the subject can be gathered from writers of earlier date, some modern authors seem to have construed this into an argument against its existence, except in a very meagre form, an impression as erroneous as that of many musical historians who till recently believed that the gay songs of the Troubadour and the peasant of the middle ages were one and the same in style with that of the timeless Ecclesiastical music of the period. But we are continually reminded how untrustworthy such assumptions are, and of their liability to be upset by the acquisition of fresh evidence. First it is a manuscript, then a painting, or perhaps an instrument, which may have escaped the ravages of time to mutely tell of art, superior to that which history may have recorded.

That the artists at the Renaissance initiated great changes in music, theoretically and practically, is quite certain, but they worked no miracles. They applied more effectively, and perhaps in a novel manner, the means ready to hand—as does Wagner at the present time—but, like Wagner, they did not create those means. They also anticipated, by at least two centuries, some things which the modern German school claims as absolutely new, but which in the sequel, will be shown to be—especially in regard to the orchestra and its employment—very old. Some written, but much more unwritten, evidence exists of the state of the orchestra previous to that period ; and although it is scarcely necessary to detail the successive steps which have ended in its capability, as Wagner thinks, of being applied as the principal exponent of dramatic expression—a few items in its history, which have recently come to light, may here, perhaps, neither be uninteresting nor too discursive.

Some half century or so before the appearance of the first Opera, the practice of employing the orchestra as an accompaniment to voices, and most probably also in an independent form, is referred to in a work by Ludovico Guicciardini,\* who incidentally mentions "the pompous

\* *Descrit : di tutti i Paesi Bassi* ; Antwerp, 1556.

services in the great church at Antwerp ; and in other churches of Flanders, celebrated with voices and instruments of various kinds." What these instruments were, we know to a certainty from a Latin treatise by a Benedictine monk,\* written some twenty years earlier. In this treatise are described and depicted no less than forty instruments, nearly all of which are evidently more or less available for orchestral purposes, though as to the method of employing them we learn nothing definite. Obscure hints also occur here and there in other writers who have had occasion to refer to the subject of music ; but so little seems to have been recorded concerning the early employment of instrumental music in an independent form, that it would be almost fair to conclude the generality of historians had agreed to ignore it altogether. This is not only to be regretted, as leaving a blank in the history of the art, but it is not a little singular. The collection of ancient musical instruments in the Kensington Museum, London (to the formation of which the author of the present article assisted, and contributed some rare specimens), must be considered, if not unique, at least what the official catalogue represents it, "the most comprehensive in existence." Among these instruments are to be seen specimens from 300 to 500 years old, of exquisite workmanship, and suited, as may reasonably be supposed, to the requirements of the times in which they were fabricated ; for nothing would be easier than to produce historical evidence of the influence which has, at all times, been exerted on art productions by the quality of the means or appliances available to the artist. While, therefore, the instruments in this collection are not exceptional, but representative, still older specimens exist elsewhere, which indicate a much better practical condition of this branch of the art at the period than has been generally admitted. The obscurity in which this matter has been enshrouded, has had a two-fold origin—the absence of sufficient data on which to found an opinion (a difficulty which, to some extent, has recently been removed) and the insufficient examination of such evidence as was already at hand. As the resources and method of employing the orchestra at the Renaissance must here be exemplified, in order to show the advance on this method made by Wagner and his followers, a few of the data just referred to will now be given, which may contribute towards the clearing up of some doubtful points regarding the condition of the orchestra previous to that period.

Whether the ancients practised harmony at all, with or without instruments, has, till quite recently, been considered very dubious. The early Latin writers, especially Bœthius (A.D. 476-525), by not clearly comprehending, and thus mistranslating, Greek technical terms ; and modern historians often relying upon these Latin treatises have apparently rather helped to mystify than throw light upon the subject. It is, therefore, not surprising that Morley,† who wrote the earliest English treatise of any importance on music, was evidently of opinion that before the time of Gaffurius (1518) there was no such thing as music in parts ; that Dr. Burney and Sir John Hawkins (hitherto the standard English historians of music) were able to form no better judgment ; that M. Fetis‡ thought it "a delicate question," and declined to discuss it, and Mr. Hullah that there was "not the slightest evidence to show that anything analogous

\* Luscinius: *Musurgia* ; Strasburg, 1536.

† *Plaine and easie Introd. to Practical Musicke* : London, 1597.

‡ *La musique mise à la portée de tout le monde* : Paris, 1830-44.

to modern music existed among the nations of antiquity." Though the latter perhaps referred more to the art of expression in music as now practised, when he said that "the music of modern Europe is a new art."\* More recent researches have thrown some light on this "delicate question," and an English historian—W. Chappell, F.S.A.—claims to have demonstrated an almost pre-historic antiquity for the practice of Instrumental Music in parts. He cites as proof of this, one of the drawings in the Turin *Satyrical Papyrus*: representing an Egyptian Quartet concert in the reign of Rameses III; a painting in the British Museum (removed from a tomb in Thebes,) of the time of Moses (18th Dyn.), the subject being an instrumental concert by Egyptian ladies; a picture in the Pyramid of Memphis; and another in the Pyramid of Gizeh. These point to the employment of instruments for the purposes of harmony, even at that early period. That this art was still practised, and among other nations at a later period, we have evidence in the Epistle of Sidonius in the 5th century relating to Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, which mentions the Hydraulic Organ and "those persons who were wont to play on the Lyre and other instruments for the entertainment of princes at their meals." Lastly, Gori's "*Thesaurus Diptychorum*" gives from a MS. of the time of Charlemagne, a sketch of an 8th century concert, in which an organist, a harpist, a trumpeter, a performer on a set of bells, and a violist or violinist take part. All this shows to a certainty that the practice of combining various instruments into an orchestra, had existed for ages. Excepting Sidonius' "*Epistle*," none of these examples could have come under the notice of either Dr. Burney or Sir J. Hawkins, although they must have known that the crowd or crwth (a violin with a flat bridge, several strings, and not *echancréé*, therefore producing harmony rather than melody) was common in Europe quite as early as the sixth century. But Sir J. Hawkins, referring to a work published in 1570, by a Spanish monk,† seems to have come to the conclusion that "the earliest intimation touching the origin of instrumental music in parts" is therein contained. His inference from this, and the absence of anything to the contrary in several other authorities, is, that instrumental music, even during the century preceding the introduction of the opera, "was either solitary or at most unisonous with the voice." But apart from the fact that bands of good practical musicians could not be created at will, such negative evidence is of little value. In the instance just named, beyond the bare "intimation" of parts, we are neither told what the instruments were, nor the manner of their employment, but, considering the period, they were most probably either of the *viol* or the *violin* family. Evidence in support of this view is also forthcoming. The violin is mentioned by Chaucer and contemporary writers in the fourteenth century, although it is not until towards the end of the sixteenth century that we hear of its having attained to that position as an orchestral instrument, which it must ever hold, from its unsurpassable qualities as the leading and indispensable exponent of musical expression in most orchestral combinations, with or without reference to the musical drama. The first to demonstrate some of its great capabilities, so far as at present known, was Balthazarini (author of the "*Balet comique de la Royné*,"

\* *Roy. Inst. Lect.*: 1862. *Cantor Lect.*: 1867.

† *Hist. Music*, Vol. II., Bk. 4.



1582, in which occurs the melody *Son de la Clochette*, a pianoforte version of which has recently become popular as an "Air composé par Louis XIII"). This renowned performer appears to have been engaged in 1580 as "chief of the band of violins\* at the Court of Henry III., of France." So that if the violin had not become the leading or most prominent instrument at the time of the introduction of the new style, it had at least made its mark; as we may also infer from the directions given by Cavaliere for the performance of such works as his *L'Anima è Corpo* (usually considered the first Oratorio. †) He says:—" . . . The symphonies and ritornels may be played by a great number of instruments; and if a violin should play the principal part it would have a good effect." Here, perhaps, we have one of the earliest known hints on orchestration—the application of certain instruments to particular purposes; a principle which was strikingly developed in the *Orfeo* of Monteverde; and which constitutes one of the most salient points in the "innovations" of Wagner and his school. But whatever may have been the methods of employing instruments at anterior periods, it is quite clear that on the introduction of the new style, the resources of the orchestra could not be allowed to remain undeveloped. "The new manner of composing required a new form of harmonic accompaniment," it was said. With the demand came the supply; and the transition from mystery and miracle play to Opera and Oratorio was accomplished—a transition to be regarded as qualitative rather than quantitative in respect to the means employed. In the miracle play the vocal element was that most cared for; and the scenery was by no means disregarded; but the orchestra, from some cause, seems to have been a far less efficient element; notwithstanding that "many excellent composers and performers on various instruments were then living."‡ But the Renaissance "changed all that," and some other things also; and from that period we are left no longer in doubt as to the condition and application of orchestral, vocal, and scenic resources, whether in sacred, or secular drama.

Of the disposition or placing of the orchestra at this period, Cavaliere's Oratorio will give sufficient illustration; of the application of it to special purposes, Monteverde's *Orfeo* will afford proof; we shall also presently see how Wagner draws upon these resources, and incorporates them into his *new* theories of dramatic treatment and stage management. In Cavaliere's *L'Anima è Corpo*, the orchestra was thus represented:—

A double lyre,  
A harpsichord,  
A large or double guitar,  
Two flutes.

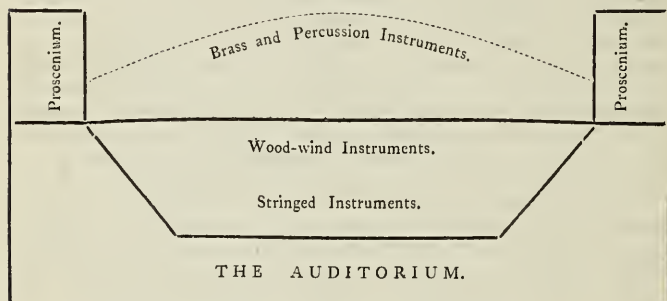
\* This implies stringed instruments of that class, but of different sizes. If they were *viols* (i.e., generally with six strings and frets) they included bass, tenor, and treble viols, but if *violins* (four strings without frets) they were divided into bass, tenor, contra-tenor, and treble violins. All were played with a bow, but the viols are now obsolete; and the larger violins improved, have received other names.

† Such it is generally styled although including dancing and scenery. Dr. BURNETT (vol. iv. p. 16) calls it "a sacred drama, oratorio, morality, or mystery in music." So late as the commencement of the present century Oratorios continued to be thus represented at Rome. Remains of these mysteries also continue in the decennial "Passion Plays" of Oberammergau in Bavaria.

‡ Cerreto; *Della pratica musica*; 1601.

The performers were, therefore, not very numerous, though they are said to have been "eminently respectable." Such, however, was the band with which was produced the first Oratorio ; and but for one circumstance in connection with it we can hardly conceive of the possibility of the ambitious Wagner returning to study the capabilities of such a meagre representation of our modern grand orchestra. Three of these four varieties of instruments, indeed, would be so little capable of producing modern musical "effects," that they have been allowed to become obsolete. What then did Cavaliere do with his orchestra ? it may be asked. The answer to this is, that what he did, more concerned the *stage management* than the orchestra itself. Wagner is his own stage-manager, and hither he comes to learn of early experimenters. Cavaliere's plan consisted in disposing the players in such a way that they were invisible to the audience. They were placed behind the scenes, or at least beyond the proscenium. This masking of the orchestra is, however, now to be revived. It constitutes a most important feature in the Wagnerian dramatic representations ; and the "mystic gulf" in connection with the *Nibelungen Trilogy* (Quadrilogy), has been made the most of, as a new thing in the art ; although it merely consists in *sinking the orchestra in front*, instead of placing it behind the proscenium. The following is a plan of the arrangement of the orchestra at Bayreuth :—

## THE STAGE.



The Orchestra consisted of the following instruments :—

|                               |                              |                            |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1st Violins ... .. 16         | Flutes ... .. 3              | Horns ... .. 8             |
| 2nd Violins ... .. 16         | Piccolo ... .. 1             | Tubas (tenor) ... .. 2     |
| Violas (& viola alka.) ... 12 | Oboes ... .. 3               | Do. (bass) ... .. 2        |
| Violoncellas ... .. 12        | Corno-inglese (alto-oboe) 1  | Do. (contrabass) ... 1     |
| Contrabasses ... .. 8         | Clarinets ... .. 3           | Trumpets ... .. 3          |
|                               | Bass do. ... .. 1            | Do. (bass) ... .. 1        |
|                               | Bassoons ... .. 3            | Trombones (tenor, bass,) 3 |
|                               |                              | Do. (oontrabass) ... 1     |
| Total Strings... .. 64        | Total Wood-wind... 15        | Total Brass... .. 21       |
| Kettledrums ... .. 4          | } Percussion<br>Instruments. | Harps ... .. 6             |
| Sidedrum ... .. 1             |                              |                            |
| Triangle ... .. 1             |                              |                            |
| Cymbals ... .. 1              |                              |                            |
| Carillon ... .. 1             |                              |                            |

Of the acoustic effect of the 114 instruments disposed as in this diagram\* some idea may be gained from a description of the first performance at Bayreuth, contributed by a Wagnerian to one of the London journals, from which the following extract is made :

The most remarkable feature of the whole is undoubtedly the so-called mystic gulf, the partially covered space which separates the stage from the auditorium, and in which the orchestra, the conductor, and prompter, are sunk, so that they are concealed from the audience. The effect of this novel arrangement which has been ridiculed by so many hasty critics, is most extraordinary. No glaring of gas-lights from the desks of the musicians ; no contortions of instruments and players ; no overpowering solitary thunder of the brass instruments and drums at one end of the orchestra ; no rasping and groaning of the double basses at the other ; no drowning of the voices by the band ; none of these most objectionable features of the traditional Opera-band mar the effect of what passes on the stage ; but so wonderful is the concentration of sound that the effect of the combined band is rather that of one single instrument, powerful yet subdued, emitting an incessant flow of music, yet distinctness in every note that reaches the ear ; independent of the vocal music, yet a part of the whole organism ; descriptive of the dramatic action, yet never interfering with the intended effect of the vocal music—that of a drama sung . . . . Nor can I help thinking that the adoption of this mode of sinking and partly covering the orchestra will only be a question of time in other theatres, for an additional advantage of so sinking the orchestra is that the audience is not wearied by the incessant predominance of the instrumental music.

The effect, so desirable, resulting from this method of “assisting the illusion,” could not have been accomplished in other theatres, but required a building specially constructed, with this and other appliances, for the more effective realization of Wagner’s dramatic conceptions. Whether this, in the projected new school, implies the re-construction of every existing opera-house, or that every new composer, with “advanced” ideas of art, is to demand a special building for the presentation of his views, is a problem which concerns the *impresario* rather than the public, and may “only be a question of time,” though possibly a very long time.

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## The Rail, through the Karoo.

I HAD come down to Beaufort West from a long way inland, and was very glad to read there the March number of this magazine. Among other articles, that headed “A Trip to Beaufort West per Post Cart,” naturally caught my eye and engaged my special attention, from the position in which I was at the time placed—of having immediately to traverse that dreary, weary stretch of country myself. I had, by a coincidence, previously resolved to write you a slight sketch “By the Way,” noting the changes which years bring with them. My eye fell on the article in question. I was, above all, seeking practical information as to the railway improvements of which I had heard much, and I thought this article would partly help me. But I confess I was disappointed, excellent as the article in its own way is. And I therefore redetermined to write this sketch, which approaches the same subject, but from another point of view, as I have suggested in the heading I have given it above.

\* The Brass and Percussion Instruments being placed under the front of the stage (see dotted line), and the whole Orchestra on an inclined plane, of which the highest part was next the Auditorium.

I was very glad to reach Beaufort West again. Having come so far, over a dry and thirsty land, the site of the dam was a pleasure to the weary eye of one who had long dwelt inland. The progress of the town itself since I had last seen it was very marked. I could, in some respects indeed, hardly fancy it was the same place. I missed the jovial figure and portly presence of "old Hume," the well-known hostler of other days; but I found, at all events, a clean and well-conducted hotel, where I certainly found no butter resembling "liquid mustard," although I was sorry to note that it was not the growth of the place, but condensed and imported, which pleased me as little as your correspondent "M" in your March number. The towels were clean, the bread good, the "draught beer" (remember, I had come far, and it was a luxury) A 1. I discovered no "Egyptian mummies," but many welcome, familiar faces, of well-conditioned bodies, men whom I had known long years ago, and of whom the only regret was I could not see more. And I am further unable to agree with "M," either that Mitchell's Pass is not very pretty and grand, or that Ceres—sweet, snugly-esconced ambrosial Ceres—has such an "infantile" appearance, for it is, in many shades of view, a charming picture of a spot.

But it is the Karoo itself which I am more anxious to defend. "Defend the Karoo!" I fancy I hear some one say. "How is that possible?" Well, good reader, the Karoo is a very old friend of mine, and I like to see old friends well dealt with, and their strivings to get on fairly noticed, even if they are a bit dull and dreary-headed, in comparison with greater geniuses. And one way of doing that is to sketch its changes. Mr. Prosser, in his able articles about the Karoo in this magazine, has already shown there is perhaps far more in the Karoo than we think of, or speak of sometimes, sneeringly. And my recent trip through it up to Cape Town showed me it is fully keeping pace with the improving times. In fact, I could hardly believe it was the same Karoo; and so, for the benefit and information of its many friends scattered over South Africa, I wish some of them would accompany me in my journey, on paper, and note the changes which perhaps circumstances do not allow them just now the opportunity of seeing in person.

We leave Beaufort West, then, and are hardly out of the town, on its Cape Town side, but we feel we are out of civilization and into the Karoo. This is the feeling you get as you turn to the right out of the main street, up which you cast a long lingering look. Here now is that unmistakable silence, different almost from the silence of any other somewhat similar scene—a scene of loneliness it is true, but greatly because Beaufort, the break in the dulness, the oasis of this desert, has been left behind, and we know we shall meet no other town till we reach our journey's end, and revel once more in the Metropolis of South Africa. Here is the Karoo road, *sui generis*, up and down, and down and up, and in and out, and round about, and very dry and dusty. Here is the Karoo Koppie and



Kommetje, *sui generis* too. Here is the Karoo Mimosa, clothing the banks of the Karoo river, most essentially *sui generis*, with its broad and clean and sandy bed, dry now, tempting the inexperienced traveller to make that very bed the scene of a comfortable and sheltered night outspan, from which dream, in other seasons, he would indeed get a sudden and rude awakening, perhaps not for long either. In no other part of South Africa in which I have travelled, and it has been my lot to "knock about" a good deal more than many, from Cape Point on to Delagoa Bay, and beyond, and circling far inland, have I seen the exact *similia facta* of this road, this koppie, that thorn, that river. There may be many somewhat like it, some in the Midland districts nearly approaching it, but none I have seen at all the same. To get to Steyns' Kraal is a slight relief, but not much; from Klein Letjes Bosch, to Groot Letjes Bosch, where the bright face and vigorous political tongue of common-sense host Deas lightens one up a bit, like a ray shining out into the approaching darkness; then on to Uitkyk and its oppressive silent solitude; then on again some hours. We are now, say a day and a half, easy travelling from Beaufort. The olden features of the Karoo so far are all the same. Yes, you may safely say, "without the shadow of a change or turning." It was the same fifteen, yes perhaps fifty years ago. With Barrow or Burchell in your hand, you might almost fancy you are going over the same ground.

But hey, presto! Magician's wand, indeed. Karoo—Aladdin, thou hast well rubbed thy slavish lamp. What is this?

### THE ROYAL OAK, RIETFontein,

painted up, in large and catching letters, on the signboard of a way-side inn. A crowd and bustle around the hostelry, where, in former days, some struggling farmer dragged along his homely but, after all by contrast, miserable career, with nought almost to offer to a passing traveller but biltong and fleas. And, kindly welcomed as you may be, these are poor concomitants to a bothered traveller.

But this signboard is not the only change. See yonder among the clumps, almost groves, of mimosa bushes around, white tents on tents, like groups of encampments, young Diamond-fields; scores and scores of hard-working navvies and labourers toiling onwards to civilization. "There are the rails!" I called out; and simple as is the sight of these precursors of progress to you who travel daintily day by day to Wynberg, or even Worcester and beyond, it is an astonishing one in the Karoo. Earthworks being thrown up steadily, and rails laid on them—carefully let us hope—in the heart of this solitude, is indeed a metamorphosis, and how much greater will it be before long, when the rail is laid and the train runs on to Beaufort? We really can hardly realize it; for then Beaufort will be for some time the terminus to a great Interior which will hurry on to it and be glad to get there. And when, step by step, it leaves Beaufort and goes on along, perhaps not so fast, towards the banks of the Orange River,



how carefully and thankfully its progress will be watched, its advent hailed ! But this is for the future, which will take care of itself ; and I am now busy with the present ; yes, and with the past.

For fifteen years ago, when one left Beaufort West for Cape Town, although the whole distance is but 330 miles, and the whole journey took but a week, we prepared ourselves with more preparation than we almost now think of making on a voyage to Europe. You had to be very particular as to your horseflesh, very careful as to your hamper, and very patient along the route with your best temper. The most cheerful society seemed after a while to pall upon the mental appetite, anxious as it might be for zest and change. And when, having surmounted the poor food, the bad water, and a score of other drawbacks, you got to Karoo Poort at the other end of your journey, it was not with a sigh of relief but a loud and veritable loud lung-cheer of joy. I am old enough to remember a Circuit Judge's equipage reaching Karoo Poort, and the whole cavalcade, all the oldest and sedatest, and the young and liveliest of advocates included, not thinking it below any false notions of dignity, or a want of respect either, to range themselves on either side of the road, where the wide Karoo has converged to a narrow poort,—the happy outlet as it were of all its sandy miseries,—and give three times three of the heartiest possible of cheers to that able, kindly-hearted, good, good judge.

And *now* you have hardly got more than two days' from Beaufort, and you have the rail coming onward to greet you.

I never saw the Karoo road so lively as here in its most desolate portion, with groups of toiling labourers. And I never saw the Karoo mimosa clumps so bright, so enlivened by the white tents pitched among them, and stretching as far as the eye can reach. At Wagenmaker's Kraal, where there formerly stood but one most miserable and dilapidated-looking Boer house—which not all the discomforts of the journey ever made one enter, and I was never as a traveller over particular—you now see several large railway workshops. The “butcher and the baker,” more practical concomitants of civilization and progress than a good many things else—the smithy—where literally besides the spreading “mimosa tree,” the village smithy stands, and the neat houses of the Engineers. At Grootfontein the change is doubly great, really extensive establishments for the Karoo ; and an accidental wayside outspan *rencontre* with a bright-faced, big-hearted railway man, who bids you come and dine with him “up away at the cottage yonder,” makes you wonder more and more if this can be the Karoo, where formerly you might have begged pitilessly for a meal. In that very river bed which stretches itself out near by, stand to this day the remnants of a stone “schem,” which long years ago the circuit advocates of that day built themselves for the night's resting place. Truth to say we could not have been much happier in a palace. And hard by here stands now an extensive hotel, and as I say, large railway works.

Well, the further you go the less you believe you are in the Karoo. The quiet air has disappeared; the busy scenes have come. Cuttings and embankments and rails make you anxious for the sight of something better. In February the "material" train was running to Vleifontein, which is about two days from Uitkyk on the Cape Town side. Before many months the line will be opened to Grootfontein, and then you will be about two days only from Beaufort.

"Buffel's River" every old Karoo traveller remembers. It is about a day from Grootfontein, about five hours after you have taken the left hand road, where the two roads diverge soon after Grootfontein is left. The Ghoup road, the right hand one going on to Greef's, and thence into Ceres, you now banish for ever, and it is certainly the more miserable of the two routes, viz., to Ceres and to Worcester. At Buffel's River you have again large workshops and establishments, neat engineer houses scattered all around the thorns. A few hundred yards on this, the Beaufort side of the Buffel's River, you see the real, veritable live engine standing, and more and more the reality dawns upon your inland mind that it is no dream. "South Africa," by a curious coincidence, is the engine's name. There is the engine driver's neat house, and by it the engine resting on the rails, for it is Sunday, or we could have got up as far as Vleifontein. Next morning by special permission you get on the material train, that is to say upon "trucks," at Buffel's River, at 6 a.m., and at 7.30 a.m. you are at Matjesfontein, thus saving a day of sandy road for tired mules, and a return day. Just therefore at that stage of the Karoo journey, when your animals are wearied, and when your own spirits, exhilarant as they may be, begin to "flag," you have the rail! What more can an inland and Karoo traveller wish? You fancy yourself in an earthly paradise, and you rattle away from Buffel's River.

At Matjesfontein I was fairly astonished to see the large establishments; large, mind you, in comparison not with Charing Cross, but with the previous *nil* of the Karoo Matjesfontein proper. The busy crowd, the booking office, the telegraph office, the hotel, are all there. Speaking of the telegraph, of course it is the accompanist of the railway, and to see the rail and the wire running side by side in the dreary Karoo, is certainly the seventh wonder of South Africa. I do not pause to reflect what the change will be in a year or two,—the reader can do that for himself. Into the railway carriage, shake and quiver on the narrow gauge—I wish I could see it shaking and quivering through South Africa—station after station, and the Hex River Mountain with its beautiful scenery passed, and at 6 p.m. you are in charming Worcester. It is true you have gone slowly from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and you have only "done" ninety-five miles; but reckon the saving of your time and your animals, and the comfort to the traveller himself! You rest at Worcester the night, and next day at midday you are in Cape Town. [Now (April 28) there is a train, I see, from Matjesfontein to Cape Town in a day.] The

change is simply wonderful, and before long the old-standing complaints against the Karoo will be gone. To one who crosses it for the first time the change may not seem so great, but to one who has crossed it year after year, you feel that the Metropolis of South Africa is now not so far removed, and very easy to get at, even by this route, by one who lives far inland.

I think this slight sketch may find a resting-place in your magazine for three reasons: (1.) By way of contrast to your correspondent "M.," who, strange to say, makes no mention of these railway improvements, although he must have passed them, I suppose, even by post-cart on the road. (2.) For information of many an inland reader who knows the Karoo well, and will easily understand my slight elucidation of the changes in an old friend. (3.) By way of contrast to some other correspondent, who may, either in the near or in the far future, make even better Karoo comparisons towards the general good of South Africa.

I end with the thought: If such are the changes which day by day is bringing in perhaps the dreariest part of the country, what bright picture might not be drawn of the general progress and advancement, despite all the crokers say? β.

~~~~~  
*Absence.*

In the wild and distant South,  
Far from friends most dear,  
Camp'd beside the river's mouth,  
Voiceless sounds I hear!  
Tufted grasses gently wave  
In the softened gale,  
Silver moonbeams calmly lave  
All the spreading vale,  
Swiftly glides the river deep  
Towards the restless sea;  
While the camp lies wrapped in sleep,  
Visions come to me!

Wicked laughing eyes of blue,  
Lips of ruby red,  
Wealth of hair of golden hue  
Round a shapely head,  
Dimpled cheeks and heaving breast,  
Women's matchless grace,  
Trust in absent love express'd  
On the winning face!  
Speaks the vision to my heart,  
Soothes its bitter pain,  
Bids me hope—though now apart—  
We shall meet again!

Victoria East.

LEO.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## The Hardy Norseman.

VERY many who enjoy the bold and inspiring strains of this famous glee know little, and care less, about the mythical personage whose valiant feats are there recorded, but in truth there is no more interesting study than to trace the history of that extraordinary race of Vikings, Bersekirs, or call them what you will, who ruled the waves long ere Britannia acquired the sovereignty of the seas.

On the mere ground that the proper study of mankind is man, we might venture warmly to recommend the readers of this Magazine to investigate for themselves the strange career of that unconquerable line of sea dogs who for so many ages made their home upon the stormy ocean.

But there are special reasons why Englishmen, proud of their curiously blended ancestry, should desire to know more than they do of the early Norsemen whose relations with our country were more frequent indeed than friendly, but who without doubt were instrumental in launching England upon a naval career, teaching her to rely on her hearts of oak, and impressing upon her the conviction—still strong and intense after a lapse of a thousand years—that her business is in “great waters,” that

“ Her march is on the mountain wave,  
Her home is on the deep.”

It was in the fifth century, coincident with the withdrawal of the Romans, that the worshippers of Woden, swarming out of Jutland, Friesland, Holstein, and Schleswig, first made good their footing in Britain, and that the supremacy of the Celt was succeeded by the supremacy of the Saxon. Four centuries of rapine and internecine war followed. The obscure struggles of our rude ancestors, the Celts, Picts, Scots, Jutes, Angles, Saxons, and Danes, have been

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contemptuously described by a great historian as the scuffling of kites and crows ; but the peculiar formation of our national character is now seen to have arisen out of the ceaseless conflicts of those evil days, and our earliest records are well deserving of critical study, as showing how by slow degrees the more remarkable qualities of our race were built up during those generations of strife, when the hand of every man was raised against his fellow man, and might, not right, was the ultimate test of everything.

The struggle for mastership ended, as all such struggles do end, in the final predominance of one man possessed of greater "staying powers" than his neighbours. In A.D. 827, Egbert emerged from the crowd of petty kings, became "Overlord of all England," and was the first to adopt the proud designation of "Rex Anglorum."

His supremacy, and that of the Saxons generally, was destined, however, to speedy extinction. It was probably only three years later, about A.D. 830, that the "heathen men," as the Saxon chronicle emphatically calls the Norsemen, ravaged the southern coasts of England, and it is mournfully recorded that in A.D. 855 they for the first time remained "over winter" in the isle of Sheppey. From this date and for a couple of centuries, the Scandinavian adventurers devastated the British Isles with merciless ferocity.

The history of the Northern ravages has been stated by Macaulay with his accustomed picturesqueness of illustration.

"During many years," he says, "Denmark and Scandinavia continued to pour forth innumerable pirates, distinguished by strength, by valour, and by hatred of the Christian name. No country suffered so much from these invaders as England. Her coasts lay near to the ports whence they sailed ; nor was any shire so far distant from the sea as to be secure from attack. The same atrocities which had attended the victory of the Saxon over the Celt were now, after the lapse of ages, suffered by the Saxon at the hand of the Dane. Civilization, just as it began to rise, was met by this blow, and sank down once more. Large colonies of adventurers from the Baltic established themselves on the Eastern shores of our island, spread gradually westward, and supported by constant reinforcements from beyond the sea, aspired to the dominion of the whole realm. The struggle between the two fierce Teutonic breeds lasted through six generations. Each was alternately paramount. At length the North ceased to send forth a constant stream of fresh depredators, and from that time the mutual aversion of the two races began to subside. Intermarriage became frequent. The Danes learned the religion of the Saxons, and thus one cause of deadly animosity was removed. The Danish and Saxon tongues, both dialects of one widespread language, were blended together. But the distinction between the two nations was by no means effaced, when an event took place, which prostrated both in common slavery and degradation at the feet of a third people."

Hallam has also some interesting remarks on the same subject.



"About the end," he says, "of the eighth century, the Northern pirates began to ravage the coast of England. Scandinavia exhibited in that age a very singular condition of society. Her population, continually redundant in those barren regions which gave it birth, was cast out in search of plunder upon the ocean. Those who loved riot rather than famine embarked in large armaments under chiefs of legitimate authority as well as approved valour. Such were the sea-kings, renowned in the stories of the north, the younger branches of royal families who inherited, as it were, the sea for their patrimony. Without any territory but on the bosom of the waves, without any dwelling but their ships, these princely pirates were obeyed by numerous subjects and intimidated mighty nations."

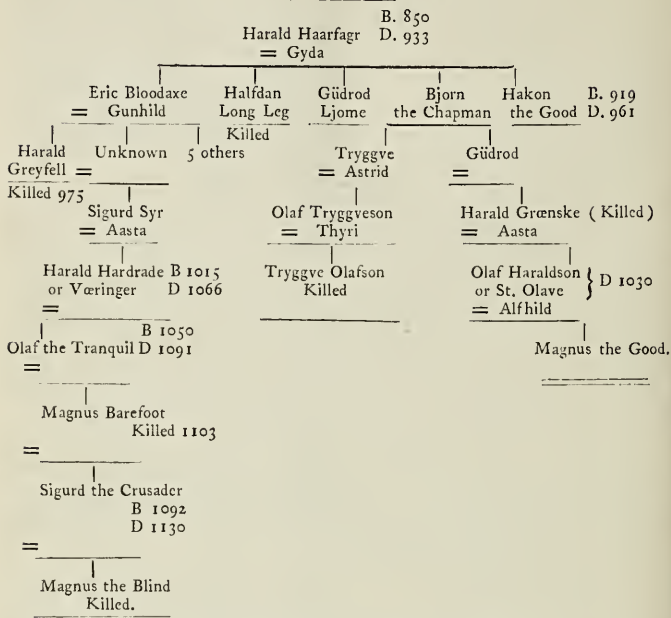
At frequent intervals through the ages we hear a wail of horror from plundered England as the great Norse armaments land one after another on her shores. On rare occasions we read of their defeat. They were roughly handled, for instance, by Egbert in A.D. 835 at Hengestesdun in Cornwall, and by Alfred the Great at Ethandune (Wiltshire), in A.D. 878, and again at Loncarty, in A.D. 975, when Kenneth 3rd and his brave Scots fell suddenly upon them. But as a rule they had it all their own way, and the Saxon princelets cowered before them. The very year they first wintered in Sheppey King Ethelwulf, father to Alfred the Great, more mindful of his miserable soul than of his plundered realm, "went to Rome in great state and dwelt there twelve months. And after that," adds the Saxon chronicle naïvely, "he came to his people, and they were glad of it." This, by the way is the same Ethelwulf whose descent the chronicle gravely and elaborately traces back to "Adam, the first man, and our Father, that is Christ!"

At length in A.D. 991, our wretched ancestors bethought themselves of bribing the enemy. This stupendous folly was first suggested by a churchman, Archbishop Siric. The payment of Danegelt, as it was called, rose gradually from £10,000 to what in those days was the enormous sum of £72,000 per annum. This hateful subsidy was naturally productive of vast ills. The remedy indeed was worse than the disease, for every fresh bribe inflamed the cupidity of the Vikings and caused them to redouble their attacks on a country at once so opulent and so defenceless.

But we must retrace our steps awhile, to show how in the first instance our "hardy Norseman" came to have leisure to devote his unwelcome attentions to the British shores. The cause is not far to seek. It was in the year of grace 860 that Norway, which for generations had been a wild chaos of contending clans, settled down into a roughly but effectively governed kingdom under the Haarfagr Dynasty. Denmark about the same time was united under one sceptre by Gorm the old. Internal peace, or what in those stormy days passed as such, being thus secured, the sea-robbers had leisure to look abroad and roam the Northern seas seeking whom they might devour. We subjoin a brief genealogy of the celebrated Haarfagr

(fair-haired) line, whose subjects were the chief scourges of the English coasts :—

Norse Kings ... .. Haarfagr Dynasty.



Like the founders of most dynasties, Harald Haarfagr was a man of vigour, nerve, and intense energy, and during his long reign of seventy years, his untameable Vikings flaunted their flag far and wide, and planted colonies in Iceland, the Faroe Islands, the Hebrides, the Orkneys, Shetlands and Man. Above all they seized from the feeble hand of Charles the Simple, King of the West Franks, a comfortable corner of his broad domains—thereafter called Normandy—from whence after two centuries of civilization, their descendants, clothed and in their right mind but with a devil still within them, re-issued under William, the Fifth Duke, to place their yoke permanently on the neck of England.

Harald Haarfagr, like his father before him, was an unmitigated Pagan, and so were his sons after him, save the youngest, Hakon, who by a strange turn of romance was educated at the Court of Athelstane of England, and who brought back to his benighted country the "glad tidings" of the religion of the Cross. Those who deride the imperceptible results arising out of Missionary labours in South Africa, may fitly note that the message of peace and good will

had radiated from the Mount of Olives 1,000 years, before its first faint echoes were even heard on the Norwegian shores.

Hakon, launched on Norway by Athelstane so soon as he arrived at years of discretion, had little difficulty in ejecting his elder brother Eric Bloodaxe, who fled to England—then as now a refuge for the destitute—and acquired, some say, the Earldom of Northumberland. Hakon, after a long and brilliant reign, fell in the arms of victory in a great sea fight against the Danes, A.D. 961: a fitting death for one of his name and lineage.

Another of the sons of Harald Haarfagr, Bjorn by name, must not be forgotten here. A peaceable man was he, and neither long-lived nor famous, but he was great-grandfather to Olaf Haraldson, *alias* Saint Olave, after whom churches are named in England to this very day.

“Speaking,” says Carlyle, “of the London Olaf churches, I should have added that from one of these the thrice famous Tooley Street gets its name—where those three Tailors, addressing Parliament and the Universe, sublimely styled themselves “We, the people of England.” Saint Olave Street, Saint Oley Street, Stoolley Street, Tooley Street; such are the metamorphoses of human fame in the world!”

But we must not dismiss Bjorn without alluding to his grandson, Olaf Tryggveson, who in company with Sweyn, King of Denmark, performed stupendous feats of Viking glory on the coasts of England, besieged London in A.D. 994, and subsequently returning to Norway overthrew Hakon Jarl, the heathen usurper, and reigned in his stead right gloriously. During his piratical voyages he had circumnavigated the British Isles, and been converted, it is traditionally said, by a hermit in the lonely Scilly islands, but relapsing into heathenry, he was again brought to book, this time by St. Elphege at or near Southampton, and marrying an Irish princess, resided for three years in Dublin.

Recovering his ancestral throne in Norway he forcibly, and with many hard knocks, converted his subjects at home and in his Icelandic colony, and finally died, as became him, on his quarter-deck fighting against the combined armament of Denmark and Sweden. There are quaint accounts in the old chronicles of the great war-vessels of those days, with their gaily ornamented prows, their banked oars; the weapons of the Vikings, broadswords, javelins, arrows, and stones, and the golden armour worn by the leading warriors. Boarding was freely resorted to. The conflicts were homeric and hand to hand, and quarter was neither given nor received.

Olaf Tryggveson, when all but honour was lost, leapt from the deck of his ship, the “Long Serpent,” and was seen no more. His mysterious disappearance was long the theme of poetry and romance, and he remains to us, says Carlyle, “the wildly beautifullest man in body and in soul that one has ever heard of in the North.”

We must not linger on the way to recount the interesting life of Magnus the Good; or the death, on an Irish battle-field, of Magnus the Barefoot, or the martial prowess of Sigurd the Crusader. Are they not written in the book or the Sagas, in Snorro, in Dahlmann, in Carlyle?

The last of the fair-haired Dynasty to whom we shall advert is Harald Hardrade, or the "severe," otherwise called the Vøringer, or Life Guardsman, from having served the Greek Kaisers of the lower Empire in Constantinople, and been Chief Captain of their Varangian Guard.

It was he—a man of gigantic strength and stature—who invaded the North of England in A.D. 1066, urged on by Tosti, son to Earl Godwin, and outlawed brother to the Harold who then wore the uneasy crown which the Witan had placed on his head upon the death of the Confessor. The Confederates sailed victoriously up the Tyne, the Humber, and the Ouse, defeated the Northern Earls Edwin and Morcar, took York, and burnt and plundered in true Viking fashion. The English king overtook them at Stamford bridge on the Derwent, and the negotiations preceding the battle between Harald of Norway and Harold of England are known to every schoolboy. Tosti was generously offered a free pardon, but the Norse king's claim to a share of England was contemptuously rejected with the stern sarcasm: "Seven feet of English earth shalt thou have for a grave or more if thou requirest it." Immediate battle ensued, and the invaders, after a terrible struggle, were utterly routed. Harald Hardrade lay that night in an English grave, and tradition has it that eight feet of soil instead of seven were required for his interment.

But the triumph of English Harold was short-lived. One foe was overcome, but another, more formidable, remained to fight. The Norsemen were scattered far and wide on the Northern seas, but the Normans had meanwhile landed in the South. England was destined to fall a prey to the scions of the Fair-haired race, and simultaneously with the defeat and death of their ruling monarch, his cousin of Normandy, a descendant of Ralf or Rolf the Ganger, appeared upon the scene and restored the supremacy of the terrible dynasty.

England, which had given to Norway its first Christian king, and had in return been sacked and plundered ever since, now fell under the combined assaults of the two branches of the Haarfagr line. Crushing the one, she was, within five days, crushed by the other, and the sovereignty of the Saxon passed to the Norman for ever.

The Haarfagr dynasty reigned for a century longer, but the chivalrous Norman eclipsed the "hardy Norseman," and the fame of the latter fades from our history in the blaze of glory surrounding the rise of the dynasty of William the Conqueror.

L. L. M.

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## Cousin Kees and Cousin Koos.

FROM THE DUTCH.

Cousin Kees loved Betsy dearly ;  
 Cousin Koos adored her too ;  
 Cousin Kees made her his idol ;  
 Cousin Koos none else would woo.  
 Kees brought tickets for the concert ;  
 Koos went with her to the ball ;  
 Each was of the other jealous,  
 Both were at her beck and call.

Strolling in the lanes or meadows,  
 In what weather she might choose,  
 One or other she encountered,  
 Sometimes Kees and sometimes Koos.  
 Was it Kees that Betsy walked with,  
 Koos looked pale and sore cast down ;  
 Was it Koos that Betsy talked with,  
 Then 'twas Kees's turn to frown.

Koos was Betsy's mother's nephew ;  
 Kees was of the father's kin ;  
 Koos thought *his* success was certain ;  
 Kees felt *he* was safe to win.  
 Koos said : " I fear no refusal,  
 Now I'm sure of Betsy's Ma ! "  
 Kees said : " You can try your utmost,—  
 Only don't forget Papa ! "

Koos went round among the gossips,  
 Gathering news from young and old,  
 Brought his budget to the mother,  
 Charmed her with the tales he told.  
 Kees sought voters for his uncle,  
 Day and night ran to and fro,  
 Thought—if Uncle is elected,  
 Koos may go to Jericho !



Day by day they grew more spiteful ;  
Cousin Kees and Cousin Koos,  
Oh ! they hated one another,  
Scowled and almost came to blows.  
Busybodies were not wanting,  
With their tattling tongues they came,  
Whispering, lying, mischief-making,  
Adding fuel to the flame.

You may ask, of these two cousins,  
Rivals now and bitter foes,  
Which found favour with the fair one,  
Was it Kees or was it Koos ?  
Betsy, she was free and pleasant,  
But no slightest look or word  
E'er by any chance discovered  
That she Kees or Koos preferred.

Each, in hopes to catch the birdie,  
Limed the twig and spread his net,  
Made quite sure he would entrap her,  
But in vain his snares were set.  
Hither, thither, hopped the birdie,  
Singing gaily all the while,  
Laughing with the fowler archly,  
Mocking all the fowler's guile.

Summer came and she must visit  
Some relations far away ;  
Betsy, with such joy before her,  
Chafed at every day's delay,  
Hastened on her preparations,  
Gave Papa and Ma no peace,  
Said, " Good-bye ! "—but left no greeting,  
None for Koos and none for Kees.

Betsy's visit was protracted  
Till the summer half was spent ;  
Betsy spoke not of returning,  
Happy seemed she and content.

Pa and Ma got letters often,  
But no line did she enclose ;  
Not a word to show she thought of  
Cousin Kees or Cousin Koos.

Both grew daily more impatient ;  
Day and night they knew no peace,  
Cruel doubts and dire forebodings  
Haunted wretched Koos and Kees.  
Both saw that it was a crisis,  
Something must at once be done ;  
Each resolved to try his fortune,  
Betsy must be wooed and won.

Travelling secretly and swiftly,  
Both arrived the self-same day,  
Each supposing that his rival  
Was some scores of miles away.  
Both at once, as luck would have it,  
Kees by this door, Koos by that,  
Made their way into the parlour  
Where, all blushes, Betsy sat.

Thunderstruck, Kees stared about him ;  
Koos could scarce believe his eyes ;  
Kees turned red as ever lobster ;  
Koos turned pale and cold as ice.  
Flashed across them both like lightning,  
’Twas a glance and nothing more,  
And they knew their fate was sealéd,  
And their dream of love was o’er.

There sat Betsy on the sofa ;  
There she sat—but not alone !  
Close beside her was another,  
Tasting bliss to them unknown.  
In the home where she was welcomed,  
Betsy found a handsome son ;  
Quickly was love’s flame enkindled,  
Betsy’s tender heart was won.

Pa and Ma soon heard the story,  
 Knew at first not what to say,  
 But, like prudent folks, they yielded,  
 And let Betsy have her way.  
 Sneaking home, the baffled rivals  
 Wept in secret o'er their woes,  
 While the gossips jeered and laughed at  
 Cousin Kees and Cousin Koos.

R.

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### *The Great Thirst Land.\**

CAPTAIN GILMORE's account of his ride through Natal, Orange Free State, Transvaal, and Kalihari Desert does not introduce us to anything very new or startling; but it has the merit of being well and modestly written, and such story as he has to tell is directed rather to the tastes of his brother Britons than to the prejudices of Cape Colonists. An ubiquitous traveller in search of sport has to put up, as a matter of course, with cold and heat, hunger and desperate thirst. The life of a sporting adventurer is, indeed, a very hard one, and if he does not find some compensation for his past privations in the plaudits of his brother sportsmen and the envy of stay-at-home Nimrods, when he returns safely, and is able to expand his rough memoranda into a readable volume, then assuredly he is very much to be pitied. In the present instance Captain Gilmore has every reason to be satisfied with his South African travels. He has had abundance of game to deal with, and he has been allowed to hunt in the pick of Kama's country, instead of being turned back by that enlightened king. In fact, he has found himself, throughout his trip, thoroughly well treated, except by his native servants, who, of course, have been as careless and reckless as savages generally are; on the whole, we are decidedly of opinion that our author has "had a good time" of it with us.

He differs, however, from most of the gentlemen who are anxious to follow in the footsteps of Gordon Cumming, by abstaining from slaying game for the mere sake of slaughter alone. Shooting for the pot, his day's sport has never been signalised by indiscriminate destruction of antelopes and larger game. As for lions, he has met with a good many in his path, and has done his best to convert them into carrion, and he appears to have bowled over a good many panthers and hyenas during his journey. The so-called Desert of Kalihari will apparently grow anything, wherever water can be

\* *The Great Thirst Land.* By Parker Gilmore. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin: London, 1878.

secured for irrigation; and at Soshong—the capital of Bamanwatto—King Kama is not likely to be invaded by an army of European pioneers. The country round about there is shown to be very sandy, and the south-eastern end of the Kalahari has secured in “sand, sand, sand, so deep that the felloes of the wheels are entirely covered—a barrier to progression northwards that no art can remove, no skill overcome, no ingenuity bridge. No game, no birds naught cheers the scene: it is a land of desolation, of waste, that nothing can ever be done to improve, that will never render food for the wild animals, let alone for man.” This howling waste may possibly act as a barrier to “prevent the amalgamation of races, or a cordon to stop the belligerent tribes of the south harassing with constant wars the more effeminate natives of the tropics.” The following is new to us, and so we extract it:—

“Soshong is situated on a flat, covered with sand and stone, through the centre of which passes a dry river bed. In the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants it was a constant stream; but as in many other parts of South Africa, more especially in the country bordering the Kalihari, it has gradually dried up. The hills which form the background of the town are very rugged, barren, covered with loose stone, and almost destitute of vegetation. Into this penetrates a kloof, forming almost an equilateral triangle, the base of which, drawing a line across the plain at its entrance, must be over a mile wide. Over this space in regular order are built the inhabitants’ huts.

“As at Moiloes, in Marico, the community is divided into what we may call divisions, brigades, and regiments, each ruled over by inferior chiefs, who are answerable to the King for the conduct of their subordinates. The huts are all built alike, and have an upright circular wall of clay of the diameter of about twelve feet, and are roofed with reeds in the shape of an umbrella top. To each residence there is a little compound enclosed by a thick hedge of cut thorn bushes. Not unfrequently, also, in the enclosure will be found a store house, a miniature copy of the larger residence. In these compounds the women do their domestic work, such as grinding corn, &c., &c. At the top of the kloof is the spring that once supplied the dried up river, and from which all water consumed in the town is derived.

“Before reaching the spring, on high ground overlooking the road, stand on the left Mr. Mackenzie’s house, and on the right Mr. Hepburn’s—both missionaries, and employed by the London Missionary Society. These buildings are plain and unostentatious, but comfortable. Near the former stands a large white building which does duty for church and school-house. But no vegetation ornaments the locality. Water is too scarce and precious to be spared for irrigation, and without it vegetable life will not flourish. At the back of both of these gentlemen’s houses the hills rise to the height of 800 or 900 feet, and their slope, which is very steep, is covered with

immense and apparently loose boulders, that the least shake of earthquake would send crashing into the valley beneath in one gigantic avalanche. In fact, a few years ago, a rock of great size fell from the summit and now remains lodged where the path once ran.

"On the side of the village next to the plain, the three or four traders who compose the European community have their cottages and stores, the principal of which is a rather large building surrounded with a strong upright picket fence. In this yard water has been obtained by sinking a well thirty feet; but in case Soshong should be attacked by an enemy this, doubtless, would be filled up, for the strength of the place consists in being able to keep an enemy from obtaining water.

"The Bechuanas are well aware of this, and as they are now fairly armed and far from destitute of courage, it would take a very strong and very determined force to obtain possession of the spring, for it is flanked on both sides with ridges of high ground so formed by nature that a hundred skirmishers would be able to keep a division at bay."

How "Kama" became King of the Bechuanas is very interestingly related, and it is curious to find in the Kalihari desert the same passions at work over the succession to a greasy throne as have been exhibited in more civilised countries. Magnanimity in a savage, and romance among the enemies of the Matabele, are the two last things we should have expected to find in a journal of this kind, and yet there can be no doubt that Kama is a noble-hearted, high-spirited and perfect gentleman of the old school, in spite of his black skin.

We are glad to read such good accounts of the real missionary work performed by Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Hepburn of Soshong:

"In both of them I recognised persons carried away by no schisms or creeds, but who exactly corresponded with the couplet:—

'For forms and creeds let fools and zealots fight,  
He scarcely can be wrong whose heart is in the right;'

and in my belief this fact, so vigorously expressed, forms the essence of true religion.

"Mr. Mackenzie is a tall, square built man, about five feet eleven in height, fair in complexion, genial in countenance, with great strength of character stamped on his brow, and an unmistakeable Highlander, speaking the English language with wonderful purity and intonation. Mr. Hepburn is taller but slighter, a Northumberland man, I should think, with great energy and resolution, and gifted with more than ordinary eloquence. The twain are a host in themselves; and while our country is represented by men of their type, it is bound to be honoured in whatever part of the earth their labours are carried on."

King Kama deserves a description; and as nothing can be said but in his favour, Capt. Gilmore has great pleasure evidently in writing it.



“In height he stands about four feet eleven, is very slim, of an excellent figure, and as upright as if he had been drilled; his head he carries very erect, and his features are small but regular, with a very pleasant expression of countenance and a very intelligent eye. His hands and feet are remarkably small and well formed—the former like a lady’s on account of the perfect nails and softness of the skin. In manner he is thoroughly self-possessed, very quiet, and neither obtrusive nor bashful. He dresses in European clothes made out of moleskin, and is scrupulously neat and tidy. He had heard of my intended visit, and gave me a most cordial welcome. My having been in the army was, he said, a bond of sympathy between us, for a brave man deserves the respect even of his enemy.

“Kama, although black, I found in every respect a gentleman: in appearance excessively well-bred, and in his language—as interpreted by Mr. Mackenzie—courteous and considerate. From the date of our interview we became better and better friends, for daily he paid me a visit, and if he obtained any information from me, I know I derived much from him, especially on the natural history of his extensive domains, of which he was a perfect proficient, often causing me to smile at the ability with which he could delineate peculiar characteristics of various animals.

“When the subject was broached about my obtaining permission to hunt in his country, he quietly informed me that he had made up his mind to give that privilege to no traders or boers, but that for a friend of Mr. Mackenzie’s, a soldier, and one who did not desire to exterminate the game, he would stretch a point, and therefore I could have Massara Veldt, his own hunting ground, and that he would send a chief of that people with me to collect the Bushmen on my route.”

To give some idea of the solemnity of Sunday in the wilderness, we make no apology for introducing the reader to the following vivid scene of missionary labour and success:—

“Sunday came round in course of time, and I could have known the day from all others, by the air of rest that lay over Soshong. All was as peaceful as the village homes we knew in our youth on such occasions. Missionary labour may be slow in telling in South Africa, especially among the tribes so far to the North, but when our religion is represented by such painstaking, enduring men as Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Hepburn, it is bound to succeed in the end.

“I shall never forget my Sunday afternoon at Soshong. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Hepburn had held service among the natives in the morning, but intended having prayers and a short discourse at three o’clock in their own house for those Europeans who chose to come.

“No one of them did not come; and in the little parlour where the service was held, the presence of the Almighty might almost have been felt. In my early life I had regarded religion lightly, but when I looked upon half-a-dozen stalwart men, accustomed to every hardship and danger of life, our worthy pastors’ children, and a few

servants, giving their whole soul to what they were engaged in, I more forcibly felt than ever I did before, that there was a great God above us,—One who merited our adoration and our love.

“The prayer was earnest, and such as could have been desired; the address was strictly applicable to the occasion; there was no flowery language; there were no marvellous similes; it was exactly what was wanted, and brought peace to the listeners’ heart.

“That was the most solemn Sunday I ever passed. No cant or hypocrisy was here. What I heard was an exhortation from an earnest, true, reflecting man, endeavouring to make his fellow-creatures feel the depth and height of religion, and the consolation that they could derive from it, although so far in a heathen land. As I ever felt after visiting a graveyard, or after visiting a church, so I felt when I left that room—that we ought not to live for our present life, but for that which is to come. When the hymn at the termination of the discourse was sung—‘God is my Shepherd, I shall not want,’—I again must repeat I was overcome with the conviction that I for one had been living for the present, and utterly regardless of the future, and that great future in which all will be summoned to give account of their stewardship.

“The life of a missionary here is a very hard one; their employment is incessant, and long after I retired to my wagon to sleep, Mr. Mackenzie was still consuming the midnight oil. In the morning they require to be up to look after their milch cows; presently school commences, then breakfast, after which a number of sick and wounded will be found assembled in the verandah, some with the most hideous sores possible to imagine. After each is duly treated, school again, and so on till dark.”

From these extracts it will be seen that life in the desert is not exactly a bed of roses; and that it needs as much determination and pluck to go forth and do battle against the ignorance of savage life as to encounter lions in the path and to slay the big game of the country. Amongst the many traders and hunters encountered in his travels, Capt. Gilmore found most of them, to his surprise, to be educated men and gentlemen, whilst the hospitality extended to him on all sides filled him with amazement and lively gratitude. He tells with much quiet humour the history of a deserter, whose biography was rudely published by an enterprising fellow-trader at Soshong, and to whom ever afterwards clung a nickname of “Bom-bom,” but we shall only spoil the story by dislocating it from its proper surroundings.

In speaking of the cattle at Soshong, our author made some interesting and novel observations on the character of the oxen. He was accustomed to watch the traffic up and down the road in front of the mission house, and concluded that the cattle employed are a queer mixed lot.

“No herd in Europe would be found to contain such a variety; they are of all colours, sizes, and shapes. On account of its size we

will take the Lake bullock, an immense, ungainly, raw-boned creature ; its bones are so prominent that it never appears fat. The head is coarse and the dewlap very large, but the most remarkable point about it is the horns, which are enormous beyond all conception in length, and stand out almost at right angles from the head. A pair I procured measured, from tip to tip, not less than nine feet two inches ; and I have been assured that larger are obtainable. For draught oxen, when the Great Thirst Land is likely to be traversed, they far excel all other breeds. They principally come from Lake N'gami and the land of the Baenana.

"Another ox, generally black, large and massive in its proportions, will also be observed. It looks much like the hornless cattle of Galloway, in Scotland, with the exception that it is not without horns, but these appear to hang down and swing and strike about perfectly loose with every movement of the animal.

"The ordinary Kafir ox is abundantly represented, and is a type of animal very dissimilar from anything we have at home ; its body is short and compact, while its legs are long, its neck very short, and it possesses an embryo hump on its withers. These must not be confused with the Zulus, which are remarkable for their symmetry and well-bred appearance—at least, according to our ideas.

"But the most beautiful of all is the Mashoonox ox. In formation it is simply perfect ; the body is massive and square, the head and horns symmetry itself, while its feet and limbs are perfection. They are almost invariably black, are excellent workers, with good tempers. That no person has undertaken the task of importing a few specimens of this race for the sake of improving our home breed surprises me very much. To do so might be tedious, but not necessarily costly.

"The goats resemble what may be seen every day at home, but the sheep—well, unless you were informed of it, you might imagine that they belonged to a genus only lately discovered. They are generally white, with black heads, very tall, thin stiltlike legs, very large pendulous ears, no horns, hair instead of wool, and their tail—about the size of a small pillow, and not unlike it in shape—hangs down nearly to the hocks, having a queer diminutive termination of periwinkle form. They are both obstinate and pugnacious. I have watched two fight, which would probably have ultimately killed each other if they had not been separated. The mutton they make when fat is excellent ; equal, indeed, to any we have at home."

So much for the domestic animals. Now for the people who inhabit these arid wastes, or rather who suddenly seem to spring up from the ground as the traveller's wagon goes squeaking on its four cumbrous wheels over the rude track and heaps of sand. In spite of their lean and shrivelled limbs, these fellows must be wonderfully tough and enduring, and stand exposure to the elements in the most marvellous fashion.

The sunrises in these regions must be truly beautiful, owing to the rarified atmosphere; and Captain Gilmore is both poetic and enthusiastic in his graphic descriptions of grand and magnificent dawns, whose purple and gold in the clouds were swiftly fused into varying shades of yellow, from deepest orange to blood colour, as the advance-guard to herald in the morn.

Space will not allow us to dwell much longer over this capital book. The accounts of sport are admirably fresh and modest, and one feels instinctively that every statement of fact may be implicitly relied upon. Oddly enough, the captain in his route through the "Great Thirst Land," gets plentifully ducked with heavy showers, and the combination of thunder and lightning and hail which attacked him on his return trip must have been tremendous:—

"Before we had progressed a mile I noticed very dark clouds in the south-west, and soon after became convinced that I heard distant thunder, the muttering of which was like the sound of wild waves washing a far-off strand. A flash of vivid, lurid lightning, with forked, erratic course, now rushed down to the earth, and the distant hills of Bamanwatto, previously seen indistinctly in the distance, became obscured.

"Louder and louder became that grand and awe-inspiring voice of Nature, and the lightning blazed forth as if the heavens would split in twain, yet no rain had fallen upon us. An hour and a half thus passed (during which the oxen stepped out blithely), and the whole landscape commenced to darken, for the black, voluminous clouds almost kissed the earth, and shut out as effectively as would a pall the faintest glimmer of light. At length there was a pause, and all nature seemed hushed in awe, fearing to breathe, lest the sound of respiration should hurry the end of the respite, when the electric fluid, with a brilliancy such as I never saw before, descended in a dozen forked lines into the neighbouring veldt; and with it came the thunder, awful in its deep intonation, grand in its power, terrifying in its majesty; and with it rain—not as we know it—but as if the flood-gates of some great river had suddenly been removed. Of course, for the time being, further progress was impossible, so I ordered a halt, and the patient cattle stood still in their yokes, trembling with fear. As soon as the rain descended, my attendants had hurried under the wagon for shelter, so that all that required doing had to be done with my own hands. Drenched? Of course I was drenched, and ill besides; still I had lots to do, and no one to do it; so that I had to suffer the pelting storm, which beat down upon me with unrelenting fury!

"Again another blaze of lightning, and with it a dreadful crash of thunder, suggestive of many deep and serious things. At this moment the thought occurred to me, that supposing the wagon was struck, what a tremendous explosion there would be if my store of gunpowder became ignited.

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“My fears I communicated to my driver. To the others he said only three or four words, and in an instant, as if by magic, all tumbled and scrambled out from under the wagon, and rushed for shelter to the nearest tree. Taking with me the mare “Ruby,” I followed their example. For over an hour the storm appeared to stand still, in fact it looked as if for that space of time we formed its vortex. It was an awe-inspiring period—a period in which one feels that every breath may be his last—every moment his final one of life. But why fear death, particularly in such a form? It is but the sensation of an instant, and we have but returned to the clay out of which we were moulded. It is not to die we dread, but it is to die unprepared, and how few can say they are ready to meet their God! \* \* \* \*

“In the morning what a change had come over all nature! The thirsty veld looked green, the trees were resplendent in their verdant foliage, and animal life seemed to have sprung into existence in every direction. Golden and emerald-winged birds fluttered about, turtle-doves cooed their notes of love from each tree, and the great woodpecker, one of the most resplendent of Africa’s birds, awoke the echoes with his industrious tap. Even the jackals seemed to whisk their tails with additional energy, and stein-buck and dikers, in ecstasy of mirth, bounded through the surrounding bush.”

## Night.

ISAIAH XXI : II.

Watchman, speak ; how speeds the night ?  
 Hurrying clouds across the moon —  
 Phantom shapes deluding sight —  
 Comes the rosy morning soon ?

Oh ! the scenes are strange I view ;  
 Gloomy terrors throng the hours ;  
 In the air a shadowy crew,  
 Principalities and Powers.

Sleepers muttering on the brink  
 Whence a dark abyss descends ;  
 Lamplit guests that lightly drink,  
 Face to face with shrouded friends.

War-plumed ranks whose trade is death ;  
 Files that fix the sharpened steel,  
 Till a tyrant’s wanton breath  
 Lights upon the last appeal,



Fiery currents, fast and wild,  
 Welling from the core of hate ;  
 Maids by serpent tongues beguiled,  
 Weaving direful webs of fate.

Round the dwellings, in the lanes,  
 Crouching forms that glare within ;  
 By the gates of Folly's fanes,  
 Liveried ministers of sin.

Secret conclaves whispering low ;  
 Murmuring hum of hidden throngs ;  
 Streams, accusing streams, that flow  
 Red and deep from human wrongs.

Lonely casement lights that cast  
 Beams of secret prayer around ;  
 Till the loved return at last,  
 Till the lost are sought and found.

Watchman, speak ; how speeds the night ?  
 Vaster gloom is overhead :  
 Hark, the moaning cry for light !  
 Watchman, speak, 'ere Hope be sped.

T. W. SWIFT.

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## Adèle ;

### A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

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#### CHAPTER XII.

Love hovers o'er me with the smile  
 Which promises unchanging gladness ;  
 But, listening to his charms the while,  
 My soul is bowed with secret sadness.  
 I should be glad—nor weep, nor sigh,  
 With love so blest, so bright as mine,  
 But visions dark and drear pass by,  
 And fairer prospects cease to shine.

AFTER leaving the Burghers, the Chief and his interpreter proceeded on their way home, passing over grassy plains, and through fertile valleys until, as the darkness closed around them, they became anxious for a night's lodging, as already the distant roar of the lions warned them that the beasts of prey were about.

They, therefore, quickened their pace, and as they reached the brow of the next rise, perceived, to their satisfaction, numerous fires against the hill opposite. Thither they directed their steps and decided to spend the night there ; but as they neared the kraal their attention was attracted towards some dense brushwood by the sound of prolonged yells. They hurried on, and soon gained the spot where they found the Hottentots standing in a circle, grotesquely dressed up with assegais in hand, which they continued throwing into the bush, in the centre of which lay the wild beast that dared not venture forth, nor dared the Hottentots approach him. As yet, they had not succeeded in inflicting many wounds, but they had wrought themselves into such a state of frenzy and excitement, that they never noticed the arrival of Chetona and Jephtha, until the latter, eagerly going forward, pushed his way into the circle, and began to examine the bush. At first he could see nothing, but after awhile he caught sight of a huge leopard moving uneasily about, his spotted coat appearing and disappearing at quick intervals.

"Make way !" said Jephtha impatiently, as the bewildered Hottentots rushed forward to check him ; and fearlessly advancing to within a few paces of the bush, he saw the savage brute at last turn and fiercely face him. Still he advanced, regardless of the terrible fangs that showed threateningly in the fast disappearing twilight, until he saw the enraged creature crouch preparatory to his spring. This was a critical moment : the Hottentots around groaned with anxiety to see Jephtha bravely keep his ground and coolly level his gun at the infuriated beast. One moment more, and a frightful yell burst from them as the leopard bounded into the air and then fell dead at Jephtha's feet. With loud cries of astonishment they rushed forward, examined the leopard and the gun, and looked awe-stricken at Jephtha. The whole thing was beyond their comprehension—to them it was supernatural.

"A sorcerer ! a sorcerer !" they cried, as they disappeared in every direction, and pointed their fingers at Jephtha, who stood lost in admiration of the beautiful animal before him, and feeling justly proud of the feat he had performed. No sooner, however, had Chetona and his interpreter left, than the Hottentots returned, lifted the leopard between them, and hastened back to their kraal, where they skinned it rapidly, and spent the night round blazing fires revelling and feasting on its flesh.

The Chief found everything at the kraal in a most filthy state, and the nude Hottentots profusely besmeared with oil ; this was considered a great mark of distinction, and no sooner had they brought Chetona a dish of curdled milk, than they brought him oil to anoint himself. At dawn they continued their journey, and about noon arrived safely at the Chief's encampment, which was situated on a broad plain, containing about one thousand bee-hive shaped mat huts of all sizes, neatly disposed in circles, and enclosed with brushwood fastened together as a breastwork, with two openings for

the cattle to be driven in and out mornings and evenings, and where they were kept safe from wild animals. The hills around were literally teeming with cattle and sheep. The Chief approached a circle a little way up the hill, entered one of the openings, and advanced to a mat hut, at least thirty feet in diameter and scrupulously clean, where he threw himself down, exhausted with the heat and fatigue of the journey, and awaited the refreshments his numerous wives were preparing for him.

Jeptha, having seen his father safely home, retired to a newly-made hut close to Chetona's abode, where he found Francois reclining on a clean mat enjoying cool curdled milk. The latter looked up eagerly into the Hottentot's face; and without a word from either, Jeptha put his hand into his pocket, drew out the ring, and handed it exultingly to Francois, who, deeply affected, withdrew to a corner of the hut, and was not long in deciphering the few words contained in the paper attached to it.

"Sweet darling!" exclaimed Francois, as he pressed the paper to his lips and read for the third time:—

"FRANCOIS,—Adèle's love is as unchangeable as the stars above her. She returns the ring; keep it as a memento of the vow she made.

"ADELE."

"True as steel; faithful as I ever believed her," said Francois, as he replaced the ring on his finger, and returned to Jeptha lost in reflection. But soon the latter aroused him by abruptly exclaiming,

"We must fly this very night and in secret!"

"Why so?" inquired Francois. "I thought the Chief was pleased to have us!"

"So he is," said Jeptha; "but he does not know our circumstances. He has allied himself with the Burghers; and I know him well enough to be aware that he will keep faith with them, come what may. The Field-cornet Stallenberg is with the Burghers, and I hear he has declared all this country as under the Dutch Government, and will do so as far as the Burghers go. Should he discover your hiding place, he will demand you as an escaped convict, and my Father will have to deliver you up or break his treaty. To do the latter would ruin him; so let us be off, we can keep close to the Burgher camp, and still always find a kraal that will welcome us; but we must keep clear of all the powerful chiefs subject to Chetona. It is the Burghers' policy to keep friends with them, so as more effectually to carry out their depredations against the inferior ones."

"That is your idea. Like all natives, you always suspect the white man's motives; and I don't deny that it may be the policy of some, but I am sure my old friend De Villiers and others are exceptions!" said Francois loyally.

After a moment's reflection, he continued,

"We must needs do as you say, Jeptha, for I should be sorry to

bring trouble upon your father, who sheltered me in my hour of distress."

So they agreed to start that night; and, as the half crescent of the moon appeared above the neighbouring hills, poor Francois was on his way once more into the desolate wilds seeking refuge among the savages, Adèle's love and constancy his only consolation under the trying vicissitudes of this roaming life.

Some days after their escape from Chetona's camp, Francois sat alone under a thorn-tree meditating. Adèle was the sweet subject of his reflections. He could think of her now as his own once more—dearer and more precious than ever—like a lost treasure found again. Her purity and goodness had always attracted him as much as her surpassing beauty, and it was a cause of heartfelt thankfulness to him at this moment to think of her so eminently worthy of his truest and deepest love. Happy the man who finds the woman he has loved and trusted, after trial and vicissitude, even truer and more lovable than he believed her in his fond idolatry. He felt that there was nothing to arouse his immediate fears on Adèle's account; the Field-cornet could not marry her in the wilderness, and he no longer held Meerhoff in bondage. Still, as he thought on, he was forced to acknowledge to himself that his own case looked very hopeless. To marry Adèle, he must go back to a Church within the Dutch jurisdiction; and while he continued a refugee from the hand of justice, that was impossible; yet to live on without her, spending all his days hiding in filthy Hottentot huts was a bitter prospect; and in vain he planned and schemed; he could see no way out of the dilemma. Of one thing, however, he was firmly resolved, that, come what might, he would remain near Adèle and watch over her. His reflections were suddenly interrupted by Jephtha, who said,

"We must move on, bassie."

"What is the matter now?" inquired Francois.

"The Field-cornet and Burghers are going out on a hunting excursion to-morrow, and I hear they are coming this way."

For a moment Francois knit his brow and looked annoyed; but the next minute his face brightened, like a gleam of sunshine that suddenly pierces a thundercloud, and he exclaimed eagerly,

"Come then; let us go and hide near the camp, the women may want our assistance, you know."

"As you please, baasie; but take the precaution to disguise yourself."

"All right!" replied Francois, and they departed late that evening.

About three o'clock a.m., the Burgher camp was in commotion: fires were blazing, coffee kettles steaming, slaves bustling about in every direction; Burghers good-humouredly chaffing one another about their skill as marksmen and the probable result of the next day's hunt, while some saddled their horses, others examined their guns and strapped on their powder horns, and some sat by the fire warming their hands and emptying their large basins of fragrant

coffee. The Field-cornet alone looked moody, and stood apart, dreamily watching the dying embers before him : he was uncertain whether, under the circumstances, he ought to go and leave Adèle unprotected. Ever since Chetona's visit to the camp he had known no peace night or day—his heart was racked by suspicion and jealousy. He could not resist the conviction that there had been a secret understanding between Adèle and the Hottentot. Whatever the nature of the intelligence he conveyed to her then, it had had a marvellous effect upon her ever since. She was an altered girl, and was fast regaining her former beauty and gaiety, while her eloquent face revealed but too plainly the conflicting emotions of love, hope, and anxiety that agitated her heart. Her constant inquiries, too, as to the whereabouts of the savage, confirmed the Field-cornet in his worst suspicions. "She is under a diabolical spell," said he to himself. "It is scarcely credible ! It is maddening ! I ought to spurn her from me ; she is neither worthy of my love nor of any one's esteem or respect !" "And yet," thought he after a while, "I cannot give her up, I *must* protect her against herself and the wiles of this brute. Who knows," thought he, well-nigh beside himself, "that she may not take the opportunity while I am gone, to meet the wretch ! Should she forget herself," he said, clenching his hand, "be it on her own head, for she will never live to repeat her baseness."

"Come, Stallenberg," said the Burghers ; "we are all ready and waiting. What are you looking so blue about ?"

Recalled to himself, he instantly joined the Burghers, and was about to mount when he noticed for the first time the women congregated near the fires. He dropped the bridle, hesitated one moment, and the next approached a little figure that sat apart, and held out his hand. She gave hers carelessly. He pressed it gently.

"Adèle," he said, looking earnestly at her, "don't go near the river while I am gone !" Then, after a moment's pause, he lifted the little hand to his lips and said pleadingly, "Promise me !"

"I promise nothing !" she replied firmly, making an effort to release her hand.

Impatiently he dropped it, mounted his horse, and, with a sinking heart, joined the Burghers, who were, without exception, merry and joyous, anticipating a good day's hunt.

"Come, come, Field-cornet," said Marais, who noticed an unusually dark expression on Stallenberg's face ; "don't put a damper on the party ; leave dull care behind."

The Field-cornet was silent ; but Meerhoff said aside to De Villiers,

"These women play the devil with some men. I'll be hanged if I would give up a day's sport or a night's rest for any of them."

"Y-e-s," said De Villiers ; "my old woman does not cause me much uneasiness as regards the affections of the heart : it is but a little outburst of temper now and then, dear soul, that is rather inconvenient and somewhat disturbing to a quiet man's peace."



Meerhoff laughed, and was about to reply, when a wildebeest started up in their neighbourhood and, terror-stricken, rushed past them. Away went the Burghers, including the Field-cornet, who forgot everything in the excitement of the moment. All gave chase, galloping furiously across the veldt, regardless of bushes and ditches, and gradually closing round the unfortunate animal until, brought to bay, he roared and began energetically to paw the ground. The Burghers, flushed and excited, followed up their advantage by narrowing the cordon, until within gunshot, when they paused and levelled their guns. With a terrible roar the scared creature rushed forward and furiously charged at the nearest Burgher, but too late: two bullets, well aimed, struck him, and he fell forward mortally wounded. Meerhoff rushed in and gave him the *coup de grace*; and here let us leave the happy hunters skinning and cutting up the wildebeest, while we return to the camp.

The women having breakfasted finished their toilet, and went about their daily duties as usual. All the morning Adèle sought an opportunity to escape to the river, but was prevented by her mother, who watched her closely. It was late in the afternoon before she found an opportunity to slip off unobserved. But Mrs. Meerhoff having retired for a short siesta, she hurried down, little dreaming that loving eyes were anxiously watching her every footstep. Carefully she passed through the tangled underwood, and gained the bank just in time to see the sun set gloriously behind the opposite hills, and brightening with his last rays the peaceful charming spot where she seated herself, and where everything around looked bright and green; the brook at her feet dancing and sparkling as if pregnant with joyous news, while the happy birds above her, hopping cheerfully about from branch to branch, appeared to be singing their sweetest and gladdest songs upon this occasion. She sat, looking like a lovely blossom in the midst of this charming bower, contented and happy, keenly appreciating the beauties around her. Yet, though she had much to be thankful for, her joy was not perfect. There was a constant longing, a passionate craving, for something that nothing around could satisfy. She looked pensive, and heaved a sigh as her thoughts wandered to the wide desert, and she wondered where he was, who alone could complete her happiness. She started and listened. Stealthy footsteps were rapidly approaching; and in the dim twilight she saw the figure of a Hottentot advance towards her. Jumping to her feet she prepared to run, but the next moment he threw himself in her way, opened his arms to her, and called her softly and tenderly by name.

“Adèle, my own!”

That voice could not be mistaken. One moment ‘more’ and she was locked in Francois’ arms, and felt him gently kiss away a tear from each burning cheek. For a moment silence seemed the most eloquent to both, and Francois tenderly stroked her bright hair, and folded her passionately to his heart. Then taking her face between his hands he looked fondly into her eyes and said,

"My own brave love! How thankful and happy I am."

Adèle's tears fell fast. She longed to hide her blushing face on Francois' breast, but he continued to look lovingly into her face as if he feared to find a change that would tell of her past sufferings; then stooping, he kissed her again, and folded her to his heart as he said,

"The same, ever the same! Precious, unchangeable Adèle!"

"Oh! Francois," said she, looking timidly up, "would that we were never to be separated again."

What consolation could he offer to her? the future looked black and hopeless. He sighed and drew her closer to him as he said,

"Let us enjoy this happy hour, dear one, while it lasts, and remain faithful and true to each other, and let us leave the rest to Providence, and hope for the best."

They stood for some time locked in each other's embrace, regardless of the fast gathering darkness, of everything around, conscious only of their own great love and their perfect happiness. She with her head leaning on his shoulder, her hands clasped in his, he looking fondly down upon her, and drawing her nearer as the hour of separation approached.

"Tell me now, Francois," said Adèle, "how you escaped from that dreary island." And he told her everything.

"God bless the Hottentot!" said Adèle fervently. "God bless him for his fidelity!"

"And God bless you for your faithfulness," said he kissing her passionately.

Their further speech was interrupted by the sound of splashing in the stream below, and a bewildered hartebeest jumped on to the bank behind them and clove his way through the underwood, closely pressed by a hunter. No sooner did the lovers recognize him than they withdrew hastily under the trees. But though the twilight had deepened into darkness, the Field-cornet's quick eye, looking in every direction for the hartebeest, had seen them. Startled and horrified to see Adèle at that hour of the night in the arms, as he thought, of a Hottentot, his next act was that of a madman: he levelled his gun at the two and fired. Adèle screamed and fell. Francois jumped back into the open space, dragged Herman from his horse, and grappled with him furiously. Jealous rage seemed to arm the Field-cornet with supernatural strength, for he attacked his enemy with such violence that for a moment Francois was staggered, but he quickly recovered himself. Blows followed on each side in rapid succession, every one drawing blood, yet the contest lasted and the fury of the combatants increased. The Field-cornet as he fought uttered fearful maledictions and heaped curses on the head of his antagonist, but Francois wisely kept silent. The darkness deepened, and in their excitement they scarcely heeded whither they were going. One more blow from the strong arm of Francois. Herman steps back and lifts his arm to return it with redoubled force;—too late, he had retreated too far, the loose soil of the bank

gave way ; he was precipitated to the bottom. One loud splash and the waters of the stream closed over him. Francois heeded him not, nor did the Burghers who were entering the river from the opposite bank. Hastening back to Adèle he caught her up in his arms and hurried to the camp.

"You are not hurt, my love?" said he anxiously.

"My shoulder is painful."

"Cowardly villain!" said Francois.

He carried her carefully to her mother, and without one word of explanation, hastened back to the river and made his escape.

The Burghers returned shortly afterwards, carrying the Field-cornet between them, who looked a lamentable object, dripping wet, with his face bruised and swollen.

"The Field-cornet," said Meerhoff, "seems to have had sport of quite a novel kind. He encountered game that it was not our good luck to fall in with, and doubtless acquitted himself valliantly, judging from the many scars on his face."

"Your confounded levity is out of place," replied Herman, as he scowled and retired to his wagon.

"A most mysterious business," said De Villiers, taking down a buck from the side of his horse, "and he is as close and sore about it as possible. Ah! my haartje, how are you?" continued he, as he saw his loving spouse advance. "Hast got a kiss for a tired fellow?"

"Nonsense with your haartjes and kisses; let me see what you have shot, for it seems to me that you have all been on a fool's errand. You talked big enough in the morning, but you accomplish nothing, and all the powder and shot wasted into the bargain."

"Well, nicht Sannie, I must say you censure unjustly," said Marais, "look at the horses;" and he led them proudly forward with bucks dangling on either side.

"My good fellow," said De Villiers to Marais, when his wife was some distance off, "if you brought every buck out of the veldt, she would still find something to complain about."

That night, however, the Burghers forgave nicht Sannie her petulance, when, at her own invitation, they sat down to her board and partook of the savoury venison that steamed in several large dishes, and that had been prepared by her own hand. Great joviality prevailed, and as the Scheidam passed round, the bad shots were unmercifully quizzed, while with much cheering a bumper was drunk to the successful marksmen, and the Burghers retired late, well pleased with their day's sport.

Adèle, when alone with her mother that evening, put her one arm affectionately round her parent's neck and told her everything.

"Keep my secret, dear mother," she said, "and let not my Francois fall into the Field-cornet's hands."

It was weeks before she recovered the shock and had the use of her arm again.

Herman, finding Meerhoff perfectly indifferent about everything that concerned Adèle, sought an early opportunity to speak to her mother, but to his dismay the lady cut his story short, and told him that she knew all, and attached no blame to her daughter. Herman stared at her for some time; he was confounded and scarcely knew what to think.

"Am I to understand that you are in earnest?"

"Quite so!" replied the lady rising.

Perplexed, vexed, and disconsolate, he walked away to his wagon, and the next morning proceeded with the rest of the Burghers further into the wilderness.

They continued there journey for three weeks longer, and at last reached a spot that seemed to satisfy all. There was fine pasturage, fertile soil, and abundance of good water.

The Field-cornet took possession of it in the name of the Dutch Government, and portioned out farms to all the Burghers. At first there were disputings and cavilings, but at last everything was satisfactorily settled; and the Burghers set about building substantial farm-houses and cultivating gardens. The limit of each farmer's land was known to his neighbour by certain koppies or rough stone beacons.

## *African Folk-lore.*

### II.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS IN ZULU.

THE accompanying specimens of Native traditional literature were sent down, last year, from the Zulu country to the Grey Library, by the Rev. H. I. Shildrick, of St. Andrews, Lower Tugela Drift. They were forwarded to him by a lady, whose name is at present unknown to us, but who is described by the contributor as being in every way competent to forward the work of collection. They were originally unaccompanied by an English translation, which has now, however, kindly been supplied by the Rev. Wm. Ireland, of the American Mission Society in Natal, who has at the same time sent us down two Zulu "Nursery Tales," collected, as well as translated, by one of his Native teachers. One of these "Nursery Tales" appears to contain a trace of the influence of Bushman ideas; and it is hoped that both of them may be published at no distant date.

Of the first of the two longer pieces forwarded by Mr. Shildrick, and given below, a portion appears to be wanting. This is not unfrequently found to be the case in such Native relations; and, in the present instance, it is possible that this want may hereafter be supplied in some other version of the curious "*isaga*" referred to. With regard

to the "Fox's Pool," mentioned in the Story of *Unanana*, it has, as yet, been impossible to obtain any satisfactory explanation.

For the information of Zulu scholars, it will be as well to add that the orthography of the original Zulu text has been left altogether untouched, as there was no one at hand to whose judgment any apparently doubtful point could satisfactorily be referred :—

ISAGA.

Welia Robe,  
Hamba siyoteza.  
Mus' angiyikuya.  
Ngakandwa isife,  
Emazibukweni.  
Kwapuma 'ngingila,  
Engango xamu.  
Xamu leroqoza,  
Iziziba zide,  
Emazibukweni.  
Nondind' avuke.  
Ngivuke njani?  
Ngibulewe nje,  
Abafana bakwa Tabete.  
Tabete mupi?  
Tyay' inkabi le.  
Indindize, ngokalwana.  
Iti, Maye! Maye!  
Amatole api?  
Uzodhlani?  
Umqadodo.  
Uzoumbapi?  
Emva kwendhlu ka Fede.  
Ufede-angakutyayi ini ngenduku  
yake egwecezagamwece?  
Ngahamba, ngakamba, ngahlangana  
namagwababa emabili.  
Sati elinye, "Vuk' uvutete."  
Ngipandhliwe dadeshane!

A POETIC FABLE.

"Return, O pigeon!  
Come let us go and get firewood."  
"No, I cannot go,  
I have been bruised in a trap,  
At the fords.  
My gizzard came out,  
It was as large as an iguana's,  
An iguana, running down,  
By the long ponds,  
At the fords."  
"O pigeon! Get up."  
"How shall I get up?  
I am just killed,  
By the boys of Tabete."  
"Which Tabete?"  
"Strike the ox,  
That he may cross over the ridge."  
Said the ox, "Alas! alas!  
Where are the calves?"  
"What will you eat?"  
"Umqadodo,"\*  
"Where will you dig it?"  
"Behind the house of Fede."  
"Will not Fede beat you with his  
cane that is so very crooked?"  
"I went on, I went on, I met two  
crows."  
Said one, "Get up and blow the fire."  
"Oh dear me! but I was badly beaten!"

INGANEKWANE.

Kwati, Unanana ezalele abanta bake, bebatatu. Kwafik' isibankwa, sati, "Ngikubonisele abanta bako na?" Wavum' Unanana. Wababeka esilulwini, wabashiya, wayakuzingela. Kwat' eschambile Unanana, isibankwa salal' ubutongo. Kwafik' ingutye, yabadhla yabaqeda abanta baka Nanana, swaca. Savuk' isibankwa salunguza esilulwini, sabafunyana bengeko. Sakala, simemeza Unanana, siti :—

"Nanana! Nanana!  
Wenanana!  
Abanta bako badhliwe,  
Wenanana!  
Badhliwe ingutye,  
Wenanana!  
Isiyangibuzabuza,  
Wenanana!"



Wati Unanana, "Utini we sibankwa?" Sati isibankwa, "Ngiti,  
 Nanana! Nanana!  
 Wenanana!  
 Abanta bako badhliwe,  
 Wenanana!  
 Badhliwe ingutye,  
 Wenanana!  
 Isiyangibuzabuza,  
 Wenanana!"

Unanana wakala, wetyat 'isilulu emhlane, wati,  
 "Ngilal' endhleleni,  
 Ngilal' endhleleni,  
 Ngibonisel' ingutyiash,  
 Umtanami!"

Yati, ingutye,  
 "Umntanak' ukude,  
 Emacibin' engutya-ye,  
 Lapa liduma lingani-ye,  
 Siti ukuyinayin' amazolo-ye."

Wati Unanana,  
 "Ngilal' endhleleni,  
 Ngilal' endhleleni,  
 Au! ngutye,  
 Ngibonisel' umtanami!"

Yati, ingutye,  
 "Kuzwa ini? Ngiti,  
 Umntanak' ukude,  
 Emacibin' engutya-ye,  
 Lapa liduma lingani-ye,  
 Situkuyinayin' amazolo-ye."

Ingutye yatata no Nanana, yamgwinya, kwati mimiliti, kwati mimiliti.

#### A NURSERY TALE.

It happened that *Unanana* had given birth to three young ones. There came along a Lizard, and said, "Let me look after your young ones." "Agreed," said *Nananana*. She put them in the grain-crib, and left them, and went a-hunting. When *Unanana* had gone, the Lizard went to sleep. There came along a Fox, and eat up entirely the young ones of *Nananana*. So, when the Lizard awoke, and peeped into the grain-crib, it found them missing. It cried, and shouted out to *Nananana*, saying:

"O Nanana! O Nanana!  
 Alas! O Nanana!  
 Your children are eaten up,  
 Alas! O Nanana!  
 They are eaten up by a Fox,  
 Alas! O Nanana!  
 And still he is asking me,  
 Alas! O Nanana!"

To which *Nanana* replied, "What say you? O Lizard!" The Lizard replied, "I say:

O Nanana! O Nanana!  
 Alas! O Nanana!  
 Your children are eaten up,  
 Alas! O Nanana!  
 They are eaten up by a Fox,  
 Alas! O Nanana!  
 And still he is asking me,  
 Alas! O Nanana!"

*Unanana* cried; then took up the grain-crib on her shoulder, saying:

"I sleep in the road,  
 I sleep in the road,  
 Show me, O Fox!  
 My child."

Said the Fox:

"Your child is far away,  
 In the Fox's pool, so there!  
 Where it thunders, but does not rain, so there!  
 Where it distils like dew, so there!"

*Nanana* said:

"I sleep in the road,  
 I sleep in the road,  
 You old Fox, you!  
 Show me my child!"

The Fox said:

"Do you not hear me say?  
 Your child is far away,  
 In the Fox's pool, so there!  
 Where it thunders, but does not rain, so there!  
 Where it distils like dew, so there!"

Then the Fox fell upon *Nanana*, and swallowed her up, and so she went smoothly down her throat.

#### IGAMA.

Impukan' iyageza-e-e-e-  
 Aidhl' abanta' bayo-e-e-e-

#### A SONG.

The fly is washing itself, -e-e-e-  
 Let it eat up its young ones, -e-e-e-

That it should be generally speaking too much the fashion in South Africa, at the present day, to deem such products of the native mind and of the distinct national life as are contained in the various traditional literatures of our aborigines to be unworthy of representation and preservation, is greatly to be deplored. It is, indeed, true, that with too many of us, in our busy colonial existence, the actual time which we could devote to such a task may be wanting. But

the greatest hindrance to any satisfactory exertion in this direction lies in the fact that, by the majority of European residents, the matter is considered to be wholly undeserving of attention ; and, as the inevitable consequence of such a view, the work of preserving from obliteration the interesting aboriginal literatures which exist upon every side of us is, too generally speaking, held to be utterly unworthy our execution. But, while these rich products of the native mind are thus frequently set aside as too "foolish," or too trivial, to merit attention, there are still a few workers whose exertions in this direction have won for them a claim to the hearty gratitude of all those who desire that no human race should vanish from the earth, wholly unrepresented in the history of humanity. Among those now living of this little band of workers, are particularly to be mentioned Bishops Steere and Callaway, the Rev. L. Dahle (of the Norwegian Mission in Madagascar), and Mr. G. M. Theal, of Lovedale. The volume of "*Amazosa Folk-lore*," projected by the lastmentioned writer has, however, not yet been printed, on account of the small measure of support hitherto accorded to it.

The above small specimens of Zulu Native Literature are here printed, not only for the sake of their intrinsic interest to students of Comparative Folk-lore, but because it is hoped that their perusal may incite other residents in South Africa, who are able and willing to do so, to lend a helping hand in the work of collecting and recording what is so swiftly passing beyond our ken, and in gathering what may still be gathered of the ideas, thoughts, and beliefs of the aboriginal races among whom we live, as represented in their already fast disappearing traditional lore. For, while we doubt, and hesitate, and think thus lightly of the opportunity still within our grasp, such products of the mental life of the aborigines as might even yet be rescued from destruction, are passing away from us for ever !

We do not now merely refer to the fact that, here in South Africa, among our aboriginal neighbours, there exists a rich and varied native traditional lore, with which we have it in our power to rejoice the hearts and assist the labours of that section of the scientific world which has taken for its object the investigation of comparative Folk-lore ; nor yet to the excellent practical results which a truer acquaintance with the languages and mental life of our various native neighbours would be likely to afford, both to them and to ourselves, in our necessarily mutual relations ; although this is surely a matter of no small moment for every dweller in South Africa at the present day. We are not alone dwellers in South Africa. We form part of a still larger society, in which we have ourselves inherited enormously from the labours of past generations. We, in our turn, can now gather up stores of precious material towards the yet unwritten history of humanity, as well as for the scientific workers of the present day. And, situated as we are, the incontrovertible truth, that the faithful reflection of the aboriginal mind and habits of life as displayed in its national traditional literature, affords material of the highest impor-

tance in the study of humanity itself, imposes upon us a heavy responsibility. Yet, the unfortunate fact, incredible as it may appear in the eyes of European scholars, that the work of collecting the traditional lore of our aborigines, as recorded by themselves in their own language and words, is still believed by so many in South Africa to be possessed of no practical value or importance whatsoever, is in itself—as has been already stated—one of the strongest hindrances to its execution. More than three years ago, the late Curator of the Grey Library urged upon the then Colonial Government the necessity for a speedy and organized effort to stimulate the collection of the fast-vanishing treasures that surround us.

“And is it to be assumed,” says Dr. Bleek, in the letter \* referred to, “that nations such as the Kafirs and their kindred races (Bechuana, Damara, &c.), and even the Hottentots, who all generally speaking so far exceed the Bushmen in civilization, in political organization, and in forensic oratory, should possess a traditionary literature so inferior in value to that of the Bushmen, as not to be worthy the trouble of being taken down and preserved? Nay, though very different perhaps in character, it is clear from what has been already collected, that the folk-lore of all these nations is of great scientific importance,—of first-rate importance for a correct knowledge of the native languages, and indispensable, if a true record is to remain of the original workings of the native mind, and of the ideas inherited from their ancestors, as well as of the spiritual state in which they were before the advent of Christian Missionaries. That to ignore this pre-Christian world of ideas would be an act of injustice to these Missionaries, is the emphatic opinion of their true friend, Sir George Grey.” \* \* \* \*

After quoting from the preface to Sir George Grey's collection of Poetry of the New Zealanders (*Ko nga Moteatea*, &c., New Zealand, 1853, p. vi.), Dr. Bleek continues as follows:—

“But if we look around us in South Africa to see what has thus been done to preserve the original mental products of its highly interesting indigenous races, how little do we find accomplished! It is only in Natal that a really large collection of native folk-lore has been made by the Rev. Dr. H. Callaway, now Bishop of St. John's. Among our Frontier Kafirs a few legends were collected by two natives, both since deceased, namely, Wm. Kekale Kaye (whose manuscripts form part of Sir George Grey's gift), and the Rev. Tiyo Soga; but of the collections of the latter very little has been saved,—several pieces having apparently been mislaid or made away with at the time of his premature death. Of the rich treasures of Setswana folk-lore we obtain some glimpses in Casalis (“*Etudes*,” &c.), but very little in this language has as yet been accurately taken down from the lips of the natives. And although the collections of native literature in Hottentot and Damara (Otyhereró), made by the Revs. Messrs. J. G. Krönlein and J. Rath, are very valuable, yet they comprise only a very small portion of what could be given in these languages.

“You know, Sir, that in none of these other languages are there now such preliminary difficulties to be encountered as we have had to overcome in Bushman, all of them having been studied and written down by Missionaries for years past. As there are thus Europeans to be met with (Missionaries or their children), and even Natives, who understand and are able to write fluently in these native languages (Kafir, Setswana, Otyhereró, and Namaqua Hottentot),—we can be sure that with some encouragement many persons might be induced to devote

\* Letter to the Hon. Ch. Brownlee, Esq., late Secretary for Native Affairs, prefixed to Dr. Bleek's “Second Report concerning Bushman Researches,” Cape Town, 1875.

some time and strength to the collection of the folk-lore of the nations among whom they are respectively living, *i tera kaumatua, i tera kuia*, 'from this old man, from that old woman' (beginning of motto to Sir G. Grey's Poetry of the New Zealanders). But this must be undertaken at once, or it will be too late, if we want to retain pictures of the native mind in its national originality. Even now it is maintained by some observers that, as regards our Frontier Kafirs, it is already too late; but I believe that you, Sir, will agree with me in thinking that it is still possible to gather some portions of their old traditionary lore, although much of it may already have sunk into oblivion. The case is similar with the Bechuana and Hottentots (Namaqua and Koranna) on the borders of our Colony.

"We may, indeed, congratulate ourselves that we are still in the position by prompt and energetic measures to preserve, not merely a few 'sticks and stones, skulls and bones,' as relics of the aboriginal races of this country, but also something of that which is most characteristic of their humanity, and, therefore, most valuable,—their mind, their thoughts, and their ideas.

"What would not the coming generations of colonists give, if they could have opportunities such as ours for penetrating into the minds of the original inhabitants of this country! To understand this in some degree, one need only observe with what care the inhabitants of those countries in which the aboriginal population has quite disappeared, collect every scrap of information possible regarding them. Yet, wherever, as in Tasmania, this has not been done at the proper time, how very scanty, unreliable, and unsatisfactory is all that, with the utmost effort, can be brought together!

"There is, perhaps, no other country which like this Colony, with its three native races (Kafirs and their kindred,—Hottentots,—and Bushmen), still contains at the present day such divergent, and at the same time, such primitive types of aboriginal nations, languages, and forms of mind. On this account it is, scientifically speaking, of exceeding importance *not* to allow the mental life of the aborigines in its uninfluenced primitiveness to become quite effaced, without making an effort to preserve an image of it, fixed in the truest manner in their own words. By making such an effort it is clear that we erect an enduring monument of the early mental and intellectual condition of our country, a monument worthy both of an enlightened Government and of a most prosperous period in our colonial history. Nor will this claim any large outlay. A sum not exceeding a one-thousandth part of the annual revenue of this Colony, set aside for this purpose would, no doubt, go a good way towards the expenses of collecting, translating, and publishing a fair portion of the national traditional literature of our aborigines."

Thus far Dr. Bleek. But, owing to various circumstances, among which is to be included his death, which occurred but a few months after the publication of the letter now referred to, no apparent result has followed the earnest representation thus made by him. The chief obstacle has, again, but too probably been, that the matter has not been considered to be one sufficiently worthy of attention. And, as he, who would have continued to urge its claims upon the notice of the Colonial authorities, is no longer in bodily presence among us, it has apparently fallen unnoticed to the ground. Times have changed with us, and we are now in one of the "lean" years of our Colony; but still something may be accomplished, even by individual exertion, until the Government is able itself to take the matter officially in hand. We can hardly fear that, with the authoress of "Old Deccan Days" herself in our midst, the literature of our Native Races can continue to meet with that general disregard which has hitherto most unfortunately been accorded to it. It is, indeed,



possible that a section of our lately-established Philosophical Society, under the presidency of His Excellency the Governor, may think it well to take this matter somewhat in hand; and that the history of the "Sibylline Books," as we used to hear it related, with burning hearts, in our childish days, may not see itself altogether repeated at the present hour in South Africa. L.

[Our contributor, "L," will be pleased to learn that a qualified candidate for the work of prosecuting research in the interesting field of South African Philology, has come forward in the person of Dr. Theoph. Hahn,—Ed, C.M.M.]

## Nellie Goodwin;

### A STORY OF THE FOREST.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE sun rose as brightly on the following morning, as though it looked on as gay a scene as usual, instead of on miles of blackened "veldt" and still smoking logs; but the thunderstorm had cleared the air, and nature seemed to be smiling sweetly again, after her impetuous raging on the preceding day. As Clara had prophesied, no one seemed very well that morning the shock had been too great to allow of so easy a recovery, especially in the older folk, and none but the young ones gathered round the breakfast table with pale faces and scarcely any appetite. Clara seemed cheeriest, and rallied both her brother and friend for their want of spirits.

"Why, Nell, you look as if you were anticipating another fire, or were not sure but an earthquake would be the best thing; and as for Arthur, he is regularly 'glooming,' as our old Scotch Sandy would say."

Nellie laughed, and glanced at Arthur, who returned the laugh, and said "he knew it was horrid of him, but he felt so stiff and done up that morning that he could think of nothing else."

"Well, tell us all about yesterday; I am dying to know, and Papa hasn't appeared yet, so I can't ask him."

"Wait till he does then, please," answered her brother. "I can't talk about it yet, it gives me a shudder only to think of it; besides there is really nothing to tell, and Papa will describe what little there is much better than I shall."

"Sheer laziness on your part, my dear brother. I feel convinced that if Nellie had asked, you would not I have refused, and I have an idea that you are only waiting to get her quite alone to tell her."

"Oh, Clara!" exclaimed Nellie, and with that they rose from the table, and Nellie made her escape to the garden. About a quarter of an hour afterwards Clara went to look for her, and soon caught sight of her white dress among the flowers, but Arthur was standing before her with her hand in his. For an instant Clara stopped and looked at them; she was out of hearing and hidden from view, so

she thought there was no harm in taking a glance at Nellie's bonnie face. The sunshine lit up her hair till it shone like golden rays, and the white blossoms from a neighbouring apple-tree kept falling like kindly wishes on her head and dress. Her head was bent over a flower in her hand ; but as Clara looked she raised it and looked into Arthur's face with a trustful earnest gaze that made Clara start and steal back again like a guilty thing, and she ran upstairs to her room, and awaited the result, feeling sure that Nellie would soon come to her with this new joy. Nor was she disappointed ; for after waiting what seemed to her an interminable hour, the door was softly opened, and her new sister to be entered the room very softly, with a burning flush on her cheek that told its own tale.

"Well, Nellie !" said Clara, looking up with a mischievous smile, "where have you been all this while ?"

"In the garden most of the time," faltered Nellie ; and with that she came and knelt by her friend's side and hid her face against her.

"What is the matter, dear ?" and Clara's manner changed to seriousness again ; "anything very bad ?"

"No, nothing bad ; something nice, can't you guess ? Oh, Clara, how would you like me as a sister ?"

"Certainly not less than I do now, little Nell. I am very, very glad."

"Are you ? That is kind ! And Mrs. Ross was so good to me, too. Arthur would take me in to her, and she said she loved me like her own daughter already. I feel so happy, dear Clara ;" and she lifted up her face, and gazed far over the distant view with a wistful far-off look in her blue eyes, and a smile on the parted lips

"And I am sure Mamma will be glad," she added after a while ; "for Arthur was always a favourite of hers. Do you remember how you and he used to ride over to our farm in the long summer afternoons, and what pleasant times we had ?"

Nellie's mother was a widow, and resided on a farm just out of the village of Wetherly. She and her husband had emigrated from England soon after their marriage, and commenced farming, with great hopes of soon realizing a fortune. But alas ! fate, and their own inexperience, was sorely against them, and after many reverses and disappointments, a very severe drought destroyed nearly all the stock ; and Mr. Goodwin (who was of a very weakly constitution and totally unfit for hard labour) died, worn out by overwork and disappointment, leaving his widow and two daughters to find for themselves. But Mrs. Goodwin was made of stronger material than her husband, and instead of sinking under the blow, her courage rose with the need for exertion ; so she took the advice of her friends, and selling half the farm, kept the house and lived very quietly on the proceeds of the other half, which under a good experienced overseer, and more propitious seasons, soon recovered its prosperity, and for the last few years she had been living very comfortably with her two daughters, Nellie and a younger sister named Grace.

But to go back to Nellie. She and Clara soon became curious again to hear how Mr. Ross and Arthur had made their way through the fire, and finding that Arthur would tell them nothing, they were very eager to get hold of Mr. Ross, as soon as he was sufficiently rested. He was lying on the sofa when they entered the sitting-room, still suffering (as they all were, more or less, from the burns they had received). Clara attacked him with,

"Now, Papa, you know you promised to tell us all about your day yesterday, and Nellie and I have come to listen."

"Have you? Mamma has just been telling me another story about you, little Nell. So you and Arthur have arranged matters at last!" and he took her hand and drew her nearer to him. "Well, I can congratulate him on his choice, I think, and you will let your Father that is to be give you a kiss, my dear."

He kissed her forehead softly, pushing back the stray ringlets that would fall over it at times.

"I must reward you for this by telling you my story, so sit down, girls, where I can see you both, and don't interrupt me, if you can help it."

"I want to know first," said Clara, "how much you bought at that sale, and what has become of it?"

"Be quiet, you saucy child; we bought nothing at that sale, for the good reason that we were not there. It didn't begin till eleven o'clock, and just as we were going to join the crowd, Arthur touched my arm and asked if I saw the smoke hanging over Aveena. It was frightfully hot, as you know, and no one had ventured out of doors till the sale actually commenced, so we had not noticed it before. On first sight, I concluded it was only a hazy mist that sometimes gathers round the mountain. Still I was anxious, and so we walked up to a small hillock that commanded a better view, and watched from there, in silence at first; but presently the unmistakable volumes of dense black smoke rose high in the air, and no doubts remained in our minds as to there being a fire in the neighbourhood of Aveena. Arthur set off immediately to find the horses, that had been knee-haltered and left to graze, but, of course, the perverse creatures had chosen that day, of all days, to stray away, so there I was, left in that state of suspense for about half an hour. I can tell you we didn't spare them when once we were in the saddle. By this time nothing was visible in your direction but a sheet of smoke that seemed to have enveloped everything in its thick folds. We left the high road for a short cut across the veldt, and there lay our first mistake, for the road would have been protection; but after having ridden for about an hour, we saw the fire coming towards us, crackling and roaring through the thick bushes, and for all we could tell, leaving behind it a mass of ruins in place of our home. We drew rein for a few moments and took counsel together. To go on was only to rush into the flames, yet turn back, with that anxiety for you all in our hearts, we couldn't, so we tried to find our way to the road again.

The smoke was blinding and suffocating both to man and beast, and our horses grew almost unmanageable, but the fire seemed to be gaining on us, so it was just a ride for our lives. When at length we reached the road, we found to our horror that though the part where we stood was comparatively safe, yet only a few yards before us the flames had crossed the road in a narrow part, and was burning furiously on either side, forming a wall of fire which looked impassable. We saw, by the progress it was making, that to go back would also be utterly impossible in a few moments, so there we were hemmed in on all sides, feeling ourselves getting rapidly smoke-dried as we stood. In spite of all our urging, the horses refused to go forward, so we got off, thinking to soothe them that way, for the poor creatures were trembling violently and whinnying in the most pitiful way ; but the instant we got off they broke loose, and set off madly in the direction of the farm we had just quitted, so there we were, left to battle with that raging element as best we could. It seemed only risking both our lives to attempt to pass that sea of flame ; so I implored Arthur to fly for his life and leave me, but he refused indignantly, and, pointing to Aveena, or, rather, to where we conjectured it must be, he urged me to attempt the passage for your sakes. I think for a moment I was utterly paralysed with horror ; and had it not been for that boy, should never have been here now to tell my tale, but he pointed out to me that the bushes being high, the flames were burning in the upper part of them now, and that lower down the greater part had been almost all consumed, so that if we crept through on hands and knees, we might escape with only slight burning, and we knew that after traversing a few yards in that manner the path would again widen, and we should make quicker progress. I hesitated, but he took my arm and drew me forward ; and stimulated by his cool courage and the thought of my wife and bairns, I followed him over the burning road, which was heated almost to a furnace by the fire around. You can see how our hair and beards have suffered, and when, at length, after what seemed an hour's creeping, but was, I suppose, in reality only ten minutes, we emerged into another oasis in that burning desert, and were able to resume our erect posture once more. So we continued for the greater part of the day, sometimes able to go for miles with comparative ease, then obliged to cross another gate of fire, but none so bad as that first one. At length, fainting and exhausted, we found, to our intense relief, that we had left the fire behind us, and could afford to take a little rest ; and, oh ! how welcome was the shelter of a large ledge of rock along the side of a stream, in that dreary place where every bush had been burnt to a black skeleton. I quite realized then how much was implied by ' the shelter of a great rock in a weary land.' And now I have told you all there is to tell."

The girls, who had been listening with breathless interest, breathed freely again, and thanked him for his story ; and Nellie felt that Arthur had risen to a new height in her already exalted estimation of him.



## CHAPTER VII.

The arrival of the post was usually an event of great importance in that quiet farmhouse, but on that day so many unusual events had occurred, that its coming was quite overlooked, and when, as they were all assembled that evening, the bag of letters was brought in, every one looked up in surprise, and then laughed at their forgetfulness. Arthur and Nellie were deeply engaged over a game of chess, so she left her letter unopened by her side till it was over. When at length she rose up from the table, exulting at having conquered her adversary, she remembered her letter, and went to read it at the light, and Arthur was startled by hearing her stifle a sob, and hurry from the room. He followed, but she had run upstairs to her room, so he could only beg Clara to go and see what was the matter, which she hastened to do; and after half an hour's patient waiting on Arthur's part, she returned, and informed them, very sorrowfully, that the fire which had spared them, seemed to have been general over most parts of that country, and that Mrs. Goodwin's letter told Nellie that their farm was totally burnt by the fire, and that she herself, having been severely injured, lay very ill at Wetherly.

"Nellie begs and entreats to be taken to her at once, and almost blames herself for being so happy all day, as if it were possible for her to have predicted all this. What a sad ending to her holiday, poor child!"

"Indeed it is," answered Mrs. Ross. "We shall miss our bright Nell very much. You had better take her to her mother as soon as possible," she added, turning to her husband.

"Yes, I will take her myself the day after to-morrow. I shall not be able to travel till then."

"My leave is just ended: you had better take me with you, Father," said Arthur gloomily.

"Very well; I suppose it would be hard to separate you just now. Come and smoke your pipe in the library with me, I want to have a chat with you."

They went out together, and talked over Arthur's plans and projects. His present salary was too small to enable him to marry at once; but he was expecting an increase in another year, and with an allowance which his father promised him, would be able to manage very comfortably. Mr. Ross had wished that Arthur would give up his appointment, and come and farm with him; but his son seemed to have no inclination for a farm life, and though he always promised to come and live at Aveena when his father found the management of it too much for him, still there seemed no immediate necessity for doing so, and he put it off year by year, till now the attraction of Nellie's presence at Wetherly would be sufficient excuse for remaining there. She, poor child, was terribly shocked and miserable at first, but took comfort when she heard Mr. Ross would take her to Mrs. Goodwin at once, and that Arthur was to accompany them.



After an affectionate farewell of Mrs. Ross and Clara, they started off early in the morning in a cart for Wetherly. It was a dismal drive at first, with a cold bleak wind blowing, and nothing but a dreary waste of burnt bushes to look at, but by the time they reached their outspan place, they had come into some green country again, and Nellie grew quite cheerful, and busied herself with setting out the breakfast on the grass, while Arthur boiled the kettle for her. They didn't arrive at their destination till late on the following day; and the lights were lighted in all the houses as they passed through the silent streets, silent, save for the sighing of the wind among the trees that lined them, and the low ripple of the water that ran on either side under the trees. Nellie was thankful, however, to the darkness that hid from her the ruins of her home, and she turned her head in another direction as they passed near it. Her mother had taken another little cottage in the village, and Nellie's heart sank as she neared it, for it looked strange and desolate, with no lights to be seen as she knocked at the door and stood for a moment alone in the dark, for she had begged Mr. Ross and Arthur to go on and leave her, and they, thinking that mother and daughter would be happier alone, left her and drove on. No answer coming to her knock, she turned the handle and walked into the dark passage, where she stumbled upon a strange servant who was coming to open the door, and who started on seeing her as though she had been a ghost.

"Where is your mistress? I am Miss Goodwin!" said Nellie, almost crying.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a door at the further end opened suddenly, and a little figure came flying out, and threw herself into Nellie's arms with a cry of joy.

"Oh, Nellie! you darling! I am so glad you are back again! It has been dreadful, so dreadful! And Mamma is still in bed;" and after every sentence she gave her sister such a squeeze and such kisses that she was well-nigh smothered, and sat down on the first seat that offered, to recover breath, with the little one still clinging to her waist, and uttering passionate words of welcome that ended in a fit of sobbing at last.

"Gracie, little sister, don't please do so, or you will frighten Mamma. I have come back to you now, and won't go again in a hurry. There, cheer up now, like a good little girl, and take me in to Mamma."

"But, Nellie, there is a great tall woman in there who takes care of her, and she looks so cross; I am dreadfully afraid of her."

"Never mind, dear; I dare say she will go away now I have come back to nurse Mamma." And Nellie freed herself from the little sister's clasp, and went to her mother's room.

She was shocked and surprised to find her so much altered; for the agitation and fright had thrown her into a fever, from which she was recovering very slowly. Nellie was very much afraid of

the excitement for her, but Mrs. Goodwin had heard her voice, and so was more prepared to see her, and in a few moments she was locked in her arms, and both kept silence for very joy.

A month passed away, during which Nellie nursed her mother most tenderly, and was rewarded by seeing her grow daily stronger and better ; though her spirits seemed still very much changed, and she shuddered at every recollection of the past, so the doctors advised entire change of scene and air, as the only chance of complete recovery. While they were all undecided as to how this could best be accomplished, Mrs. Goodwin received a letter from a younger sister, who had accompanied her to the Colony, and was now married and comfortably settled in quite a different part of the country, a small village near the sea coast, by name Summerville. Her sister dilated warmly on the healthy nature of their climate, and the merits of the sea breezes, and finally begged her to come and take up her residence among them. The journey was to be made partly by sea, and she stated that her step-son, Mr. Gilbert, was about to pass through Wetherley on his way home from the interior, and would be most happy to act as escort. Mrs. Goodwin seemed to catch at the idea at once. Everything connected in any way with her old home had grown distasteful to her, and she seemed anxious to leave it all behind and begin afresh in a new scene ; so the journey was quickly decided upon, and they were to leave immediately on the arrival of Mr. Gilbert, who was expected in a few days. Of course, Nellie's heart misgave her at the prospect of a separation from Arthur, but for her mother's sake she strove to put all selfish sorrow away, and entered eagerly into the preparations for their departure, and well it was for her that all the excitement and thought consequent upon that prevented her from dwelling too exclusively on the coming parting. As it was she was too busy to think of it except at nights, and it only weighed on her mind as something that must be gone through as bravely as possible. The lovers had one happy, quiet evening together before the final day arrived, and they both strove earnestly to think only of the present, and be as cheerful as they could for Mrs. Goodwin's sake, who was now able to lie on the sofa in the sitting-room and enter into all their plans and projects. Arthur had become very dear to her, for his own sake as well as Nellie's, and it grieved her much at times to be obliged to part them ; still as they couldn't marry for another year (for even had Arthur been in a position to do so, Nellie wouldn't have left her mother in her present weak state), she judged it would do no real harm to try their affection for awhile. She was a tall, pale, delicate-looking woman, with soft, gentle manners, and a face like her daughter's, only trouble and ill-health had faded and worn her cheek, and prematurely sown "silver threads among the gold."

Nellie had left the room to fetch something for her mother, and Arthur turned to Mrs. Goodwin, saying softly,

"Will you not let me put your shawl round your shoulders? I am sure you must feel cold this chilly night!"

She turned to him with a smile, and let him put it carefully around her.

"Thank you, Arthur!" And she took his hand in both her thin white ones and gazed earnestly into his face for a minute. "Do you think me very unkind to take Nellie from you? Sometimes I blame myself much."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Goodwin; your health must be the first consideration to us both, and the sooner you get quite well the happier you will make us."

"And you and Nellie feel that you can trust one another entirely, do you?"

"Fully and entirely!" he answered earnestly.

"I can answer for my Nellie being true to you, and from what I know of you, feel no anxiety either. I wish I had a son like you," she added, looking at the strong form bending over her, and thinking how different life would have been had she had such a one.

"I shall soon be yours, I trust, Mrs. Goodwin, almost as much as my own mother's," and he lifted her delicate fingers to his lips as he spoke.

Nellie's entrance put a stop to all further converse, and the lovers soon went out on the stoep together for their last walk.

The morning of their departure was bright and fresh, too bright by far, Nellie thought, as she stood at her bed-room window, leaning with her pale face pressed against it, taking her last look of the scene that had grown so dear. It was hard to believe their going was a real fact, but the reality stood before her in the shape of a large tent-wagon before the door, and servants hurrying to and fro under the direction of the spruce Mr. Gilbert, who had made their acquaintance the previous evening. Nellie couldn't quite make up her mind about him: he was certainly very handsome, but with something about his eyes and mouth she didn't like; something inexplicable to another, but which made her both fear and distrust him; still he possessed most agreeable manners, and Mrs. Goodwin seemed pleased with him, so she reserved her opinion and was very polite and amiable to this cousin of hers, as he called himself. Arthur told her privately that he hated him already, but she put that down to a little jealousy on his part, and took no heed of it. Several other persons had assembled round the wagon helping in various ways, and among them stood Arthur. Nellie's heart gave a great throb when she saw him, but she forced back the tears with an inward prayer that she might be enabled to be brave for his sake as much as her own, and then went to seek her mother, whom she found sitting ready dressed for her journey, very calm and quiet amid the general desolation of the bare, dismantled room.

"Are you quite ready, then, Mamma? Are we to leave at once? It is very early!"

"Yes, dear, but Mr. Gilbert wishes to get away as soon as possible, for we have a long day before us."

"Then I had better see about Gracie; she is capering about outside like a little wild thing, and will never be ready."

Grace was got in with some difficulty, and fully installed in her jacket and "cappie;" and then Nellie put on her hat, and took one last walk through all the rooms to see that everything was removed. How dreary and desolate they seemed, so unlike a home, and her footsteps echoed sadly through the passage, as she passed out upon the stoep with a heavy heart.

"We are quite ready to start, Mrs. Goodwin," said Mr. Gilbert, in a cheery tone that sounded almost mockingly light to Nellie. She turned to see her mother safe into the wagon, and was glad to find it was Arthur, not Mr. Gilbert, who was assisting her. The next moment Arthur was leading Nellie into the house again, and she found herself held tight in his embrace, and he was whispering,

"Good-bye, my darling; don't forget you are mine always; and write often."

Nellie tried to stifle the sobs, but failing, broke from his clasp, and pulling her veil quickly down, hurried to the wagon, and took her seat by her mother's side.

Mr. Gilbert lingered a moment to see all was right, and to shake hands with Arthur. There was an evil look even in the smile with which he greeted him, that caused a foreboding of evil to Arthur, though he knew not why; then he mounted his horse and rode on just ahead of the wagon. Almost every house they passed had some one standing on the door-step to witness the departure of a family that had been much loved in the little village. But at length the last white house and straggling gum tree was left behind, and they bid a long last farewell to Wetherly. Then Nellie fairly broke down, and indulged in a good cry, while her mother held one hand tightly in hers; and the mute caress had more effect than any words, for it showed her how her mother felt and sympathised with her, and by the time the day was over, and they reached the port from whence they were to sail for Summerville, she had hidden the sorrow in her own heart, and was her own cheery, helpful, self again. They had a slow but not disagreeable voyage of a week, during which Mr. Gilbert contrived to make himself exceedingly useful and pleasant, and, without intruding on them in any way, seemed ever thoughtful for their comfort, so that Mrs. Goodwin soon grew to depend on him for almost everything, and even Nellie reproached herself for her hasty judgment.

In due time they arrived at Summerville, where they were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Gilbert and her husband, who was a large merchant and shipowner. The two sisters were overjoyed to meet one another after so long a separation, and Nellie soon made friends with her cousin Maggie and half a dozen little ones, who flocked round Grace like some new toy. They were to remain with them till a suitable cottage could be found and Mrs. Goodwin had sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of the voyage.



## Trollope's South Africa.\*

THIS is a capital book. It has been widely read, and everyone has read it with pleasure. Lately we have had the subject treated by a variety of writers, and one was curious to see what additional light Mr. Trollope would throw upon it. If we are among those who think that as far as regards fresh information or new and original views on our political and social condition, the book is in some degree wanting, we still, most heartily, acknowledge that never before has the matter been handled in so pleasant and agreeable a manner. It certainly is wonderful that so much information should have been gathered by Mr. Trollope in so short a time. As a rule the views he expresses with regard to the different questions which possess most interest for colonial readers are such as will meet with very general assent. If, however, we find it necessary to point out a few inaccuracies, or seem in some degree to cavil or find fault, it must be remembered that such is our business. Let the public be thankful for a good book as they ought to be; it is the critic's business to put aside all feelings of gratitude and to attempt an estimate rather than an eulogy of the work before him.

Mr. Trollope is admirably suited, in many respects, for writing a book of this kind. He has great powers for extracting and condensing the pith and marrow of dry official documents. But in this respect he had very great advantages. The works of Noble and Theal, Silver's Handbook, and several others, had cleared off all the rough work and brought the material to his hand ready for use. What capital use he has made of these works is shown in the pleasant book before us. But where we consider him peculiarly qualified is in the habit of observation of the daily life of men and women, by means of which he has given such a charm to those works which have rendered his name so familiar to us.

To the scientific world the book will be disappointing. Mr. Trollope appears to have had the fortune not to be born scientific. Caterpillars and cochineal fowls, snails, butterflies, stars and humming birds are beyond him. He feels and describes our grand scenery with enthusiasm, but has left it to the more learned to give a geological survey of the country. The proper study of mankind is man, according to his theory, and although he may be very wrong he is much more agreeable in consequence. In the pages of this Magazine we have most valuable contributions to our stores of knowledge respecting the Colony we inhabit, as seen through scientific spectacles, but we imagine that the great majority of its readers would take far greater interest in matters a little more closely connected with our poor humanity. Take society as a whole, and what do we find? Some knowledge of the outer world no doubt. Fast

\* South Africa. By Anthony Trollope, London: Chapman and Hall, 1878, 2 vols.



vanishing traces of schoolboy learning. A hazy notion that Ceylon is somewhere near the Equator, with a strong conviction that it is to the south of the Line; sufficient astronomy, to enable one to mention the Rings of Saturn, but hopeless confusion as to the rest of the Solar System; a fair knowledge of horses; a little more of medicine; and an intimate acquaintance with the next world. This is a fair sample of what we know, and, as a rule, of what we care to know about matters of this nature. All this kind of knowledge can be got by looking on, and that is very uninteresting sport. Most men get tired of looking on, they wish to act. Now Trollope seems to be a man of the active description, and being so he gains the sympathies of a large class of readers. He does not simply occupy himself in scrutinizing the actions of men in preference to the habits of fishes, but he feels inclined to take a part in what he observes. He sees a number of young people at Port Elizabeth playing kiss-in-the-ring;—with all the ardour of youth he feels inclined to rush into the game and take a share in the fun and laughter. He observes a bottle of Bass being drawn, and his very soul becomes thirsty. He finds from the Blue-book that the wages of a female European servant are put down at a certain average, and he discusses the point with vehemence at dinner, and evidently has bet Captain Mills two to one that it can't be done. A man who constantly interests himself thus in all that goes on around him cannot fail to produce an interesting book.

We shall now direct the readers attention to a few extracts from these volumes.

The view he takes of the European colonists' ideas respecting his co-partnership with the black man in South Africa is summed up in the following passage:—

“The white man in the South African Colonies feels that the Colony ought to be his and kept up for him, because he, perhaps, with his life in his hand, went forth as a pioneer to spread the civilization of Europe, and to cultivate the wilds of the world's surface. If he has not done so himself, his father did it before him, and he thinks that the gratitude of the mother country should maintain for him the complete ascendancy which his superiority to the black man has given him. I feel confident,” says Mr. Trollope, “that he will maintain his own ascendancy, and think that the mother country should take care that that ascendancy be not too complete.”

We question whether many of our colonists take so lofty a view of their mission in South Africa. The spread of “the civilization of Europe” and “the gratitude” due by the mother country are ideas that have never entered their brain. To them it is simply the feeling that as British subjects they are entitled to protection. If the question arises as to whether Imperial troops should be employed in their defence, then they reply, If we must defend ourselves, don't hold our hands. If you, they say to Mr. Trollope, hold the view that the mother country should take care that our ascendancy

be not too complete, then we hold that the mother country should also take care that we do not suffer any loss.

Mr. Trollope is no great admirer of the results of missionary work. "A little garden," he says, "a wretched hut, and a great many hymns do not seem to me to bring the man any nearer to civilization. Work alone will civilize him, and his incentive to work should be, and is, the desire to procure those good things which he sees to be in the enjoyment of white men around him. He is quite alive to this desire, and is led into new habits by good eating, good clothes, even by finery and luxuries, much quicker than by hymns and gardens supposed to be just sufficient to maintain an innocent existence."

We quite concur in the opinion that the black man is "quite alive to the desire to procure those good things which he sees in the enjoyment of white men around him," and most of us have had very unpleasant experience that, like many white men in whom this desire is strong, he is not particular as to the manner in which he seeks to gratify it. But surely Mr. Trollope will admit that the little garden and hut, even accompanied by hymns, is a step towards that love of good eating and finery which is to civilize the African continent. And after all does the love of good eating and finery make better workmen or better citizens? Are the class from which domestic servants, for instance, are taken, in the neighbourhood of large towns like Cape Town, more truthful, more diligent, more honest, more satisfactory in every way than they were a few years ago before this insane love of finery passed down from mistress to maid? Have they "bettered their position" since they have dropped their modest becoming dresses to flaunt about in the last fashionable style? Apart from this it has always struck us that we are in too great a hurry to civilize and Christianize the native. We forget that with nations this has been the work of generations, and when we laugh at the small beginnings and at the grotesque forms which it assumes as the yeast goes on working gradually leavening the whole mass, we forget that we are fifteen centuries ahead of these men. There must be a beginning, and if that beginning be not the possession of a hut and garden, the pleasure of associating together in any common object such as religious worship, the submission to the regulations of an Institution, the acknowledgment of the laws of the Colony, what does Mr. Trollope suggest instead? Absolutely nothing. Psalm-singing is to him an abomination, gardens a delusion and a snare. Get them to work, he says, and all will be right. If he had only told us how to manage this he would have rendered the Colony an incalculable benefit. Get them to work by all means, if you can.

The introductory chapters of the book are a mere compilation from the many excellent works on the history of the Colony, his obligations to which he fully acknowledges. His style is so agreeable that we are apt to overlook the fact that he has not

devoted much time to his subject, and has consequently fallen into several little inaccuracies which perhaps, after all, are not of much importance, but which it may be as well to point out. For instance, in Chapter III he says :—

“In 1811 the Dutch Boers had stretched themselves as far east as the country round Graaff-Reinet, for which I refer my reader to the map. Between the Dutch and the Kafirs a neutral district had been established in the vain hope of maintaining limits. Over this district the Kafirs came plundering, no doubt thinking that they were exercising themselves in the legitimate and patriotic defence of their own land. The Dutch inhabitants of course called for Government aid, and such aid was forthcoming. An officer sent to report on the matter recommended that all the Kafirs should be expelled from the Colony, and that the district called the Zuurveld—a district which by treaty had been left to the Kafirs, should be divided among white farmers. . . . A force was sent, and a gallant Dutch magistrate, one Stockenstroom, who trusted himself among the Kafirs was, with his followers, murdered by them. Then came the first Kafir war.”

Instead of giving 1811 as the date when the Dutch Boers had stretched themselves beyond Graaff-Reinet, and when a neutral district had been established between the Dutch and the Kafirs, it would be more correct to fix upon 1780 as the date of the Fish River Boundary, and the period during 1793 and 1803 as that in which the Kafirs intruded into the country between the Fish and Sunday's Rivers, while it was in 1819 that the “neutral ground” was laid down as the tract of country between the Fish River and the Keiskamma. It was in 1809 that Colonel Collins, the special commissioner, recommended that the Kafirs should be obliged to withdraw to their own country.

On page 32 we have the interesting piece of information that from the British settlers of 1820 “have sprung the inhabitants of the Eastern Province, which is as English as the Western Province is Dutch.” As Mr. Trollope was about to publish the result of his investigations in South Africa, it would not have been amiss if he had spent a few more days in the country he was about to describe. He would then have discovered that the greater part of the Eastern Province is quite as Dutch as the Western Province, and that many of the most flourishing divisions are inhabited chiefly by colonists of Dutch descent. We are told in the same page that “until 1825 all public business was done in Dutch. Proceedings in the law courts were carried on in that language even later than that, and it was not till 1828 that the despatches of Government were sent out in English.” Even hurry ought to be no excuse for such a ridiculous statement as this. Picture to yourself the despatches from Downing-street addressed to Lord Charles Somerset in High Dutch, and answered by His Excellency in the same language. Even as to the proceedings in the Colony Mr. Trollope is wrong. He has

probably obtained his information from a foot-note in Mr. Noble's book which he has quoted from memory, and has not had leisure again to refer to. Mr. Noble says :—"From the 1st January, 1823, all documents issued from the Colonial Office were in the English language, and from 1825 all official notices were promulgated in that language; but the order for its *exclusive* use in judicial acts and proceedings only took effect from 1827." Our author has evidently omitted to notice the fact that from this time the English language was *exclusively* used in all official proceedings and business, does not necessarily imply that prior to this date "*all public business* was done in Dutch."

Mr. Trollope sympathises with the feelings of the Dutch inhabitants on the question of the famous 60th Ordinance, and here he might have strengthened his argument against missionary effort by pointing out that when this Ordinance was promulgated the missionary institutions were always cities of refuge, thus making private service not quite compulsory.

Among the blunders committed with reference to the payment of the compensation money for slaves, the most important, that of having made the amount payable in London, has not been noticed.

But of all the many sins of omission of which our hurried visitor has been guilty, the strangest appears to be that in a book sure to attract attention, coming out as it did when all eyes were turned to the Cape, when every one was anxious to gain some information as to the war which had already broken out on our frontier, Mr. Trollope could calmly give a neat description of the war of 1835, and the succeeding events, without mentioning the word Fingo. One would have imagined that the events happening around him would have excited sufficient curiosity to enquire when and how these people, whose hostility to the Kafirs has precipitated the present war, came to be British subjects, and where they are.

The questions raised as to the D'Urban and Glenelg policies are not such as can be settled by reference to such a History of South Africa as the one before us.

On page 39 Mr. Trollope has the following passage :—

"In 1838 slavery was abolished, and, as one of the consequences of that abolition, the Dutch farmers again receded. Their lands were occupied by the English and Scotch who followed them, and in the hands of these men the growth of wool began to prevail. Merino sheep were introduced, and wool became the most important product of the Colony."

This is not quite correct: Merino sheep had been introduced before this time.

In speaking of the extraordinary infatuation which induced the Kafirs to kill their cattle in 1857, Mr. Trollope says :—"They have ever been a superstitious people, given to witchcraft and much afraid of witches. But till this fatal day they were never tempted to believe that the dead would come back to them, or to look for other



food than what the earth gave them by its natural increase. It is more than probable that the prophecy ripened in the brain of an imaginative and strong-minded Anglo-Saxon." When anything is reported as being more than probable we assume that there is all but absolute proof of the fact, is it gravely meant that we are to believe in this "imaginative Anglo-Saxon?"

In Chapter IV. we have the Federation and Separation questions discussed. The case of the Eastern Province is stated to be the fact that members from the East are always in a minority in Cape Town. If the constitution, of the two Houses had been examined it would have been found that although in the Council at present there is a Western majority of one (a difference which will be abolished on the coming into operation of the Seven Circles Act), yet in the Assembly the number of representatives are equal. But further the Speaker is a Western man, thus putting the West in a minority of one in that House; the Chairman of Committees is a Western man, thus putting the West in a minority of two in Committees of the whole House. We are next told of the "mongrel population" of the West. Why it should be so distinguished from the East it is difficult to see. In the West there are English, Dutch, Germans, Malays, Hottentots, Half-castes. In the East there are English, Dutch, Germans, Kafirs, Fingoes, Hottentots, Half-castes. It seems to us that there is a greater variety of races in the East. We are told that the Ministry then in power "is, has been, and must be a Western Ministry, spending the public money for Western objects." It happens that three of the five gentlemen who formed the Ministry at that time were Eastern members, and the whole of the present Ministry sit for Eastern constituencies. All these little errors are passed over without much remark when used on the spot in the heat of debate, but we certainly would expect a man of Mr. Trollope's stamp to distinguish between the mere sharp speeches of contending parties and the really grave and serious grounds on which these parties are formed. Any intelligent Separationist would give him far better reasons than these for his political faith.

The Dutchman of the Free State is stated to have succeeded in ridding himself of the coloured man, but we are not told that it was not the fault of the Free State that the Basutos are now British subjects. Mr. Trollope does not seem to take into consideration that while the British territory has been rapidly extending, we have not looked very favourably on the attempts of our Republican neighbours to follow our example.

Upon the whole, while we can quite see from the historical portions of this work that the author does not in the least exaggerate when he tells us that his portmanteau was so stuffed with Blue-books that he could find no room for dress coats and other articles of attire, yet we feel that a jolting cart and a flying trip were not the means best adapted for obtaining a very correct summary of their contents. We have pointed out but a few



of the faults in this part of the work, which appear to us simply the result of carelessness and hurry. We now come to Mr. Trollope's general conclusions with respect to the Colony.

In giving the English reader what he conceives to be a true idea of the Colony in reference to England, he commences by laying down the following proposition :—"A British Colony to the British mind is a land away from home to which the swarming multitudes of Great Britain may go and earn a comfortable sustenance, denied to them in the land of their birth by the narrowness of its limits and the greatness of its population, and may do so with the use of their own language, and in subjection to their own laws."

He then proceeds to argue that as there are only 120,000 inhabitants of English descent, although the country has belonged to England for three-quarters of a century, South Africa has hardly answered the purpose of a British Colony. Now in the first place Great Britain, in taking possession of the Cape of Good Hope, was not in any degree influenced by the reasons for founding a British Colony which Mr. Trollope lays down ; and in the next place, if we refer to the census returns we find that excluding the Colonial-born of British descent, at the present moment there are 22,000 immigrants, born in Great Britain, who have settled in the Cape Colony alone. It is quite natural that finding an intelligent and comparatively wealthy Dutch population of 220,000 souls in possession of the best parts of the country, the attention of adventurous Englishmen should at first be directed rather to the rich and unoccupied tracts of Australia, but the fairest mode of testing the usefulness of South Africa as a Colony would be to see how the thousands that have arrived here have succeeded. Let our author find out who the individuals are that have retired to England with large fortunes. Let him examine the thriving towns he has visited in the Eastern Province, with their rapidly increasing trade ; the comfortable homes and rich farms ; the polished and educated men in the various professions ; the air of comfort, luxury, and prosperity seen everywhere, and then let him consider whether those of "the swarming multitudes of Great Britain" who have come to this Colony to "earn a comfortable sustenance, denied to them in the land of their birth," have found that South Africa has hardly answered the purpose of a British Colony. But when we look into the matter further, and find that the Colony is importing upwards of £5,000,000 of goods annually, we cannot feel that Great Britain has much need to look upon us as a useless incumbrance.

Mr. Trollope is right in considering that the English labourer does not like to compete with the coloured man, but he is wrong in leaving the impression that he cannot compete with him. A good steady intelligent mechanic or labourer has not the slightest difficulty in obtaining a far better income, and in sooner making an independence, in this Colony than in almost any other part of the world. The Cape Colony, however, is no place for the kid-glove style of emigrant.

Mr. Trollope says that Englishmen have not flocked here, perhaps not in a "rush;" but we would ask how about English ships and English commerce?

In his remarks on Confederation he observes: "The smaller States are those most unwilling to confederate, fearing that they will be driven to the wall." In the case of the proposed South African Confederation it was just the reverse—the smaller colonies were willing, but the large Cape Colony was shy.

Having thus taken a cursory glance at the opening chapters of this book, we turn with much pleasure to the record of Mr. Trollope's personal adventures and experiences of South African life. Cape Town is described in the following passage:—

"But Cape Town in truth is not of itself a prepossessing town. It is hard to say what is the combination which gives to some cities their peculiar attraction, and the absence of which makes others unattractive. Neither cleanliness, nor fine buildings, nor scenery, nor even a look of prosperity will effect this,—nor will all of them combined always do so. Cape Town is not specially dirty,—but it is somewhat ragged. The buildings are not grand, but there is no special deficiency in that respect. The scenery around is really fine, and the multiplicity of banks and of Members of Parliament,—which may be regarded as the two most important institutions the Colonies produce,—seemed to argue prosperity. But the town is not pleasing to a stranger. It is as I have said ragged, the roadways are uneven, and the pavements are so little continuous that the walker by night had better even keep the road. I did not make special enquiry as to the Municipality, but it appeared to me that the officers of that body were not alert. I saw a market out in the open street, which seemed to be rather amusing than serviceable. To this criticism I do not doubt but that my friends at the Cape will object;—but when they do so I would ask whether their own opinion of their own town is not the same as mine. 'It is a beastly place you know,' one Cape Town gentlemen said to me.

"'Oh, no!' said I in that tone which a guest is obliged to use when the mistress of a house speaks ill of anything at her own table. 'No, no; not that.'

"But he persisted. 'A beastly place,' he repeated. 'But we have plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and manage to make out life very well. The girls are as pretty as they are anywhere else, and as kind;—and the brandy and water as plentiful.' To the truth of all these praises I bear my willing testimony, always setting aside the kindness of the young ladies of which it becomes no man to boast."

We are writing this notice of Mr. Trollope's book after a fortnight's heavy rain. For the last few days we have waded ankle deep through the finest and most yellow of mud. We step out of the Railway Station into a pool of water several yards wide. We cross the Parade by hopping from one stone to another to escape, if possible, the most tenacious of pot-clays. We cross roads which are rivers of liquid mud, and where not the slightest effort is made to provide a clean crossing for pedestrians. We are bespattered all over by cabs dashing down the filthy streets and round sharp corners in

the most reckless manner. And for a moment we are inclined to agree with Mr. Trollope's friend that Cape Town "is a beastly place." But if these are the disagreeables of winter, what are the miseries of summer? When we have no south-easter to carry out the dry earth system by powdering our filthy drains with dust, and then sweeping the mixture far out to sea, we have to endure the most frightful stench and abominations; and if the south-easter does come to the rescue our eyes are filled with gravel, our clothes ruined by the red dust, every article of food we eat gritty with sand. We fear Cape Town must seem to many strangers "a beastly place," and that but few will compare it favourably with Graham's Town, which in our opinion is decidedly the prettiest town in the Colony, and fully deserves the praises which its inhabitants so loyally bestow upon it. But it is not "a beastly place" all the year round, and after all Cape Town proper is not the residence of the majority of the people who grumble at it. Many a man is ready enough to describe it as a hateful place, who at the same time will tell you that the suburbs to which he retires every afternoon, and where his home is—be it Sea Point on the one side, or Rondebosch, Claremont, or Wynberg on the other, or even the Gardens above the town—that these spots are equal to any in the world, and you will not find him willing to exchange them for any other part of the Colony, in spite of the discomforts of his working-day in Cape Town.

Mr. Trollope mentions the population as being something over 30,000, "which when we remember that the place is more than two centuries old, and that it is the capital of an enormous country, and the seat of the Colonial Legislature, is not great." This may be true, but when we consider that the population of the Cape division, which extends but a few miles round the town, brings the total up to nearly 60,000, and that we are a people very fond of elbow room, the number appears to be fair enough. We hardly think that Mr. Trollope is right in thinking that the discovery of diamonds has done very much towards enhancing the growth of Cape Town.

It is rather hard on Bishop Gray that he should be described as having "inaugurated the building" of St. George's Cathedral, an edifice the ugliness of which cost him many a sigh. We believe that any sacrilegious Guy Fawkes would have received absolution from the Bishop if he had successfully blown up the whole affair.

There is an amusing description of the Museum. We should have liked to have seen the services acknowledged of our old friend Mr. Layard, the true founder of this institution.

In the remarks on the Public Library, we learn that "the readers in Cape Town are not very numerous," and that "when I visited the place (the Library) there were but two or three." It certainly is the fact that many do not read in the Library buildings, but there is a large circulation of books among subscribers, and as for readers

in Cape Town, it has always appeared to us that the booksellers do a very thriving business. We could have wished that Mr. Trollope's attention had been drawn to the fact that Cape Town, through its Town Council, does not assist a single public institution, in order that we might learn how far more wisely Corporations act in other places. It is strange that our councillors cannot see how much it is to the interest of a town to have its Public Gardens, Libraries, Museums, Art Galleries, &c, such as to make the city pleasant and attractive.

The sixth chapter is devoted to the Legislature and Executive, and here again, as seems always to be the case, the moment Mr. Trollope has to dive into those Blue-books and official documents he is carrying about with him in his portmanteau, he commits a number of blunders which tend to destroy the usefulness of his book. The late Bishop Wilberforce used to get through most of his correspondence in a train travelling from one place to another, but a Cape cart and Cape roads are not suited for this kind of work, that is to say if one wishes to be exact. Many of Mr. Trollope's notes must have been quite illegible at the end of the journey, and this will of course account for the errors. As a sample of what we mean we would allude to Mr. Porter's words being attributed to Sir Harry Smith; to the assertion that the low franchise was adopted, "no doubt simply to admit a few superior Kafirs to the franchise;" to the information that to vote for a member of Parliament a man must earn "about 10s. a week *and his diet*," a statement repeated in several places.

In the chapter describing the author's visit to the Knysna, beyond a mere statement that "it would be hard to find fifty miles of more continually picturesque scenery," we have scarcely any description attempted. It is amusing to notice the difference in his second trip through the Western Districts, in the enthusiasm evoked by scenery by no means equal to the Knysna, but which was refreshing to the traveller's eye after his weary trip to the Transvaal.

It is not quite correct to state that the Drostdy house at Worcester was built at the expense of the Crown, if by "the Crown" is meant Imperial funds. It was built out of Drostdy (or Divisional Council) funds by Lord Charles Somerset. Among other acts of his Lordship, which would have amused, and would have been recorded by Mr. Trollope had he heard of them, is his effort, through the Landdrost, to preserve the red-winged partridges by not enforcing the payment of quitrent on those farms where this species of game most abounded.

From the description given of Mr. Esselen's schools, church and congregation, one would have thought that our author would have found that it is not impossible for the singing of psalms and hymns to accompany very marked progress among the coloured people.

We find Mr. Trollope far more impressed with the beauty of the



scenery on the road from Worcester to Swellendam and the Tradouw than with the brandy produced in the districts he passes through. "Montagu, like Oudtshoorn and Robertson, makes brandy, the Montagu brandy being, I was assured, equal to the Congo brandy which comes from Oudtshoorn, and much superior to that made at Robertson. I tasted them all round, and declare them to be equally villainous. I was assured that it was an acquired taste. I hope that I may not be called on to go through the practice necessary for acquiring it. I shall perhaps be told that I formed my judgment on the new spirit, and that the brandy ought to be kept before it is used. I tried it new and old. The new spirit is certainly the more venomous, but they are equally nasty."

His judgment of the wines that he tasted is more favourable. "At Drakenstein we were taken into the house and had wine given to us,—wine that was some years old. It certainly was very good, resembling a fine port that was just beginning to feel its age in the diminution of its body. \* \* \* I am inclined to think that the Cape wines have hardly yet had a fair chance, and have been partly led to this opinion by the excellence of that which I drank at Great Drakenstein."

Although we consider that this book leaves too unfavourable an impression as to the suitability of this Colony for white men, yet there are occasional passages on this subject which are undoubtedly correct, as for instance when the sight of two loafing vagabonds at Montagu leads him to remark :—"The English labourer who comes to South Africa either rises to more than the labouring condition, or sinks to something below it. And he will not be content simply to supply his daily wants. He at once becomes filled with the idea that as a colonist he should make his fortune. If he be a good man, industrious, able to abstain from drink, and with something above ordinary intelligence—he does make some fortune more or less adequate. At any rate he rises in the world. But if he have not those gifts, then he falls, as had done those two ugly reprobates."

We are content to accept this as correct; but is it less true of any other country in the world?

The scenery in Cogman's Pass is dismissed with the following words: "That (the Pass) also is interesting, though not as fine as some others. \* \* \* There is the Pass with its ugly name leading gallantly and cleverly through the rocks into the little town of Montagu." We feel that the author must have used up all his expressions of admiration for the first bits of scenery, for in Cogman's Kloof it is so grand at some parts that it could not fail to have arrested the traveller's attention. A more probable cause of his silence may be that after the fatigues of the journey he was gently slumbering through the Pass, in which case the road must have been much better than it was twenty years ago to enable him to do so. And there is a tragic story connected with one spot in this Pass, which "an energetic guide" ought to have pointed out. It is just



the kind of story that tells well in books of this kind. We have not Mr. Trollope's pen, so shall simply state that in the Pass there is a cleft in a rock midway between the summit and base of a lofty inaccessible precipice. An unfortunate young man who was bird-nesting above missed his footing and fell and was caught in this cleft. There (so says the story) after being suspended in mid-air for days without the possibility of extricating himself, and after all means had been attempted in vain to rescue him, he was shot by his own father, at the request or order of the Field-cornet, to put him out of his misery. With grand scenery, wild mountains, and a horrible tale, Cogman's Kloof deserved more notice than half-a-dozen lines as to the derivation of its name from the number of lizards to be seen there. Our author here lost a chance.

With regard to the remarks on the Zuurbraak and Caledon Missionary Institutions, we find the same fault that we did with the remarks on a similar subject in the introductory chapters. Mr. Trollope objects to the Missionary's labours, because he holds "that nothing but work will bring the black man into such communion with civilization as to enable them to approach the condition of the white man;" but he never tells us how we are to get the black man to work against his will. Whatever he may think as to the advantages of compulsory labour, he knows that it is useless even to discuss the question in any Colony belonging to Great Britain, and he proposes nothing in its stead. The institutions that he so unhesitatingly condemns had, at least, one advantage, if we admit that there was no other,—the men who with their wives congregated there provided labourers in harvest, ploughing, and shearing seasons, when they could not be obtained from the settled villages.

Whenever Mr. Trollope discusses the Native question, it is plain both from the work before us and his Australian book, he, like Mr. Froude, is particularly anxious not to be numbered among the "psalm-singing rascals," reviled by the sporting clergy of their younger days, but at the same time he is compelled to be very guarded in these expressions for fear of coming into conflict with the "prejudices" of the English people.

The following passage on the defence of the Colony is rather prophetic :—

"Another difficulty is apt to arise, which I fear will now be found a difficulty in South Africa. If Imperial troops be used in a Colony which enjoys Parliamentary Government, who is to be responsible for their employment? The Parliamentary Minister will expect that they shall be used as he may direct; but so will the authorities at home? In this way there can hardly fail to be a difference of opinion between the Governor of the Colony and his responsible advisers."

By the time that this number of the Magazine is in the hands of its readers the Cape Parliament will most probably have given its opinion on this point.

We find that we have marked so many pages in the volumes before

us that were we to refer to them all, our notice would extend to an unconscionable length. No man could perform the task Mr. Trollope set himself to do in the same space of time with anything like the success which has attended that gentleman's efforts. But we must not expect perfect accuracy under the circumstances. His book is a delightful one—cheery, chatty, amusing, and instructive. For giving a stranger a general view of the Colony it is admirably suited. But it will not stand the test of a close examination. Taking the book merely as the record of the impressions left by the Colony upon the mind of an able, observant, and candid man in a hurried scamper through it, we can afford to speak of it in terms of the highest praise. There are two important points in which we think that it is likely to mislead. The first we have already noticed slightly, and that is that this is so decidedly a black man's country that a white man will not be able to do well in it. This is contrary to all experience. Given, a steady man, intelligent, and willing to work, and he cannot fail to succeed. Indeed Mr. Trollope has to acknowledge as much in one passage. We could name hundreds who have arrived here with no other fortune than good health and willing hands, who now possess their thousands. We certainly know of no instance where a steady man has failed to get a comfortable living. But if we simply take the history of the British Settlers of 1820, we find sufficient contradiction to this view. The second point is not of such general importance, but may mislead many who, thinking of emigrating to the Cape, may naturally first refer to Mr. Trollope for information—we refer to the question of wages. He appeals to Captain Mills on this point, and if that gentleman will permit us to reply for him we would answer that Captain Mills is quite correct and Mr. Trollope quite wrong. For Mr. Trollope to say that *twice £30 per annum* would not enable a man to engage a European man servant is simply absurd. Of course some men receive higher wages than others, but the average amount of wages as given in the Blue-book is as near the mark as possible.

One word more of thanks we must give, and that is for the omission of any single word that could by any possibility give pain to the many Colonists who, to the best of their ability, welcomed Mr. Trollope as a guest, and who will not soon forget his pleasant visit. Lately we have had rather unpleasant experience of what may be written by illustrious visitors at the expense of their hosts for the mere purpose of raising a smile. Mr. Trollope is always interesting, always amusing, but never unfair or ill-natured, except as to psalm-singing, and that we forgive him.

S. R. N.

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## Her Grave.

How still, and sadly lone, she lies,  
 Under the sweltering, sultry skies,  
     Close to the city's throng ;  
 Not by some river's winding bed,  
 Not where thick trees sweet shelter spread,  
     Nor blithe birds chirp their song.

Those are the graves the poets seek ;  
     Ah, if the lot were hers,  
 To me she would not strongest speak,  
     Where life the hottest stirs.  
 What though I hurried far from men,  
     And knelt, with sigh on sigh ?  
 They'd bid me hurry back again  
     To the world's labouring cry.

But *here*, I pass her day by day,  
     Some days, most hour by hour,  
 And every time I pass, I pray—  
     For greater, higher, power,  
 To battle on o'er life's hard road,  
     And wage war for the just.  
 For ever since the day we sowed  
     Her bright form in the dust,  
 I've felt that toil must conquer grief—  
     The grief too great for word—  
 Hard laboured in the fond belief,  
     My vows she ever heard ;

I know full well she lies not *here*,  
     I know she lives on high,  
 Yet it relieves my heart-wrung tear,  
     To fancy she is nigh.  
 Perchance, these things are from us sealed,  
     She's nearer than we think ;  
 Sometime her presence seems revealed,  
     Mixed joy and pain I drink.

If bold my task and high my aim,  
 Some earnest of the coming fame,  
     Then, bending o'er her grave,  
 I pray for aid her spirit gives,  
 That spirit ever in me lives,  
     And I its willing slave !

For well I know that she was pure,  
 Well know I she was good,  
 I feel her soul shall e'er endure,  
 It *cannot* be withstood.

She always nerved and cheered me on,  
 While steadfast by my side,  
 Sweet in her sisterly advice,  
 In whate'er could betide ;  
 And now though she is from me gone  
 I cherish still the thought,  
 That to my spirit oft forlorn,  
 Her presence comes, if sought.

Oh ! why then lay her by the stream,  
 Flow it how sweetly fair,  
 Or where, to guard from sunlight gleam,  
 The leaves their shadows bear ?  
 The boughs scarce rustle in their calm,  
 The fawns mid thickets play,  
 Yet know I that no earthly harm  
*Here* touches her cold clay.

And if, lone watcher through the night,  
 I sometimes take a sudden fright,  
 Lest roused she should awake,  
 And wond'ring gaze the scene around,  
 'Tis but the thought that's born of earth,  
 For hers is highest heavenly birth,  
 Far, far, from this chill ground.

She sleeps *so* still amidst the roar,  
 The hum, the city's din,  
 That as I daily pass the door  
 Of the churchyard, where within  
 She calmly, peaceful, resting lies,  
 Freed from all earthly sin,  
 I feel she is a heavenly prize,  
 I one day shall re-win.  
 That if I labour well this scene,  
 And bravely fight this fight,  
*There*, once again, *as we have been*,  
 We'll join in realms of light.

So let her still and lonely lie,  
 Under the sweltering, sultry sky,  
 Close by the city's throng ;  
 Soul-passionate, e'en here, my sigh,  
 Soul-utterant, e'en here, my cry,  
 "*From earth to Heaven*," my song !

## Grotius.\*

IN 1845 Mr. Charles Herbert, a Barrister of the Middle Temple, and holding the offices of First Fiscal, and Crown Lawyer in British Guiana, brought out the first English translation of "Grotius' Introduction to Dutch Jurisprudence," a work occupying the first rank among legal authorities, constantly quoted in countries where the Roman Dutch Law is still in force. The translation was a great boon to lawyers unacquainted with the Dutch language; at its best, however, it was very faulty, differing in many important particulars from the original. A new edition was much wanted, the old one became out of print; and so Mr. Maasdorp's translation has appeared at a most opportune time.

Exercising a wise discretion, the translator of the new edition prefixes to the work a concise outline of the previous history of Holland, and adds a short but most interesting sketch of the life of Grotius.

At the outset of his remarks, Mr. Maasdorp very correctly points out that this work of the great Dutch Jurist has been, hitherto, wrongly named as an "Introduction to Dutch Jurisprudence," but that it should, with greater propriety, be called the "Introduction to the Jurisprudence of Holland," and he explains the difference, which is considerable. It would, perhaps, have been as well if the title page and cover had been altered accordingly, but they still continue to bear the wrong designation.

Mr. Maasdorp's sketch of Grotius' career and works gives the law student all that would specially interest him. For the information of the general reader we shall add a few more particulars to those already supplied. It is said of Hugo de Groot that at the early age of twelve he converted his mother from the religion of Rome to that of the Reformed Church. When only fourteen years old he defended, with much applause, theses in mathematics, philosophy, and jurisprudence. His reputation as a classical writer, as well as a man of science and erudition, was established by the publication, in his seventeenth year (the year following his call to the bar) of his edition of the *Syntagme Arateorum*, an able work on astronomy. Then he wrote some tragedies which met with marked success. When twenty years of age Grotius became Pensionary, or Syndic, of Rotterdam. In the same year he was very graciously received by James VI, when he was sent to London, to remonstrate on our claiming an exclusive right to the Greenland fisheries.

Then came the great Arminian controversy, and finally his staunch friend, Barneveldt, was beheaded, and he himself imprisoned in the fortress of Loevestein, near Gorcum, in the South of Holland.

\* The Introduction to Dutch Jurisprudence of Hugo Grotius. Translated by A. F. S. Maasdorp. M.L.A., B.A., and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Cape Town, J. C. Juta, 1878.



During his imprisonment he wrote some short annotations on the New Testament, a work in Dutch verse on the truth of the Christian religion, a metrical catechism (afterwards translated into Dutch verse) for the use of his daughter Cornelia; then came this "Introduction to the Jurisprudence of Holland," and a couple of classical works.

When Grotius escaped from prison, twenty months after his incarceration, in the box in which his books were usually carried to and from the castle, he was conveyed to a friend's house in Gorcum, where, dressing himself like a mason, and taking a rule and trowel, he passed through the Market-place, and stepping into a boat went to Valvet, in Brabant. Here he made himself known to some Arminian friends, and hired a carriage to Antwerp; thence he proceeded to Paris, where he was warmly received, on the 13th April, 1621, by the literati, and by the King himself, who settled a pension of 3,000 livres upon him. The following year he published his "Defence of the Lawful Government of Holland and West Vriesland," and, in consequence, sentence of death was passed upon him in Holland, and upon all in whose possession a copy of the book was found. In 1624 he went to a villa near Senlis, which the President, De Mismes, had placed at his disposal. The following year his famous treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis* appeared; it was immediately translated into Swedish, English, German, and twice into French. Two years afterwards his *De Veritate Religionis Christianæ* was published at Leyden; it was translated into the various languages of Europe and Asia, and was also rendered into Arabic.

In 1631 Grotius once more tried to settle down in his native country, but his reception was so unfavourable that he retired to Hamburg. Shortly after he went as Swedish Ambassador to the Court of France. Whilst in Paris he edited "*Tacitus*," and published a book containing a series of annotations on the body of the civil law, many of them philological. In 1640 and 1642 he published theological works, and among them his *Notes on the Gospels*, and *Notes on the Old Testament*, and *Apocrypha*. Writers of every denomination have agreed in ranking him among the ablest of biblical critics. After his death, at the age of 63, six of his unpublished works (relating to nearly every branch of science and art) saw the light of day, also an extremely interesting volume of his letters, edited by his son.

As was said of him by a distinguished critic, "he was almost equally celebrated as an historian, a scholar, a poet, and a divine,—a disinterested statesman, a philosophical lawyer, a patriot who united moderation with firmness, and a theologian who was taught candour by his learning. Unmerited exile did not damp his patriotism; the bitterness of controversy did not extinguish his charity."

The first thing that strikes one on looking over this new edition of Grotius is the greater accuracy in translation and legal phraseology.

Mr. Maasdorp has also rendered good service to the law student by citing Van der Keessel's Thesis and Schorer's Notes in the text, and Groenewegen's references translated into the modern method of notation. Instead of having to look up "L. fin. D. de Legatim" we at once search for D. 50 : 7 : 17. Instead of "Lib. 1 D. de Tutel," we have D. 26 : 1 : 1. So with "Lib. 1. D. de Ritu Nuptiar," we have D. 23 : 2 : 1. The same takes place with e. g; § 2 Inst de Jur nat, changed into Inst 1 : 2 : 2, &c.

In his explanatory preface the translator modestly says, "Very little has been done in the way of original annotation, only a few notes having been added." We could cite numerous instances of original notes, also of amplification and correction of existing notes; we take the first example we come across, and we find in the old edition a note to the effect that "Charters were given by various counts to the towns of Delft, Leyden, Amsterdam, &c. : see Merula, Prax, Cio. lib 2; tit 4; cap 6.; Reimking de Regim, secul lib 2; class 2; c. 10." The new note goes fully into an account of these Charters (or as Mr. Maasdorp throughout the book calls them *Handvesten*) to whom they were granted, and when; and also corrects the quotation from Merula, making it lib 1 : and Reimking de Regim, 1. 2. 2. 10.

As samples of improved translation and style we find in chapter 2, § 17, the following: "The general written law consists of resolutions of the States, that is of the knights, nobles, and large towns, or placats of the heads of provinces, to whom such power has been lawfully granted by the States, under the title of counts, lords, governors, or chief magistrates." In the old edition we have, "rulers of the country" for "heads of provinces;" and "chiefs" for "chief magistrates."

Here again : new edition—"In the absence of any written law, charter, privilege, or custom, on any particular subject, the judges have from times of old been enjoined on oath to follow reason to the best of their knowledge and discretion."

Mr. Herbert puts the same passage thus:—"When neither the general written law of the country, nor the charters, by-laws, or customs, are found applicable to any cases, the judges," &c.

In the chapter on Minors, in defining who are of full age, the new translation goes on to say, "and who may consequently sue and be sued in their own name;" the old edition has it, "and therefore possess a *persona standi in judicio*."

A very material alteration occurs in the text of § 23 of book 2, chap. 28, viz. :—"And if on one side or the other, or on both, it be found that the grandfather and grandmother *are still living together in wedlock*, they will inherit the whole of the share of that side."

The old translation reads, "that if it be discovered that the grandfather and grandmother *had not lived together* in wedlock, then the whole of the inheritance should go on that side!"

Book 2, chapter 35, § 15, runs :—"From *heere-wateringen* or *ban-wateringen* every one may lead water on his own ground, in so far

as the same is not forbidden by the charters." A note is appended giving the definition of the terms *beere-wateringen* and *ban-wateringen*, and the remark that it would appear from this passage that according to the ancient laws of Holland (in conforming with the rules of the Roman law) every proprietor of land had the right of leading out water (not being *public* streams) even from such streams as are subject to feudal rights, or such as require to be kept up by the "*ban*" or compulsory labour of the working classes belonging to each community: and then a reference is made to a case decided in the Supreme Court in 1874. In the original translation the passage is not nearly so well put, and there is no explanatory note.

The improvement in style and intelligibility is well marked here: "Very closely akin to quitrent right is the right granted by a quitrent holder to another to enjoy the fruits of the property." Mr. Herbert puts it "Resembling very closely the *emphyteusis*, is the right that an *emphyteuta* in turn, grants to another to enjoy the fruits and profits of the property, termed *jus libelli*."

So also in the latter part of one of the sections on feudal tenure the new translation runs: "nay more, even if the grants says '*not to revert ab intestato within second cousins*' (i.e., so long as there are second cousins surviving) the feud may nevertheless go to blood relations of the fifth and more remote degrees up to the tenth." The 1845 edition says: "nay more, even should the investiture specify that persons within the *sorum nepotes* are not to inherit, still the fief may," &c.

But we think we have sufficiently shown what an improvement the present edition is upon its predecessor. We have only now to join our congratulations to those of the distinguished member of our Western bar, who so ably and favourably criticised Mr. Maasdorp's book some weeks ago in a leading Cape Town journal. We are sure that law students, and the legal profession generally, will gladly welcome this new edition, and that it will supply a long felt want.

We may add that the index is most complete. The size, binding, and type is everything that can be desired, and reflects great credit upon Messrs. Saul Solomon & Co.'s establishment.

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### A Woodland Reverie.

How stifling hot the air! the burning ground  
 Reflects glaring, eye-paining rays around;  
 The woods are strewn with leaves and branches dead,  
 The wonted charms of stalking all are fled.  
 Awhile in shade of this dense Cherry Tree  
 I'll rest, and revel in poetic reverie.  
 The heat increases! fiercely from on high  
 The sun "lets down the day" thro' cloudless sky;  
 Sole in the heavens, beneath, o'er human sight

He casts a veil of star-concealing light  
 From near the zenith, now, his beams invade  
 The silent drooping woods ; in vain the shade—  
 Feeble and less'ning still—upon the ground,  
 From stem, branch, curl'd leaves pale, falling around  
 Above the wind-and-sun-parch'd dazzling earth,  
 No tender flower-bud ventures into birth,  
 For should it ope to Sol's bright angry eye  
 Its loveliness, 'twould blossom but to die.  
 The heat increaseth ! From the ocean haste  
 Kind clouds, o'erspread the land, arrest the waste  
 Of yonder fierce, earth-mast'ring orb on high,  
 Without a rival reigning in the sky ;  
 On singing breezes swiftly borne along  
 The heated air, in black battalions throng ;  
 And from the glory-throned despot's power  
 Save wood and pasture, corn, young plant and flower,  
 With shade, and pitying tears, shed all around,  
 Profusely shed, upon the suff'ring ground  
 That long has oped its parch'd lips, but in vain,  
 'Gainst sun and wind, in silence to complain.

In parts the Kowie River flows no more :  
 Its dry, bleach'd, stony bed, from shore to shore,  
 Dreary, forsaken, to the view appears,  
 Save where some long-hid rock its head uprears  
 O'er shrunken pool, where shelt'ring willows kind,  
 And grateful reeds arrest the beams and wind.  
 Long since, from glitt'ring, crack'd, and sun-baked vley,  
 Ducks, widgeons, cootes, and snipes have flown away :  
 No more, when nights are still, and clear heavens blue,—  
 Falling unseen—descends the welcome dew.

The heat increases ! On the hill-tops stand  
 Mute herds, waiting for breezes from the strand.  
 From out the still, sear woods all life seems fled :  
 Listless, with open beak, and drooping head,  
 Heat-silenced feather'd songsters slowly flit  
 Among the branches bare. James lories sit  
 In tempting nearness round, but tho' the fair  
 Demand their crimson wings, *to-day* I'll spare—  
 Thanks to yon Orb—their lives ; but if again  
 They rashly cross my woodland path, in vain  
 May prove the graceful movements of each speckled crest,  
 And the green beauties rare of back, and neck, and breast.  
 How changed all nature's face ! Where late were seen  
 Hills, vales, and plains, enrobed in smiling green,  
 Starr'd o'er with bright spring flowers of many an hue—  
 Scarlet, and white, magenta, yellow, blue.  
 One cheerless brown now meets the wearied eye ;  
 The sapless forest withers, young plants die ;  
 The charms of woods, fields, rivers, all are fled :  
 The lovely boundless ether blue o'er head,  
 Where countless stars and planets shine and roll,

In harmony divine, thro' God's control  
 In harmony of music and of song.  
 Composed by the Supreme, when first along  
 The universal blue they wing'd their flight,  
 Chasing afar old Chaos and blind Night—  
 Has lost its beauty-kindling power awhile :  
 Gone too the inspiration of Apollo's smile.  
 In drought severe, when cracks the fervid ground,  
 And drooping, withering, dying plants around  
 Seem mourning o'er their premature decay,  
 And—sadder still !—brute creatures waste away,  
 Should humbled, reverent man, on bended kneec,  
 Pray fervently unto the Deity  
 For vital showers, would God incline His ear,  
 And, hearing, grant the suppliant's earnest prayer ?  
 Or rules the Uncreated, Holy One,  
*Material* things by fixed laws alone ?  
 If so, were every humnn voice to blend  
 In one grand chorus-prayer, and then ascend  
 On high, upon this thirsty, fainting ball,  
 In answer, not one drop, perchance, would fall ;  
 Yet may we, therefore, never rashly say :  
 " 'Tis useless to Jehovah, sure, to pray."  
 Not so :—Tho' prayer of man may rise in vain,  
 To bring from passing cloud the latent rain ;  
 Or silently-descending dew from fields of air,  
 In unseen exhalations hov'ring there ;  
 May vainly rise to silence ocean's roar,  
 Or stay wild billows plunging to the shore ;  
 To arrest the lightning bursting from its cloud,  
 Or still its awe-inspiring thunder-loud ;  
 May rise in vain to check the cannon's force,  
 Or change the rifle bullet's fatal course ;  
 To kill a raging tooth-ache's madd'ning pang,  
 Or the dread poison of an adder's fang,  
 When mixing with the flowing life-blood warm,  
 Far, far from human aid, on some lone farm :  
 What tho', perchance, the supplicating cry  
 From deep affections' fount to God, Most High,  
*May* vainly rise for friend in anguish lying,  
 Spouse, parent, child, brother, or sister dying,  
 Yet—favour'd beings !—we may safely say :—  
 " How sweet, and useful, rev'rently to pray !"  
 Yes, yes :—prayer opens up a way to heaven,  
 An intercourse with God, thro' which are given  
 Influences that pierce the spirit's night  
 With rays of moral and religious light.  
 And when upon devotion's wings we rise  
 Our noblest powers of mind, thro' exercise,  
 Are strengthen'd : yes ; when to the Deity  
 We raise our earth-bound souls all fervently,



Till love and charity o'ercrowd their dwelling,  
 And then run over, like a fountain welling ;  
 And hope, faith, trust, within the soul are growing,  
 And ideality is sweetly blowing ;  
 And with our spirits, rapt—to heaven ascending !  
 Our well-pleased Heavenly Father's smiles are blending—  
 These blending too with other aid Divine—  
 Then great the use of prayer—to strengthen, elevate, refine.

Whene'er my heart to Thee, O God, I raise  
 In adoration sweet, or grateful praise,  
 Illume my soul with truth's unclouded light :  
 Aid me to think, and pray, and act aright ;  
 To live as in Thine awful presence sight,  
 Henceforth, till Death—unfeared—shall come to sever  
 My soul from earth, *but not its ties of love*, for ever.  
 Clouds ! mist ! and the cool Indian Ocean breeze,  
 Waving the corn, and swaying the glad trees,  
 That ope their curl'd leaves to the shade, mist, wind,  
 As if endued with sense of feeling, mind :  
 Expanding rapidly, refresh'd, in glee  
 They dance to Zephyr's kind sweet minstrelsy.

Clouds, mist, and breezes, thanks, now I'll away :  
 Some dark, white-banded, spotted buck, to-day,  
 Before my gun must fall. Farewell kind Tree !  
 Long, long, should life be spared, I'll think of thee—  
 Of thy sweet fruit, and grateful, friendly shade—  
 May never frost thy tender leaves invade ;  
 Nor harmful bird or insect e'er be seen  
 Upon thy foliage dense, dark evergreen.  
 Years, ages hence, here may'st thou safely stand,  
 Unhurt by sun, or wind, or human hand.  
 Adieu, awhile : when fields and woods revive,  
 And flowers shall bloom again, and blooming *live*,  
 I may, if hunting near, revisit thee,  
 And plan another Woodland Reverie.

S. W. DELL.

January, 1878.

## Tennant's Rules of Court.

Rules. Orders, &c., touching the Forms and Manner of Proceeding in Civil and Criminal Cases, &c., &c. By H. TENNANT, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Cape Town. Juta, 1878.

AMONGST the works lately issued from the Cape Town press, not the least useful, especially to members of the legal profession, is Mr. Advocate Tennant's new edition of the "Rules of Court." The

old edition was, we believe, out of print, and truth compels us to say that it was a bad one, and was especially deficient in what is most essential to a law book and a book of reference—a good index. So far as we have been able to test it, the volume before us is, in this instance alone, a great improvement on the former one. But it has a number of other advantages besides: it contains all the Ordinances and Acts of Parliament which bear upon the modes of procedure in the Supreme, Circuit, and Magistrates' Courts, and tariffs of fees, stamps, &c., as settled by the Legislature at different periods. The rules themselves are so arranged that the alterations made in them from time to time can be seen at a glance, and there is no difficulty in finding the latest one on any subject. In addition to this convenient arrangement there are copious notes referring to all the authorities for the several rules, and the various cases which have been decided in reference to any of them. None but a practitioner of the law can fully appreciate the very great assistance which is thus rendered to the profession. We are glad, too, to notice that the several forms of process, bail bonds, &c., which had been omitted from the last edition of the Rules of Court are restored in the present one, though we would point out that one of them is defective, viz.: the bail bond to be given to the sheriff in release of a person arrested for debt. It only binds the surety for the amount of the claim made in the writ, and not for the costs to be subsequently incurred. Suppose, therefore, that a person is arrested for £50, for goods sold and delivered, he gives bail for that amount, and then leaves the country? The plaintiff has yet to get judgment for the amount claimed, and to do this will be to incur further costs amounting probably to £10. For this last amount the surety under the form of bond given in these rules would not be responsible, and to that extent therefore the plaintiff would be out of pocket. It is fair to say that the form in question is copied from the original edition of the Rules of Court, and is not Mr. Tennant's own, though we wish he had amended it, or by a note called attention to the defect we have pointed out.

Nothing can well surpass the excellence of paper, type, and general appearance of the new volume. We have not noticed any misprints except in the spelling of some of the names in the lists of judges, advocates, and attorneys, &c., given in the book. Perhaps it would have been well, as the lists comprise all who have practised from the first establishment of the Supreme Court, to have noted which of the names represent living, and which deceased persons. Possibly this could not have been done in respect of attorneys and notaries, who are scattered all over the Colony, but it might have been accomplished in the case of judges and barristers.

These defects, however, are but trifles, and we can very heartily commend Mr. Tennant's work as a most useful, carefully compiled, and much wanted book, and we have no doubt that the sale of it will be commensurate with its merits.

Sketch Map of the Troad as it existed  
in the time of Homer.



Lithographed by Saul Solomon & Co. Cape Town

0 1 2 3 4 5  
English Miles.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Dr. Schliemann's Discoveries.\*

TROY AND ITS REMAINS: a Narrative of Researches and Discoveries made on the site of Ilium and in the Trojan Plain. By Dr. HENRY SCHLIEMANN. Translated with the Author's sanction by Philip Smith, B.A. ; with Maps, Plans, Views, and Cuts. London, 1875: pp. 373, 8vo.

THE author of this book is no ordinary person. He was born, in an humble sphere of life, somewhere in the North of Germany. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to a man named Holz, in the little town of Fürstenberg in Mecklenburg, who dealt in herrings, milk, butter, brandy, and salt. Besides assisting in this traffic, the young Schliemann was also employed "in grinding potatoes for the still," sweeping the shop, &c. His hours of duty were from five o'clock in the morning till eleven at night; and his occupations brought him into contact with none but the lowest classes of society. These circumstances were not favourable to intellectual growth. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he became cabin boy in a merchant vessel, was wrecked upon the coast of Holland, tried unsuccessfully to get enlisted as a soldier, and at last obtained a situation in a counting-house at a salary of £32 a year, the half of which he spent on his studies, living on the remainder. Having learned French and English, he obtained a better situation; and gained a knowledge of the Russian language. With this new acquisition he went to St. Petersburg, where, in the course of a twelvemonth he established a mercantile house on his own account, and became a prosperous man. In 1856, being then forty-four years of age, he began the study of Greek, an acquisition of which he had always been ambitious. In the short space of six weeks he had learned to speak and write Modern Greek, and in three months more

\* This welcome and valuable contribution is from the pen of the Rev. JOHN SCOTT PORTER, of Belfast, and has been forwarded to us by the Hon. WILLIAM PORTER, who in an accompanying note says:—"The paper was recently read, by my brother, at a meeting of the Belfast Literary Society, of which he is a member. Thinking that it could scarcely fail to interest and instruct not a few of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, I begged it from him, and I now send it to you for publication, should it suit your pages."  
—Ed. C. M. M.



he had made such progress in the ancient language, that he was able to read and enjoy some of the classical authors, especially Homer, whose poems he read and reread several times with the most lively enthusiasm. For the following two years he devoted himself to the literature of Greece, in the course of which time he repeatedly perused the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He then undertook a series of voyages and travels; visiting almost every land from the North Cape of Lapland to the cataracts of the Nile, including Arabia, Palestine, and Syria. In 1863, having acquired an ample fortune, he retired from business. Three or four years later he visited the Troad and other scenes, with the name of which his classical reading had made him familiar; and soon afterwards began to explore the sites of ancient cities which had taken a strong hold on his imagination. These researches were followed in due time by the publication of books, describing the excavations which he had made, and explaining the results to which they had conducted him. The first of these was entitled *Ithaca, the Peloponnesus and Troy*, from the preface to which the foregoing biographical notice is extracted. The last is a work on the *Ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ*. The book of which the title is placed at the head of this article was the second of the series; and of its contents we now proceed to give a summary.

We may premise that all authorities, ancient and modern, are agreed that the scene of the battles described in the *Iliad* must be sought for within the limits of a moderately sized plain, which opens upon the Hellespont near to its junction with the Ægean sea, and extends inland about six or seven miles in a south-easterly direction, having a breadth varying from one to two miles. Indeed the rocky nature of the coast between Cape Lectos and the Propontis, would make it an absurdity in any poet to describe the Grecian host as landing, drawing up their vessels on the shore, and constructing an encampment in any locality but this. Here, therefore, if anywhere, must the Homeric Troy be found. Dr. Schliemann, having satisfied himself that the Turkish village of Hissarlik stands upon the spot where the city of Priam once stood, determined to ascertain by excavation what remains of antiquity existed beneath the surface of the soil; and having procured the necessary authorization from the Turkish Government, proceeded to engage a numerous band of workmen, established himself on the spot, and commenced the labour of digging and removing the rubbish. The details of his operations are minutely—and we are fully assured—faithfully recorded in the book before us. His discoveries have been of a most interesting description; and well deserve to be presented in his richly illustrated volume. We can only describe them in general terms. The contents of 373 pages with a large appendix of documents and illustrations cannot be condensed into the time at my command.

The most interesting fact which Dr. Schliemann's researches have brought to light is that beneath the soil of Hissarlik there lie the remains of five, if not six, ancient cities, which were successively

built on the same spot, and perished one after another, each being succeeded by a fresh structure erected on its ruins, and seemingly at long intervals of time. Of course, in the progress of Dr. Schliemann's excavations, these cities were unearthed in the inverse order of their respective dates; the more recent as lying nearer to the surface being uncovered first, and the older structures last. However, it will conduce to distinctness of conception if we enumerate them in the order of their antiquity respectively, beginning with the lowest and oldest of the series :—

1. The first built of these extinct cities,—that whose foundations rest on the virgin clay or its substratum of rock, lies at a depth of between thirty-three and fifty-two feet beneath the present surface of the soil. That town was built in great part of blocks of stone, joined together with earth. This denotes a low state of architectural knowledge; for the blocks of which the walls were made actually consist of limestone; and the quarries from which they were taken would have afforded excellent material for mortar; but the minuter objects found at this depth,—idols, vessels, tools, and ornaments of bronze, copper and terra cotta,—often display considerable skill in the arts of life. Dr. Schliemann has no doubt that this primeval city was destroyed by fire. At first he was of opinion that it was the Troy of the Homeric poems; but he afterwards became convinced that it was built, and that it flourished and perished, before the erection of that which stood the ten years' siege, and was burnt by the host of Agamemnon.

2. The Homeric Troy, Dr. Schliemann now identifies with the city whose reliques he found next above those just mentioned. Its houses were mostly of unburnt brick, but some of them had stone foundations, and the walls which, surrounded the town and the Royal palace, were of stone. The city was extremely small. He gives a plan of it, to which a scale of measurement is attached, from which it appears that its greatest length from corner to corner was 450 feet, and its greatest breadth 340 feet. Its shape resembled a rhomboid or lozenge, with occasional irregularities in the sides.\* Dr. Schliemann has identified, to his own satisfaction, the palace of King Priam, the great tower of Troy, and the scæan gate so often alluded to in the Iliad; but he “asserts most positively” (these are his own words), “that the city had no Acropolis, and that the Pergamus was a pure invention of Homer” (p. 18). In the ruins he found articles of gold and silver, copper, and terra cotta. In one place (p. 22), he says that the articles found in the treasure of King Priam belong to “an age preceding the discovery of bronze” (p. 22); but in the plate representing those articles, and which is placed opposite to the same page, some of them are described as “weapons and helmet-crest of copper or bronze.” We may therefore regard this point as doubtful.

\* Any one who has Dr. Schliemann's volume at hand may turn to Plan II. in the Appendix.

Among the objects discovered in this stratum of ruins were idols and vases, representing in rude workmanship a female figure with the head of an owl, which the Doctor regards as emblematic of Homer's "θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη," a phrase which has hitherto been understood as signifying "the blue-eyed (or bright-eyed) Athena;" but which Dr. Schliemann would have us translate "the owl-faced Minerva!" a strange epithet for a goddess who contended with the queen of love for the prize of beauty.\*

In the remains of this city, Dr. Schliemann discovered a great number of *terra cotta* whorls, the use of which he is unable to determine with certainty, and some of those found in the ruins of his Ilium bear marks that have every appearance of being alphabetical, or it may be syllabic characters, though neither their phonetic value nor the language which they expressed—if they be the symbols of spoken sounds—has yet been ascertained. That in some way or other—whether as alphabetical, syllabic, or ideographic writing—they were *significant*, that is to say, that they were not mere arbitrary lines drawn at random on the surface of the clay, appears to be proved by the fact that the same characters have been found repeated in the same order upon *two* whorls, and in each case formed by the hand with a stylus or other implement, not by a mould or die, (see p. 367, where the two whorls are represented). Dr. Martin Haug, struck by the resemblance between some of these characters and the syllabic writing of the Cyprian inscriptions, read the characters on these two whorls as expressing the sounds *Ta-i-o Si-i-go*, which he interpreted as equivalent to the Greek words *Θεῖον Σιγῶν*: "*To the divine Sigo.*" But as no such deity is known in any ancient writing, Professor Gompertz of Vienna read the characters backwards, by which means he made out the words *Ta-go-i Di-o-i*: i.e., *Ταγῶ Διῶν*: "*To the divine commander.*" This decipherment commended itself so strongly to Professor Max Muller that he pronounced it to be "almost beyond reasonable doubt." But Professor Gompertz subsequently stated that he looked upon his attempt to explain the inscriptions from Hissarlik as "abortive," and that the coincidence between his interpretation and the two Greek words is indeed marvellous, but nevertheless "merely fortuitous." To use his words, "there cannot remain a doubt that I was wrong" (p. 370). No words could rebound more to his credit.

Another very curious fact is, that among the debris of this remarkable town was found a vase of *terra cotta*, containing an in-


\* It is right to mention that in his excavation in the cities of Tiryns and Mycenæ, Dr. Schliemann found a number of idols representing a female with the head of an ox, and he thinks that these correspond with Homer's "βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη," which he explains as signifying "*the majestic cow-faced Juno!*" "Every man to his liking;" but we confess we prefer the old rendering which brings before us the queen of the celestials with eyes large, dark, and melting, like those of the cow. Dr. Schliemann forgets that the same epithet *βοῶπις* is applied by Homer to Clymené, the companion of the beauteous Helen (*Iliad* iii. 144); and to Philomedusa (vii. 10); and to Halia (xviii. 40). Had these ladies also the heads of oxen?

scription consisting of eleven characters, which M. Emile Burnouf declares are perfectly legible in Chinese! His interpretation of it is "*Puisse la terre faire germer dix labours, dix dix dix dix pieces d'etoffes.*" "May the earth produce ten crops, ten ten ten ten webs of cloth."\* The occurrence of a vase with a Chinese inscription in the buried cities of the Troad need not excite surprise. Small porcelain bottles with Chinese inscriptions have been found in the Egyptian catacombs, and Chinese porcelain seals have been found at considerable depths beneath bogs in Ireland. Two of these are in the Museum of the Natural History Society of Belfast; they were found under thirteen feet of bog at a place called Killinchy, in the country of Down; and along with several others are described, and their inscriptions explained, in an essay by the late Mr. Edmund Getty. The Chinese vase is manifestly a travelled article, but the whorls, being so numerous as they are, are probably of home manufacture. If so, the art of writing could not have been unknown to the inhabitants of this ancient city.

Several objects of great intrinsic value were discovered among its ruins; the greater part of them in a deposit which Dr. Schliemann denominates "the treasure of King Priam." The articles lay close together under a huge mass of debris, and what may at first appear singular, they lay piled, as it were, on the top of the city wall. For this the Doctor accounts by supposing that the most valuable objects in the royal palace had been packed together in a wooden box with a view to their removal, but that when they had been carried to the spot where he found them, the persons in charge were overtaken by the enemy or by the flames, and were obliged to abandon their load in order to save their lives; and this conjecture gains a high degree of probability from the fact that quite close to the valuables was found a bronze key, which may have been left in the lock when its guardians were compelled to take flight. Among the treasures were a globe-shaped vase of pure gold, weighing rather more than a pound Troy; a cup of gold weighing  $7\frac{1}{2}$  ounces; a gold cup of an oblong shape, with two long handles and two mouths of different sizes, for drinking, weighing 1 lb. 6 oz.; three large vases of silver; a shield and a variety of weapons of bronze; rings, bracelets, tiaras, earrings, &c., of gold; altogether about 9,000 articles; but of these 8,750 are exceedingly minute, not much bigger than a spangle, and perhaps intended for the same use. The enumeration of the larger objects occupies about twenty pages of the book (323-342), and the delineations of them fill seven plates at the end of the volume (XIV.-XX.) besides a number of wood-cuts interspersed in the text. It is impossible to make more than a bare reference to these interesting objects. But we ought not to pass over unmentioned the

\* This does not appear very intelligible. Perhaps the repetition of the character denoting ten may signify successive multiplications of that number. In this case the last clause will be equivalent to  $(10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10) = 10,000$  webs of cloth,



frequent recurrence of a cross with bent arms, , identical with the *suastika* of the Hindoos, a symbol which Dr. Schliemann regards as common to all nations of the Aryan race ; and which is found repeated again and again on a great variety of the articles found in all the extinct cities of the Troad. The remains of that which has now been briefly described occupy a stratum of about ten feet in thickness, lying between twenty-two and thirty-three feet below the present surface of the soil.

3. The third city as we mount upwards, that which was built upon the ruins of Dr. Schliemann's Ilium, lay at a depth of between thirteen and twenty-three feet below the foundations of Hissarlik. He regards it as having been built and occupied by a people of the same Aryan race with the previous inhabitants of the spot, but in a lower stage of civilization, as their implements and ornaments are of coarser workmanship, and the use of metals was less frequent among them, though not unknown, for he found in this stratum stone moulds for casting weapons and ornaments. The owl-faced images and the *suastika* continued in common use with these people as with their predecessors. Their city was built of stones united by cement. As this city and its inhabitants had confessedly no concern with the events of the Iliad, it is needless to dwell at greater length upon it.

4. Nor shall we linger upon the discoveries made amidst the ruins of the fourth town, which we meet as we ascend from the native rock. It lay between six and a half and thirteen feet below the present surface, and was built entirely of wood. Dr. Schliemann is doubtful whether there were not two cities instead of one in that stratum ; but as we are averse to the multiplication of marvels, when it can be avoided, we shall remain contented for the present with the one of whose existence he has no doubt. It, like its predecessors, was built and inhabited by an Aryan population.

5. About the fifth city there is no uncertainty. It was a Grecian town, erected in the historic age, probably in the seventh century before our common era ; the time at which Greece was beginning to send forth colonies into Asia Minor, Italy, and Northern Africa. Its date could not well be much later, for Strabo tells us that it was founded during the period of the Lydian sovereignty, which began with the commencement of the seventh century, B.C., and was overthrown by Cyrus about the middle of the sixth. It became a place of some importance. Herodotus says it was visited by Xerxes on his march to Greece. It certainly was visited by Alexander the Great after he had passed the Hellespont on his way to the battle of the Granicus. Herodotus, Arrian, and many others, speak of this town under the name of *Ilium* ; but the geographer Strabo is careful to distinguish it from the Homeric city of that name. He calls it τὸ σημερινὸν Ἴλιον, "the modern Ilium." It is possible that its builders and occupants, finding that it was erected on the ruins of a previous town, may have believed that the city in which they dwelt



was really situated on the spot where Troy had formerly stood. It is equally possible that, whether they believed so or not, they would be desirous of identifying their dwelling-place with the spot everlastingly associated with the name and the fame of their immortal bard. Having called their city Ilium they naturally named the river which flowed past its walls the Scamander; a trace of which is still found in the name Mendere Su, by which it is known to the Turkish inhabitants of the Troad; but the correctness of these identifications is not to be too hastily assumed. The remains of this Ilium exhibit the usual traces of a Greek population; temples, altars, monumental and commemorative inscriptions, coins, statues, &c., both of the Macedonian and Roman periods. Several of these possess historical interest and value; but they do not tend in any degree to illustrate the topography of the Troad, as it presented itself to the eye and mind of Homer. Still less occasion have we to dwell on the village of Hissarlik, which occupies a part of the Grecian city.

The results of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries divide themselves into two distinct branches, of which the first includes the glimpses which they afford of the civilization of the pre-historic ages in that part of the globe; the light which they throw on the races of men who successively occupied the region; on their arts, their manner of life, their religion, and their form of government. In these respects the importance of his researches can scarcely be overestimated. Their archæological value must be evident to all. But this is a subject on which Dr. Schliemann only touches incidentally, and which would require, for its satisfactory elucidation, another volume even larger than *Troy and its Remains*. The second line of thought which is suggested on this remarkable publication is, what light does it throw on those glorious epics which, in the original, or in translations more or less faithful, have captivated our imagination in youth, and whose fascination seems to grow continually on every one who, in advancing life, can find amidst the engrossment of political and professional activity, leisure to revive his familiarity with them? It is to this point that we now wish briefly to direct our readers' attention.

The most important question here must be, whether that city of which Dr. Schliemann has discovered the ruins between twenty-three and thirty-three feet below the soil of Hissarlik was, in fact, the Troy of the Iliad and the Odyssey, the city of Priam, the city beneath whose walls the combats of the heroes were fought, the city which was defended by Hector and his gallant brothers, and was burnt by Agamemnon and the host whom he led to the war? Or, to put the question in a form which does not involve collateral issues, does the village of Hissarlik stand upon the spot on which the author or authors of the Homeric poems placed the real or imaginary city, which is represented in the poems as having undergone those vicissitudes? Both these questions Dr. Schliemann unhesitatingly answers in the affirmative. It is our misfortune to differ from him, and doubtless from many others who have taken their ideas on the

subject from his attractive pages. The reasons for our dissent we shall lay before our readers, with all freedom, but at the same time with the respect which we sincerely feel for Dr. Schliemann personally, as a scholar and a persevering and most disinterested inquirer into the secrets of the ancient world. He has spent many years of life, and upwards of £10,000 of well-earned money, in researches, the material products of which he has freely bestowed on the museums of Constantinople, Athens, Paris, London, and Berlin; reserving to himself, as his sole recompense, the consciousness of having laboured to promote the progress of knowledge, and thus to benefit the human race. Such men are rare. Every such man deserves unbounded praise. But our admiration must not be allowed to blind our eyes to the errors of judgment into which such a man may fall, or into which we may think that he has fallen. The best of men are liable to mistakes. Dr. Schliemann has himself dissented from the conclusions drawn by several previous inquirers, for whose character and learning he cannot but feel profound respect; and surely it is allowable to differ from his own when they appear erroneous, or insufficiently proved.

We begin the consideration of this question by laying down a proposition which most scholars will accept as self-evident, namely, that in inquiring whether this or that spot be the site of the Homeric Troy, our main authority must be the Homeric poems, taken in connection with the permanent topographical features of the locality in which the scene is laid. But that is a comparison which Dr. Schliemann has nowhere formally instituted. Indeed he seems to rest very little weight on such considerations as a source of evidence. His translator, Mr. Smith, says that to start such an inquiry at all is "to raise a false issue" (p. xiii.) To this we reply that it is the very issue which Dr. Schliemann has himself raised. The title of his book is *Troy and its Remains*. *Troy* to all men's minds presents the idea of Homer's Troy. He is very positive that he has found the Homeric Troy under the village of Hissarlik; and if he has not done so, he has missed the chief object of his toilsome and expensive labours. This is the main point of interest in his book, as its title shows; and as we have the misfortune to differ from him, we shall address ourselves to this topic without further preface.

The first fact which presents an obstacle to the reception of Dr. Schliemann's theory is the diminutive size of the city which he regards as the Ilium of the Iliad. Troy, according to Homer, was a large city. He calls it *Τροίην ἐδράγιον*, "the spacious Ilium." At the time of the siege it contained, besides its ordinary population a host of fighting men who were not afraid to march forth and encounter in the open field the army of Agamemnon which numbered upwards of 100,000 warriors.\* Agamemnon calculated

\* The catalogue of the Grecian ships, at the end of the 2nd Book of the Iliad, enumerates 1,186 vessels, but the number of men in each is only stated in the case of the Boeotians (120), and Methonians (50). The mean would be 85 in each ship; assuming this as the average, the entire armada would consist of 100,810 men.

that the fighting men who were householders (*ἐφῆστιοι*) in Troy were something less than one-tenth of his own army. This would imply an ordinary population amounting to about 50,000 persons of both sexes and of all ages. Dr. Schliemann expressly admits this. He says that "according to the indications of the *Iliad*, the Homeric Ilium must have had over 50,000 inhabitants" (p. 176). Let any one turn to his plan of the Ruins of Troy (No. 2, at the end of the volume), and to the measurement scale engraved upon it, and he will find that the whole city, even taking in the space occupied by the massive surrounding wall, could not have covered three and a half statute acres of ground. Who can believe that Homer would have spoken of such an insignificant fortress—a castle rather than a town—in the terms which he employs with reference to his Ilium?

Homer calls *his* city, "the wind-beaten Troy" (*Τροίην ἡνεμόεσσαν*), to deserve that name it must have been situated on an eminence.

But Hissarlik, according to Admiralty's map of the Troad, is just 109 feet above the level of the sea. Dr. Schliemann's Troy as we have seen was 33 feet lower down. It therefore stood about 76 feet above the sea level, while in the immediate neighbourhood there are hills of more than twelve times that height. It is very unlikely that a town so circumstanced could ever have been known as "the wind-beaten Troy."

When the famed wooden-horse, constructed by Epeus, was brought within the city wall, some of the Trojans advised that it should be pushed to the verge of the city and tumbled headlong down the rocky precipice into the ravine beneath (*Od. viii. 504*). But there neither is, nor ever could have been, any precipice whatsoever, on the little eminence on which Hissarlik now stands.

The Homeric Ilium had an acropolis or citadel, the Pergamus, to which there is constant reference in the poems. Dr. Schliemann admits that his Ilium had no citadel; and ascribes all that is said about it in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to poetical exaggeration.

The battles described in the *Iliad* all took place in a plain between two rivers, which are named the Simois and the Xanthus or Scamander (*vi. 1-4*). The former, Dr. Schliemann identifies with the stream now called the Dumbrek, and the latter with the Menderes Su. But between these rivers there is no plain. The whole intervening space is mountainous and rugged; totally unfitted for the movement of troops; especially when there were no roads, and when all the chiefs and many of the common men fought in chariots.\* In such ground no general action could take place. As well might we picture to ourselves a party of fox-hunters going out in gigs to pursue their sport among the rugged steepes of Snowdon or Helvellyn. And if any single combat were described as occurring in such a field, the nature of the ground would have given occasion to numberless picturesque

\* The instructions given to the troops both by Agamemnon and Nestor (*Il. ii. 383, 384; iv. 300, 309*), imply that a large proportion of the warriors were car-borne.

adventures with which Homer would not have failed to adorn and enrich his narrative. It is needless to say that no such incident is recorded in the poems.

Still further, Homer expressly tells us that the Scamander had its source in two fountains which burst from the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the walls of Troy (Il. xxii, 147). Dr. Schliemann is forced to confess that no river had its origin near the walls of his city; and the sources of his Scamander lie far away among the mountains of Ida. If Black's *General Atlas* can be relied on, they must be thirty or forty miles off. It was beside the fountains of the Scamander that Hector met his death by the hands of the unconquerable Achilles. Immediately before he received his death wound, Priam and Hecuba had both addressed him, imploring him to retreat within the city wall on which they stood (Il. xxii, 23-89). Did he flee and Achilles pursue for a space of thirty or forty miles in the interval?

Lastly. The distance between Ilium and the camp of the Greeks is everywhere represented in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as considerable. Dr. Schliemann is evidently aware of this, and of the difficulty which the fact presents to the reception of his theory; nor can we altogether approve of the course he adopts with a view to elude the objection. He tells us (p. 182) that the distance between Hissarlik and the shore of the Hellespont is four miles, or one and a half hour's walk, and the same statement is repeated on p. 183. But if we examine his own map of the Troad, applying to it the scale which he himself gives, we find that the distance is not more than two and two-third miles. This distance agrees with that given on the Admiralty map, which was laid down by Captain Groves and Lieutenant Spratt, R.N., with the utmost care, and the use of the best appliances. It will be remembered that this is the distance between Hissarlik and the present shore of the Hellespont. But all authorities, ancient and modern, including Dr. Schliemann himself, agree that the land has greatly encroached upon the coast-line, since the Homeric age, no matter at what period we may fix that epoch. Allow two-thirds of a mile for that encroachment and half a mile more for the space occupied by the camp of the Greeks,\* and the distance between the camp and the town would be one mile and a half. In this narrow compass 150,000 warriors, horse and foot, must have encountered each other, with the varying fortunes of the war. Besides, when Ulysses in a night expedition found that he had approached the walls of Troy, he was alarmed when he thought of his distance from the ships (Od. xiv., 37 seqq.), and on the other hand Polydamas the Trojan, in a night consultation held near the rampart of the Grecian encampment, was equally terrified when he found himself so far away from the town. If Ilium stood

\* We have not assumed too wide a space for an encampment in which more than 1,100 ships, and tents for upwards of 100,000 men, with probably not fewer than 20,000 steeds, were accommodated.



where Hissarlik now stands, neither Ulysses nor Polydamos could have had much more than a mile to traverse before reaching his place of refuge, a distance which a moderately active man could easily run in ten or twelve minutes. The Trojans posted Polites at the tomb of Æsyetes as a scout to give notice of the movements of the Greeks. If Troy had been situated where Dr. Schliemann has placed it, the advance of an army of 100,000 men into the plain in front of their camp could have been seen from the city walls. He says, indeed, that it is impossible to distinguish a man at the distance of a mile by the naked eye, and probably he is right; but surely the movement of a large army with horses and chariots could be descried at a much greater distance.

For these reasons, and others which it would be tedious to detail, we feel ourselves compelled to reject the idea that any of the buried cities which stood upon the little hill of Hissarlik could have been supposed by Homer—or the rhapsodists whose lays have come down to us under his name—to have been the Troy which, by narrating the tale of its destruction, he has rendered immortal. To believe this would be to believe that he, who in all his other descriptions is so true to nature, deserts her here where exact conformity to her indications must have appeared to himself and to his hearers of the utmost importance. With the language and deeds of gods, men, and heroes, he was free to take what liberties he pleased, but if he travestied the permanent features of nature he would have raised a barrier against the reception of his poem as a national epic, which it nevertheless became.

Against all arguments of this kind, Dr. Schliemann has substantially two pleas to urge; and it seems to us, only two. First, what he calls the unbroken line of tradition, which he says has for 3,000 years affirmed that the Greek city that underlies the village of Hissarlik, was the lineal descendant of Homer's Troy, and that the Menderes Su was identical with the Scamander of the *Iliad*. But the tradition does not reach back to the Homeric times, nor could it do so; for the Greek Ilium was founded, according to Strabo, not sooner than the 7th century A.C., that is to say, about 300 years after the date of the Homeric poems, and probably a thousand years after the period to which those poems refer; and there was such an obvious motive for the adoption of the names of Ilium and Scamander by the Greek colonists who settled in the region, that their tradition is of little historical value. The tradition, moreover, was by no means unbroken. Demetrius of Skepsis, a native of the Troad, contradicted it. Strabo, the most celebrated geographer of antiquity, agreed with Demetrius. These two authorities are sufficient to outweigh the testimony of the modern Ilians in favour of a tradition which not only flattered their vanity but promoted their interest; for doubtless many others besides Alexander the Great, Sulla, and Julius Cæsar were attracted to their town, and induced to favour it by the high antiquity and celebrity which, with or without reason, it claimed,



The only other argument which can be urged in favour of Dr. Schliemann's theory, is that nowhere else in the Troad has he been able to discover the remains of any city which can reasonably be regarded as coeval with the Homeric times. This, at first sight, seems to dispose of all objections; but it is in truth a mere *ignoratio elenchi*, for the question is not simply *where did the city of Troy really stand?* but *where did Homer place it?* He tells us that, with respect to some of the events which he describes, he had no authority but rumour. Suppose that rumour had misled him as to the situation of Troy, or that he had, for poetical purposes, deviated from her testimony, what then? If his Ilium was but a cloud, we want to know the hill on the top of which it rested, or on which he says it rested; and assuredly, if his words are to have any weight in determining that question, it did not rest on the hill of Hissarlik. It is a striking fact that, among the 10,000 articles found amidst the ruins underneath that village, there is not one which can be specified as bearing any characteristic resemblance to objects spoken of in the Iliad. When we remember Homer's descriptions of the beauty of his nymphs, goddesses, and women, we cannot believe that he wrote of or for a people whose principal objects of worship were an owl-faced Minerva, and an ox-headed Juno! When we remember that Homer was himself ignorant of the art of writing,\* we cannot believe that the inhabitants of Troy used familiar toys or implements, inscribed with alphabetical, or at least with syllabic, characters. On the other hand, is it likely that a people, so far advanced in the mechanical arts of metallurgy needlework, &c., as the races described in the poems,—left behind them no traces of refinement above that which we should expect to find in a Tartar or Turcoman village? Is it likely that Homer would never once have made allusion to the suastica which was the characteristic emblem of the Trojan race?

Discarding, therefore, as utterly inadmissible the assumption that Hissarlik stands over the ruins of Troy,—*that is, of the Homeric Troy*,—we proceed to inquire where was the Ilium which Homer had in his mind's eye when he described the attacks and the repulses, the victories and the defeats of the war? To us it seems not difficult to decide this point by comparing his statements with the existing features of the landscape: taking into account changes that have been wrought by the hand of man, or produced by natural causes since Homer's time.

Referring then to the Admiralty Map of the district, the reader will observe on its western side, and about equally distant from its northern and southern extremity, a water-course which conveys a portion of the drainage of the great plain into the Bay of Beshika.

\* We are not ignorant of the argument that has been built on the *σήματα λυγρὰ*, "tokens of deadly import" given by Prætus to Bellerophon, with a view to his murder (Il. vi, 168), but we agree with those critics who regard the marks scraped on the sheet of lead or copper, not as phonetic but as symbolical emblems of slaughter.

This channel is beyond all doubt artificial, and must be left out of account in estimating the state of things at the time of the Trojan war. Before that new cut was made, the whole of the stream which supplies it, which is now called the Bunarbashi Su, must have found its way into the Hellespont by a natural channel. That channel still exists and still conveys a portion of the water of the river into the Hellespont near the promontory of Jenicher, anciently Sigæum. This is a point in which all topographers who have personally visited the region, including Dr. Schliemann, concur.

There is another river, now called the Mendere Su, to the eastward of that just mentioned. At present it runs nearly through the middle of the plain; but it is almost beyond a doubt that its ancient bed was further to the east, skirting the low range of hills on which Hissarlik stands. The ancient bed is still in being, and is called the Kallifatli Asmak. Of such asmaks there are several in this alluvial plain. "These are not rivers in summer, but have all the characters of rivers in winter, both in respect of their banks and the constant but slow run of the water contained in them. In summer they are stagnant rivers, fordable only in a few places; but as they receive in winter the drainage of the plain and the adjacent hills, the stream is sometimes strong. Such is the character of the asmaks of Troy, and I used to think the Kallifatli asmak to have been an old course of the Mendere."\* In this opinion Sir William Gell, M. Choiseul Gouffier, and Dr. Schliemann (p. 72) concur. The only modern traveller who disputes it is Dr. Forchhammer (*Ebene von Troia*, p. 27), who gives no reason for his dissent.

We think there can be little doubt that the Bunarbashi Su is the Xanthus or Scamander of Homer, and the Mendere Su is Simois.

The epithet which he applies to the Scamander, and the notices which he occasionally gives correspond perfectly with the present Bunarbashi Su, but with no other stream in the Troad. The Scamander united its waters with those of Simois in the plain (Il. v. 774), where were fought the battles of the Heroes (vi. 1-4). This exactly tallies with the position of the rivers Bunarbashi and the Mendere, when restored to their ancient channels. Homer calls it "the sweetly flowing stream, the eddying Xanthus." (Il. xxi. 1, 2.) He speaks of its "bright water" (*ib.* 345); he terms it "the silver winding stream," (*ib.* 130). It was not very broad; for even when preternaturally swollen by a hostile deity, Achilles bridged it over with an elm tree torn from its bank (xxi. 210). Nearer to its source it flowed through a marsh in which Ulysses and Menelaus lay concealed during their nightly expedition (Od. xiv., 373, &c.) In all these points the Bunarbashi coincides with the Homeric stream. But the most remarkable circumstance of all is that Homer tells us the Scamander had its source in two springs, one warm, the other

\* These are the words of Lieut. Spratt, in a letter to the late W. Thomson, Esq., communicated by the latter gentleman to the writer of this article.

cold, which rose close to each other, not far from the walls of Troy. Now the Bunarbashi Su has its source in two springs, one of which is by the neighbouring peasants called the hot and the other the cold spring. It is true that their temperature where they issue from the ground is equal, and not very warm; about 64 deg. Fahrenheit; but one rises in a rocky chasm where small surface is exposed to the air; the other in a wide and shallow pool, which is soon cooled down, especially in winter, by evaporation; and the hand when drawn out of the first and plunged into the other, experiences a difference which perhaps is exaggerated by the fancy. Nothing of the kind has ever been hinted at with regard to Dr. Schliemann's Scamander.

What he calls the Xanthus or Scamander was the Simois of Homer. No flowers adorned its banks; no fish frequented its waters. None of the sweet epithets which the poet lavishes on the Scamander are applied to it. Its sources are never mentioned in either the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. There is only one passage from which we can gain any idea of the Simois except its name, and that is the passage in which Scamander invokes its aid against the conquering son of Peleus (*Il.* xxi, 308, &c.),

Haste to the rescue, haste! and from their source  
Fill all thy streams and all thy channels swell!  
Rouse thy big waves and roll a torrent down  
Of logs and stones, to whelm this man of might,  
Who triumphs now and bears him as a god.

LORD DERBY.

All this coincides with the position and character of the Mendere Su, as described by M. Chevalier, Sir William Gell, Dr. Forchhammer, M. Choiseul Gouffier, and other authorities. They all describe it as a mountain torrent whose whole course is through declivities which after a heavy rainfall discharge their waters rapidly into the river-bed, causing violent floods which often sweep away crops and cattle, trunks of trees, and even solid rocks.

Assuming then the Simois to be the same with the Mendere Su, and the Scamander to be the stream now called the Bunarbashi Su, the site of Troy is easily determined. It must have been situated on the hill, at the lower slope of which stands the village of Bunarbashi. The height of the hill, as marked on Lieut. Spratt's map, is 401 feet, which may well suit with the epithet of "wind-beaten Troy," it rises from the plain near the fountains of the Scamander, with a gradual ascent; and at its southern extremity, where Pergamus may be supposed to have stood, it terminates in a lofty precipice of between three and four hundred feet, overhanging the rocky bed of the river which we take to have been the Simois. The space occupied by the town would be about a mile and a half in length by a mile in breadth. A city of these dimensions might well be described as spacious.

Dr. Schliemann, however, has several objections to urge against this hypothesis, which we do not wish to pass over without notice, though our remarks upon them must be brief.

First he tells us that he has not been able to find any traces of a town, ancient or modern, on this locality. He forgets, however, that he himself places small reliance upon Homer as an authority upon topography. He says that Homer was himself mistaken, or else designedly misrepresents the fact, when he describes Ilium as having had a citadel. We have already referred to a passage in which he asserts "most positively that the city had no acropolis, and that the Pergamus was a pure invention of Homer." If Homer felt himself at liberty to invent a Pergamus, he must have been equally free to invent a Troy, or rather to place it wherever he pleased. Besides, other observers have discovered traces of ancient buildings which escaped Dr. Schliemann. Dr. Forchhammer enumerates several such remains of antiquity as existing on the spot. He gives a picture of an old wall of the style called Cyclopean, which he found on the north side of Pergamus. (See *Ebene von Troia*, p. 24, 25, and the drawing upon Lieut. Spratt's map). We do not question Dr. Schliemann's statement that he found no such remains; but his testimony is merely negative; and negative testimony must give way before the distinct affirmation of a thoughtful and disinterested inquirer.

Dr. Schliemann's second objection to our theory is that it places Troy at too great a distance from the Grecian camp to be traversed as Homer tells it was, by the contending hosts, four times in one day. We are sorry that Dr. Schliemann has brought this argument in a form which has the appearance, no doubt unintentionally, of *generalship*. The doctor says our site is distant "four hours," and the springs of Bunarbashi three and a half hours (which he defines as equivalent to eleven and a half miles) from the Hellespont; "and such distances are quite irreconcilable with the statements of the Iliad, according to which the Greeks forced their way fighting four times in a day across the land which lay between the naval camp and the walls of Troy" (p. 176-177). Here there seems to be a confusion between "the Hellespont" and "the naval camp." Surely the breadth of the camp itself must be deducted from the distance of three and a half or four hours' distance (*i.e.*, eleven and a half or thirteen miles). Allowance must be made for the advance of the shore itself towards the Hellespont in the twenty or thirty centuries which have elapsed since the Trojan war. Allowance must be made for a space between the actual field of battle and the camp at one end of it and the walls of Troy at the other. Moreover Dr. Schliemann's own map makes the distance between the fountains and the *present shore* of the Hellespont only *eight miles* instead of *eleven and a half*; and making the deductions indicated above, the actual fighting space could not be much more than three miles, which to an epic poet would not present much difficulty.

Lastly. Dr. Schliemann adverts to the difficulty already acknowledged by M. Chevalier and others in reconciling of the position of Troy on the heights above Bunarbashi with the account of the last and fatal encounter of Hector and Achilles, in the 22nd Book of the Iliad; where, as the passage is commonly understood, the latter is represented as having pursued the former three times around the walls of Troy. The rocky and rugged ravine which bounds the city on the south would interpose a serious obstacle to such a chase. Perhaps, however, the difficulty may be obviated by giving to the preposition *περί* (which Homer here employs), and which usually signifies "around," a signification which it unquestionably admits, and in which it is frequently employed by Homer himself, as meaning *by*, *beside*, or *near*. In this case the poet would simply state that the flight and pursuit which preceded the death of Hector took place in close proximity to the city wall. This meaning of the preposition is recognized by Damm, by Schneider, and by Liddell and Scott, in their respective lexicons; and they all bring forward examples of its use in this sense by Homer himself. If this appear inadmissible, then we must suppose the description to have been introduced for the purpose of indicating the superhuman energy and activity of both the heroes; in which case the feat would be parallel to the exploit of Ajax, who, in his single combat with Hector, hurled against him an enormous rock, such as ten men of Homer's time could not even carry, though he launched it with ease against his foe.

### Beauty.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"  
 So wrote the Bard : who then shall dare to sever  
 Beauty and joy ; or who essay to prove  
 That they are not the very soul of love ?  
 Beauty and Joy and Love lead up to God,  
 Since Christ, the God-man, this fall'n earth has trod.

Seek then for works of Beauty ; store the page  
 With inspirations caught from seer and sage,  
 Painter and poet ; elevate the soul  
 Now in the body suffering sad control  
 With all the forms, words, colours, we employ  
 To image beauty and to give us joy.

The Painter may the Poet emulate  
 Fair forms of beauty to delineate ;  
 One with sweet tints of flowers may please the eye,  
 The other ear and mind may gratify ;  
 Both here their highest efforts may combine  
 To image beauty in a joy Divine.



## Influence of Modern Life on Literature.\*

BY T. E. FULLER.

WE are all familiar enough with the idea that in the Library we are looked down upon by our masters and teachers. The book is a formidable rival, as well as ally, of the living friend and councillor. Parentage and blood, early associations, and the social influence which comes in maturer years, all affect us, as in the old times, when the living voice and the silent example were the instruments of instruction and civilisation.

But another and powerful instructor has established itself in our private dwellings, our household circles, and our public halls. Our tone of thought, our opinions, even our feelings and sentiments, are as much affected by the books we read as by the men and women whom we know. Nay, even beyond this, our course in life is often shaped by them.

How many adventurous youths have been sent to sea by Captain Marryat's novels! How many have launched upon those wider waters, by which this restless life of ours is symbolised to suffer shipwreck, or sail away with favouring breezes, with chart and sailing directions all found perchance in one or two odd volumes, which furnished the inspiration of life at some critical point.

As with individuals, so with communities. The national life is flavoured and inspired by the national literature and the national art. Some one has said, "Let me write the ballads of a people and I care not who makes their laws." He who ventured on this bold saying must have presumed that the ballads pass into the laws, as dreams pass into realities, and cherished ideals of life into everyday practice. The same observer, if he were to make a second venture, would say, "Let me write the newspapers and magazines of a community and I will undertake to fashion their laws and customs." Our periodical literature not only marks the days of the calendar, it helps to form the events it chronicles. The conversation and life of each day is moulded largely by the morning newspaper, and the thoughts and purposes of a people by its graver writing.

All this is now trite, common place; so known and settled a point that it is almost wearisome to repeat it. The press is called the fourth estate—named next after King, Lords and Commons. We know it is now the first. It inspires and guides the growing power which made all kings and constitutions, and can unmake them, and so largely ministers to the hopes, fears and purposes of mankind as to be a vital element in individual and material growth. It destroyed the secrecy under which political corruption was wont to hide itself and, from the time when imperfect reports of parlia-

\* Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the South African Public Library.

mentary proceedings were published from memory in the "Senate of Lilliput" until now, it has most surely guarded the liberties which it won for itself and the nation. It is the instrument by which all knowledge is spread, and the highest emotion of great souls, conveyed as a quickening impulse to society, and until it is superseded by some more spiritual medium of communication between man and man—which does not seem impossible in these days of telephones and phonographs—it will remain what it has become, the basis of a new social life and the perennial source of new and enlarged enjoyments.

So far, so good. The point I have referred to is understood even by those whose only literary "pabulum" is the three-volume novel and the miscellaneous column in the newspaper, but it may be doubted whether another and equally true view of the position of literature and art is so fully appreciated.

I refer to the manner in which authors are themselves influenced by readers, and the forces of modern life in turn influence the books and artistic work of the time. Yet it seems to me just now as important to recognise the influence of modern life upon literature as of literature upon modern life. Our authors and artists, while they are educating the public mind and taste, are themselves the creatures and interpreters of what our German friends would call the "time spirit." Books are making society, and society is making books, and as our civilisation becomes more complex, the correlation of every department of work is made more manifest.

Once established as professions, literature and art become subject to the contemporary influences which affect every part of modern life. It must be so, for our authors are but men, receiving what they give *plus* the result of their own thought and toil. In a way, indeed, literature, spite of its apparent independence, is more sensitive to the spirit of the time, which is the product of a thousand varying forces. It records all work accomplished, all schemes undertaken, all discoveries made, all opinions formed. How can it be independent of them, even though it sit in judgment as a public arbiter? It lives, like everything else in this time, by the sweat of its brow, takes its commodities to the market, buys and sells like the merchant, and cannot altogether disdain the smile of the affluent or the frown of the reading public. It must have ears to listen. There are busy toilers in every department of research recording experiments, generalising from the garnered experience of a lifetime, who cannot, who could not for the life of them, give the result of their work to the public—could scarcely "tag a paragraph" for the newspapers. To such literature lends its expounding brain, its ready pen. A servant of the age, and yet a master—a disciple, and a teacher.

I propose to occupy your attention for half-an-hour on this aspect of the question. To bring to your notice certain features of modern life and thought as they affect the literature of the time. This age

of varied and incessant activity is leaving its mark upon us all. Its peculiar culture, its eager movements, find their way insensibly into our minds, and affect our mental and physical habits. What is it doing for our books and pictures? They and we are in the stream, companion voyagers. Whither are the currents bearing us?

I shall endeavour to answer this question, by asking you to consider: first, the effect of the commercial spirit upon literature and art; secondly, of the scientific spirit; and, thirdly, of the poetic and transcendental spirit. This threefold division of contemporary tendencies is not exhaustive, but is sufficiently comprehensive for brief discourse.

We may consider the trade spirit in its coarsest form as the desire to turn everything into money, and in the matter in hand to treat brain power as a marketable commodity, as the spirit which usually asks the question of a book or picture as of a load of forage—Will it pay to buy and sell? Is there a favourable market for the article? I speak of this as a coarse form of the trade spirit, but let us hope that in those enlarged views of life which wider experience is already bringing, such a spirit, much as it is decried, and great as are its attendant dangers, may take its recognised place as a factor in human progress. When we know that the curved cut in the Gothic drip-stone was made to shield the wall from the roof drainage, and the Gothic roof to protect the roof from the Northern snow storms, we may well anticipate that when the Divine utility of all living forces is realised, the highest æsthetic culture may be found to harmonise with the boldest utilitarianism.

Certainly the trade spirit has done infinite service to every form of culture. It gives practical shape to the investigations and speculations of thinkers and discoverers, and this by the ordinary operations of the market—buying and selling, and profiting by the transaction. For be it remembered that buying means the payment of the workmen, and selling means distributing. At this moment our laboratories, our artists' studios, and our literary workshops, are not only maintained upon this principle, but are pressed by it into universal service. The chemist's last mixture has scarcely left the crucible, the painter's picture is hardly dry from the easel, and the famous author has not always written the last line of his book, before the trader has seized it, adapted it to every possible need of mankind, multiplied it, and sent it to every corner of the globe. The profit—it may be said the desire of gain—is the motive power. The coin that drops into the pocket in the interval between production and dissemination is the magic force. Be it so, but the work is done and as far as we can see, could be done in no other way.

In the production and dissemination of books, commercial enterprise and energy has shown itself at its very best. In the revival of ancient literature in its choicest forms, the multiplication of cheap editions of great works, and the rapid dissemination of contemporary

thought, commerce has laid society under infinite obligations. In no respect is the contrast between the past and present greater than here. The old philosopher, with no books, fain to hear recitations from his learned slave, or like Catherinot, in a later stage, furtively insinuating his productions into the leaves of the few ill-printed books which tempted the learned, forms as great a contrast to the man of letters of to-day, in a well-furnished library, with the wisdom of the ancient and modern world about him, or even to the school-boy with Greek tragedies and Latin poems strapped to his back, as can well be conceived. Then how deftly the publishers have adapted literature to the rapid movements and feverish habits of the time. Newspapers twice a day; periodicals for every interval marked in the almanack; critical leaders appearing at the same time with the enunciation of a policy, or the delivery of a speech, so that our statesmen know what is thought of them at the same moment that they see themselves in print; Sir Walter Scott for the railway journey, and Plato for the breakfast-table—these are the fruits of commercial enterprise, and they almost take our breath away.

In a genial paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mark Pattison remarks: "It is characteristic of the eager haste of our modern Athenians to hear 'some new thing,' that we cannot now wait for quarter-day. Those venerable old wooden three-deckers, the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*, still put out to sea, under the command, I believe, of the ancient mariner; but the active warfare of opinion is conducted by the three new iron monitors, the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. In these monthlies the best writers of the day vie with each other in soliciting our jaded appetites on every conceivable subject. Indeed, the monthly periodicals seem destined to supersede books altogether. Books now are largely made up of republished review articles. Even when this is not the case, the substance of ideas expanded in the octavo volume will generally be found to have been first put out in the magazine articles of thirty pages.

"Hence the monthlies cannot be disposed of by slightly looking into them; they form at this moment the most characteristic and pithy part of our literary produce. It has been calculated that the insect life upon our globe, if piled in one mass, would exceed in magnitude the heap which would be made by bringing together all the beasts and birds. For, although each insect be individually minute, their collective number is enormous. So a single number of a periodical seems little compared with a book, but then there are so many of them, and they are reproduced so fast!"

In surveying this vast area of literary production, we no sooner cry "hold!" and ask for a little more time for mental digestion, than we are threatened with an instrument for bottling up conversation. Talk, before it is dusted and sorted, and made presentable to the public eye, is to be a marketable commodity. Let us hope that



invention has reached a point where it may defeat itself. We shall be ourselves and everybody else at this rate before the century has closed.

In speaking of the obligation of literature to the trade spirit, we must not forget the generous aid which publishers have often given to authors of merit, too poor to venture into type at their own risk. Part of this aid is, no doubt, of a speculative kind, and the publisher, as all other speculators, risks a little on the chance of gaining much. But it is not always so. I know of instances in which a publisher has taken up a really good book, which he knows cannot have a large number of readers, and remunerated the author without hope of substantial return, knowing it to be a work fruitful of good to a circle of readers, fit, though few. There are patrons of art, moreover, who expend money in encouraging struggling talent and watching for the signs of ability in younger artists rather than in adding to the wealth of those who have already made their position amongst artists and in society. It is true that struggling authors do not always come in contact with these generous patrons. Each occasionally misses the path of the other. The Brontës are an example. I have myself a perfect recollection of one of the sisters—I think it must have been Charlotte—coming into Paternoster Row, with a volume of poems, and seeking a publisher who would venture on publication at his own risk. She could not find one, and out of their poverty the sisters made the venture themselves. I was at that time in the employ of the publisher who brought out the book, and myself, according to publishing custom, took out the first copy for orders to the wholesale booksellers. Not a round dozen were subscribed for at the outset. I can well remember the lady anxiously enquiring after the number sold from time to time, and myself, with youthful eagerness, looking for reviews in the periodicals, and bringing such as were favourable to her notice. I little dreamed that before ten years were over her name would be a name of power in every English home where true genius is welcome. In this case, as in many others, trade was shy until a market was secure, and then genius received its merited recognition and reward.

This reference to the Brontës will bring me to the other aspect of the question, namely, the perils which literature and art encounter in the trade spirit. The very affluence of its gifts, the scale of its remuneration to favourite workmen, are sources of serious danger. Commerce is busy catering for public taste in all departments, crowding our drawing-rooms with elegant furniture, our walls with pictures, and our libraries with books. It regulates its supplies by the demand. It must manufacture by the hundred or thousand, or not at all. To a considerable extent it guides the public taste, for it has its artists and experts, but it has also its slaves. Forms of work that may be pure and original at the outset, become conventionalized and vulgarized in multiplication and adaptation to varied tastes.



Now literature does not escape this influence. Mr. Patrisson, in the paper just quoted, briefly but aptly refers to it: "You see at once," he says, "how vital to literature must be the establishment of this commercial spirit, as its regulator, and how radical must have been the revolution in the relation between writer and reader, which was brought about when it was established. In the times when the writer was the exponent of universally received first principles—what he said might be true or might be false, might be ill or might be well received, but at all events he delivered his message—he spoke as one having authority, and did not shape his thoughts so as to offer what would be acceptable to his auditory. Authorship was not a trade; books not a commodity; demand did not dictate the quality of the article supplied."

Now it is obvious that for literature to hold its true place, as an enlightening and guiding power, it must be penetrated by an independent and truth-loving spirit. We may be long past the times when men must risk their lives in bearing witness to the truth, but we dare not part with the spirit which will brave the public frown in the utterance of individual conviction. Such a spirit is the very life-blood of a healthy and enduring literature. No doubt there is a good deal of conscientious writing in the present day, and writers of every school can ventilate their opinions as they never could before. But the trade spirit clips and cuts and adapts a great deal which were better in its rough-hewn strength, or on the other side keeps drawing from the favourite tap when we know that the pure wine is all gone and we have only the muddy "lees" remaining. Our literary plants that would bear fruit or blossom in full strength once a year, or even yield a Californian harvest, are forced into a sort of perennial and artificial fruition, which spoils the flavour to a healthy palate. So much may be said of our best workmen, but what of the host of scribes who cater for the insatiable maw of the novel readers, and the still more morbid hunger of those who feed on "morning and evening comforters" and ready-made reflections for every mood of life—for the most part mere collocations of phrases, without beginning, or end, or middle. The trade spirit multiplies wares of this kind for the public appetite exactly as Brummagem manufacturers turn out pinch-beck and gilt for "vanity fair."

These influences, while they affect injuriously some of our best authors, and sometimes sap their strength, have their baleful effect upon readers and even students. The well-educated youth who resolves that he will contrive to read thoroughly at least on one subject and to exemplify John Stuart Mill's definition of an educated man as "one who knows everything of something as well as something of everything," becomes content with something less than the latter half of the sentence, skims what he once read, and substitutes the *laissez faire* handling of books for the bracing influence of careful and critical work. The confession which George Elliot puts into the mouth of Phillip Wakem would suit many a modern reader, although for the

majority over complimentary : "I think of too many things—sow all sorts of seeds, and get no harvest from any one of them. I'm cursed with susceptibility in every direction and effective faculty in none. I flutter all ways and fly in none."

Art, because it affects a narrower circle and has fewer patrons, is more influenced by the wealthy and fashionable tone of life than literature. I was much struck when I went home in 1873, after nine years' absence, with the manner in which the pictures of the Academy were touched and tainted with drawing-room life. Fashionable ladies were set in vistas of conservatory flower pots. Mr. Frith had deserted his outdoor groups for waxen-faced young ladies, and even Mr. Millais' matchless children had lost their early charm. Both Master Jones and Miss Smith I was told could obtain a place on the Academy walls and a line in the catalogue for a sufficient sum of money.

As to Mr. Millais, he seems fairly losing himself in the luxuries of well-paid work. It is hard to ask a man to give up, even for a twelve month, an enormous income, but one cannot help asking what might not this most facile of all modern painters achieve if he would only go into the wilderness for a year or two and paint a picture. Every now and then he gives us tantalising indications of what he might do. "The Edge of the Moor" and a belt of firs in the exhibition of the previous year, in which the pine bark catches the glint of the morning sun, while the close-knit pine sprays still hold the shadows of the night, were delicious hints of what his pictures might be made. But Mr. Millais seems supremely contented with his admirers and his banking account, and with fragments of work that bring a fortune.

It is of no use to rebel against the trade spirit. It is the inheritance of this time. The only thing open to us is to utilise it in the least injurious way. Our refuge is in the thoroughness and independence of national culture. Literature, faithful to itself, in its turn may react on the power that gives it life and, beyond all, thoroughness and fidelity in literary work will keep alive a critical faculty that will regulate the practical forces of the time.

It is difficult indeed to speak adequately within the compass of a brief address of the influence of the scientific spirit upon literature and art. We are, so to speak, in the midst of the scientific era, and the time has not yet come, when the full influence of science upon modern opinion and modern life can be estimated. Of one thing we are certain—it is at once the greatest marvel and the most powerful force of our time, influencing our politics and our social habits, and claiming authority over contemporary philosophy. What will be its abiding effect it would be premature to conjecture. Mr. Ruskin tells us, in almost agonising strains, that as applied in mechanical art it is drying up all the fountains of artistic feeling and making men and women into machines. Lord Macaulay prophesied that it would destroy epic poetry, which could only flourish in that shadowland where storm kings ride upon the wind and fairy spirits

people the groves and mythic stories furnish the only explanations of natural phenomena.

Others have prophesied that religion itself would be destroyed in the march of the physical sciences and that, in the practical work of the laboratory and the observatory, men would soon desert "those upper zones of human affection" supposed to be the sphere of a Divine Communion, but really, as they assert, the home of an idle romanticism. Of this I may have a word to say directly, but I have now to deal with the actual and not the possible. One thing we may assert positively—the influence of true science must be permanently healthy and good. It is the influence of widening and exact knowledge, of knowledge gained by careful induction and experiment—of knowledge *gained*, not knowledge *guessed at*. There is a speculative side to science doubtless, for speculation forecasts possible discoveries which may ere long be established truths, and thus keeps alive the passion for discovery by which science advances so rapidly. But science, properly so-called, is represented by the territory gained and not by the lands prospected. I may suggest (for I can do no more in a brief discourse) that the literature of our time feels the healthy influence of science:—First, in the exact methods which science encourages and the substantial results it achieves; secondly, in the patient and tolerant spirit it displays; and, thirdly, in the almost inexhaustible material it furnishes to modern men of letters.

I have the strongest possible conviction that in all these respects the scientific spirit is powerful for good. Our civilization is so complex that it is difficult to refer to any one influence in modern literature as paramount, but the careful methods of science can be read between the lines of books on the most dissimilar subjects. I do not mean to say that we have more powerful reasoners than in the old times, or more masterly expositors, nor do I deny the existence of wild theorising and speculation as of yore. These things will be while literature lasts and thought is free. But I venture to contend that, since the spread of scientific knowledge, there is a larger amount of well-compacted reasoning from ascertained data, more disposition to garner the result of experience and less to speculate on *a priori* grounds.

It is not so much that any new method of reasoning has been adopted, but that the inductive method has been more generally applied. I do not dwell on the application of scientific discoveries, or alleged scientific discoveries, to the problems of life and mind, by such writers as Mr. Herbert Spencer, because it touches on ground that cannot be debated here, and it may well be held that the full contribution of science to philosophy cannot yet be estimated, but it will not, I think, be denied that while life has gained by the innumerable applications of scientific discovery, the scientific treatment of the facts of human history as they are from time to time unfolded—I might almost say unearthed—by scientific enquiry, if it does not give a new starting-point to philosophy, will furnish rich

and substantial material for its study. In other words, it will be useful to study the facts of human history, built up by the lives of millions of men, instead of relying on introspection merely. It must be remembered that fifty years ago the meaning of the word "statistics" was hardly known, and that there was no collection or arrangement of the facts which affect social life and national experience. Mr. Buckle may have been in too great haste to generalise from social statistics, and his philosophy of life may have been consequently narrow and partial, but he has opened up a field of inquiry which can never henceforth be neglected. When another social philosopher shall have a century of social statistics before him, instead of twenty years, his conclusions may be of more value.

Lord Macaulay, in his brilliant essay on Bacon, remarks that the inductive method has been practised since the beginning of the world by every human being: "It leads the clown to the conclusion that if he sows barley he shall not reap wheat, while the schoolboy learns from it that a cloudy day is the best for catching trout." It is not, therefore, from the fact that science has invented new intellectual instruments that her influence has been powerful, but because she has applied them more rigorously. Let anyone call to mind the pabulum on which the keenest intellects of the middle ages were fed, the controversies that blazed up over a single letter, the endless discussions of the schoolmen over theological subtleties, moving for centuries in a weary endless circle, and he can well understand the clear gain to the culture of a time in which a large proportion of intellectual life is expended on that which yields substantial fruit, in revealing the secrets of nature and tracing the lines of a divine order in the fitful appearances of phenomena. It is a clear gain, at least, to know more of second causes, and to trace the chain of causation some links further back, to exchange the alchemist for the analytical chemist, and the soothsayer for the natural philosopher.

The second suggestion, that the scientific spirit is one of patience and tolerance, and has infected literature with its temper, may be considered open to question. Science, it may be urged, has its rival creeds, its dogmatists, its intolerant apostles, who employ anything but smooth speech in dealing with each other's peculiar views. Artists too, in stone and colour, abuse each other to their hearts' content, while the sons of harmony are proverbial for social discord. This is undoubtedly so, and yet, if the whole history and temper of scientific writing be estimated comparatively, I am persuaded it may take a considerable share of the credit for the more tolerant spirit of modern controversy. It has had to fight its way through blood and fire to the assertion of the great natural laws now universally recognized, but it has never sought to retaliate, and the boast of a modern writer is fully justified that science has never sought to ally herself to the civil power. "She has never attempted to throw odium or inflict ruin on any human being. She has never



subjected any one to mental torments or physical torture, least of all to death, for the purpose of upholding or promoting her ideas. She presents herself unstained by cruelties or crimes." She has had her heretics, but she has neither robbed nor burned them. She has, too, I am persuaded, unconsciously acted the part of mediator between contending schools outside her pale. It is to the intermixture of scientific writing in our best reviews and the more scientific tone affected by writers upon all subjects, that we owe the characteristic feature of our modern serials, namely, the fact of controversialists of the most diverse schools contending with each other within the covers of the same periodical. Who ever thought to see the day when Cardinal Manning and Sir Fitzjames Stephen, Professor Clifford and Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Harrison and Lord Selborne, would appear as contributors to one magazine, on the basis of a perfectly free expression of individual opinion! Though no doubt there is still room for improvement in scientific controversy, its working habit tells favourably upon literary temper and there is little chance of the rough style of former days recurring. It is angelic indeed, compared with the controversies of two centuries ago. Luther called Calvin a "pig" and Aristotle a "devil" and a "beast," while even homely John Bunyan spoke of the Bishop of Gloucester as an "eel at an angle" and was, as a return compliment, dubbed the "Bedford Calf."

On the last contention, that science furnishes rich and abundant material for men of letters, little need be said. It is patent to the most casual reader. There is scarcely a book worth reading on any subject that has not been enriched by its discoveries and suggestions. Science does something more than supply illustrations to book-makers; it furnishes parables—analogues to the student. As the secrets of nature are revealed, the isolation of literary workmen becomes more and more impossible. The relationship of all truth stands revealed, and the divine unity shines clear amidst apparent diversity. The literature of the seventeenth century, great and good in its time, was incompatible with scientific habit. Its abounding fancies could only exist in the absence of more substantial marvels. Its endless finessings and hairsplittings could never have flourished side by side with the more orderly and simple expositions of natural wonders. Far be it from me to say that literature has no other source of inspiration than scientific facts supply; it would go hard with her if she had not. I am speaking particularly of what is supplied to literature by the life of this time, and it will hardly be questioned that its richest gifts are drawn from the treasure-house of science.

The influence of science upon art is a subject too wide and difficult even to touch here. Taking art in its narrow and pictorial sense, it may be doubted whether science and civilisation, except in giving a more exact knowledge of organism, have done much for art. The sculptor and the artist both tell us they have serious difficulties



with modern appliances, and more especially with modern 'costume. I shall not forget the first sight of Mr. Peabody, in bronze, at the back of the Royal Exchange, sitting with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coat of the period, and reclining in an easy chair. A heavy shower of dirty London rain was falling on him with ludicrous effect. If this most respected philanthropist had been standing erect in a Roman tunic or a flowing robe, the weather would not have hurt him, but falling rain, accompanied by the usual sooty deposit of London, did not harmonize at all with the sculptor's suggestion of a morning lounge.

But, taking art in its wider function, as quickening the sense of beauty by a varied representation of natural forms and beautiful objects, it can hardly be questioned that science has done much for it.

The perils to literature attendant upon the rapid advance of science have been frequently dilated on, and they are real. Each new influence upon society, however great and beneficial, has its peculiar liability to abuse. Such marvellous results have been achieved by the investigation of phenomena, that some men have imagined that it would yield all the secrets of the Universe. Just as superstition flourishes when the processes of nature are unknown and the reign of law unrecognised, so an extended knowledge of natural causes is apt to close the vision to the unsolved mysteries beyond the last traceable link in the chain.

The experimentalist, filled with awe and wonder at the new and marvellous properties which matter discloses, is prone to believe that he has reached the secret springs of life. He raises the great shout, "I have found it!—the nature we see is the God whom we seek," and instead of a humble sense, that the mysterious and untravelled borderland which the professional scientist has not crossed may be filled with marvels of more surpassing grandeur than have come within his ken, he affects contempt for all that faith has seen behind the veil, and indulges in rude denials of even the possibility of spiritual existence. Some of the hard materialistic dogmas, which have been recently propagated, seem to me as unscientific and presumptuous as the superstitious fanaticism from which they are the reaction. The assertion of a recent writer (intoxicated with delight at the unchanging order of nature which science has discovered) to the effect that "consciousness itself is the *mistake* of the universe,"—the one cause of confusion and discord—seems to me utterly unscientific, although advanced in the name of science. Now no doubt there are some beliefs which the progress of science must modify and others which it will destroy, but it seems to me that the great problems of life and mind, and of the genesis of being, are utterly unaffected by them. Science, in its last analysis, can no more solve the problems than in its earliest guesses. We may find an atom with all the potentialities of future development, but in its narrowest hiding place the vital force is as mysterious as in its most perfect ex-

pansion. The modern man of science, having traced a series of physical phenomena up as high as he can, admits in the language of Professor Tyndall, "Here we are baffled—science stops—there is a solution of continuity."

Though individual writers and their schools may show a disposition to limit the field of human enquiry, the whole scientific movement is, and must be, beneficent and good. It must be remembered that its own sphere is vast—that it comes across new mysteries with every new discovery—that it is using the telescope, as well as the microscope, and that the tendency of all discoveries is towards unity and pointing more and more to a Supreme intelligence, and a Supreme beneficence. That magnificent passage of Pascal's, in which he describes man as being in the middle of an "infinite nature," floating between ignorance and knowledge, sets forth at once the strength and weakness of his position as a student of the universe.

This leads me to my concluding point—the influence of the imaginative and transcendental spirit on the literature of the time.

The former of these terms explains itself—for what I mean by the latter, I had great difficulty in finding a term. The transcendental is not put forward as analogous to the religious spirit, which has its home and resting-place beyond things visible, but as inclusive of it. The transcendental spirit is that which is nourished in a sphere transcending ordinary and sensible experience, and reprobates the philosophy which *limits* inquiry to the examination of phenomena and belief to the results of such examination.

The transcendental spirit in philosophy is the Platonic spirit, which represents all concrete objects as following an ideal pattern in an ideal world.

In religion it is the spirit which asserts the reality of direct communion with the eternal, and direct vision of moral and spiritual truth.

In art, it is the spirit which insists that there are suggestions of infinite beauty gathering about all finite forms.

The imaginative spirit is more readily apprehended. As sensible objects pass in isolated forms, it may be in isolated splendour, into the brain, the imagination combines them, recomposes them, in glorious images and pictures of its own, dreams of future possibilities, and tells perchance of "what the world would be when the years have passed away."

The transcendental spirit leads us a step further. It assumes that the spirit of man itself imposes forms of beauty upon nature and a moral code upon human conduct, and realises its own exalted life and destiny under the revealing light of a divine presence. Abstract terms in morals and art, "truth," "goodness," "beauty," represent not mere generalisations from facts in human experience, but spiritual entities having an existence of their own, and their home in the bosom of God. On the other side, individual facts and objects, possessing the qualities of truth and beauty, are so by virtue of their

resemblance to an ideal to which they more or less approximate. Phenomena are but the shadows of eternal substances falling on the veil of the seen and temporal.

You will kindly understand that I desire neither to define nor defend transcendentalism as a special form of thought. In the general sense in which I use the word it conveniently represents the powerful spirit which in every age has refused to accept physical analysis as the only instrument of inquiry, and has insisted that the highest truths are revealed in a sphere transcending empirical experience.

It may be that the time is coming when a basis of reconciliation shall be established between contending philosophical creeds, a place found where the utilitarian and the intuitionist shall dwell together in peace—each finding perchance in the history of human life, as it is more fully revealed, the modifying influence that makes compromise and ultimate agreement possible.

This may be possible, even probable, but it is no part of my object to compare or attempt to adjust the claims of rival systems of thought. What I specially wish to point out is that, whether ultimate reconciliation be possible or no, the scientific spirit and the transcendental spirit are flourishing side by side, as they have never done before. This is the scientific era and the scientific century, and yet, so far from its having banished poetry and religion from literature, our literature is distinctly characterised by imaginative richness and much of it by a transcendental tone. I regret that I have no time to establish this assertion, but I find, what so many have found before me, that I have opened up a wider field than I can traverse.

Let any one of my audience, who questions the position, compare the literature of the eighteenth century with that of the nineteenth, particularly the early part of it. Even sacred subjects in the eighteenth century were treated with a sort of level sense from which passion and feeling were banished. "As a part of the general temper of good sense," says Dr. Dowden, "great regard was had in the eighteenth century to moderation, to restrained desires, to moral tranquillity. The God worshipped at Whitehall was the moral Governor of the universe; benevolent, but not excessively benevolent; intelligent, but not an abyss of unsearchable wisdom; energetic, but not interfering, save in an entirely constitutional manner, in the affairs of his subjects. All parties, deists and apologists, agreed that God existed, only it did not greatly matter to anyone whether he existed or not. A kind of Whig oligarchy, consisting of second causes and general laws, could carry on the affairs of state very effectually by themselves. The awful divine king of puritan theology had been reduced to something like the position of a Venetian Doge."

Compare with this the literature of our scientific age, commencing with Wordsworth, Carlyle, Coleridge, and onwards. Its spirit is infinitely richer than the eighteenth century literature, and, what is

more, it is sensitive at the same time to the varied forms of culture. Whether the transcendental spirit in literature be waxing or waning, it was the starting point of a literary revival in this century.

The fact is, that the more literature and art reflect a wide and true culture, the more will the two apparently opposing mental habits I have been describing appear in active and reconciling exercise. In what precise form it is not for me to say. Science will not banish mystery, nor mystery science. Intellect will employ its keen weapons upon the known and tangible, and faith will find a resting-place in a region where the instruments of scientific analysis are as useless as the toys of children.

The Astronomer Royal, the other evening, showed me through his equatorial what, to the naked eye, seemed but one star with a somewhat hazy outline, but, through the glass, it was a spray of stars, a constellation of a hundred stars. But what if a still more powerful instrument had pierced those star depths? More worlds, perhaps, would have been revealed, but what beyond that? Why the infinite and immeasurable depths of space, boundless and abysmal, without beginning or end.

That star setting may be to us the symbol of all knowledge—at once in its limited aspects and its limitless surroundings. Not only that star has an infinite background, but every object of beauty on which the eye rests. You may weigh and measure the star and analyse its light-rays, but ask Mr. Stone what he can do with the retiring depths? As much and no more than the scientific analyst can do with the great realm of mystery which opens behind his last experiment.

Possibly even science may take its measuring line through those infinite depths, and mystery may disappear before prolonged and patient search. As Dr. Dowden puts it:—"Those terrible men of Ashdod, our modern Philistines, may quit themselves like men and take the Ark of God and utterly destroy it," and the last form of faith may disappear as but a phase of unworthy superstition. But it may be—as in the ancient days, "in the quiet time of wheat harvest," when the Syrian sun fell on the hills of Judah—that some child of the second Israel may see the Ark returning to go no more out from a temple of yet fairer proportions and more surpassing beauty than any into which priest or worshipper has yet entered. Whether this be so or no, one thing is certain—that there is safety alone in the stern and obedient following of the best light that may dawn as the years increase, and that fidelity to our highest impulses of duty will meet its sure reward.

"He that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed:  
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun,"

## Recollections.

'Twas almost dead of night: the west-wind's sighs  
 Breathed through the shadowy limes, whose trembling leaves  
 Caught the moon's pearly rays, and splintered them  
 In myriad lights sparkling like morning dew.  
 The star-inwoven sky almost breathed love,  
 And words of love seemed borne on every breeze  
 That kissed the bending tree-tops, and on each cloud  
 Whose azure bosom momentarily veiled  
 The moon's pale disc, sent from an angel-world  
 Where love and friendship dwell unchangable.

We were alone, in that sweet fellowship  
 When feelings, hearts, life's tenderest sympathies,  
 Seem centered, bound up in one, by gentle chords  
 Which answer to a lover's touch, with thrill  
 As delicate, as musically sweet,  
 As muffled tones of some loved instrument  
 Roused into life by fond musician's hand.

The words we spoke were few, and those of love;  
 For words seemed out of place, and fingers joined  
 In magic unity, and glances winged with love,  
 Spoke eloquence a thousand times more true,  
 More forcible, than words could ever be.

We wandered on, losing all count of time,  
 Each on the other's arm, while Love the third  
 Held us entranced, nor suffered us to part,  
 Till each had to the other told the secret  
 Next our hearts, which both of us had longed to know.  
 Then, when the minster-clock in mellow chimes  
 Had rung the hour of twelve, we homeward turned,  
 And fondly bade adieu until the morrow.

But Fate, who holds all human destinies  
 Brought sorrow, parting, Duty's stern commands,  
 And when we met again it was to bid  
 A tender last farewell of one another.  
 We scarce could speak—sobs choked all utterance;  
 And throbbing hearts, and pulses feverous, fierce,  
 And eyes that brimmed and almost burst with tears,—  
 Eyes that before kindled with happiness,  
 And beamed with laughing light,—and quivering lips,  
 And cheeks whose pallor shamed the new-fall'n snow;  
 All these told agony beyond expression deep.

Our cold hands closed, and then a look, a look  
 That pierced the brain, keen-tipped with tenderness,  
 And more than human woe, and then a kiss,  
 And last embrace that never seemed to end,  
 And then we rose and sadly turned away.

H. F. DEANE.



## Law Reform.

## IV.

IN the year 1828 commissioners were appointed in England "to make diligent and full enquiry into the law of England respecting real property and the various interests therein ; and the methods and forms of alienating, conveying, and transferring the same, and of assuring the titles thereto ; and whether any and what improvements could be made therein, and how the same might be best carried into effect."

Those commissioners made four reports which were printed by order of the House of Commons, and form the groundwork upon which the statute relating to the abolition of fines and recoveries was passed, and other great reforms in the law made. The commissioners continued their labours for several years and made several reports.

Every day's experience in our courts of law, and in the course of professional practice, shows that our laws, like those of every other country, require constant revision and improvement. For this purpose a commission might be appointed by His Excellency the Governor to enquire into the state of the law, and from time to time to report to Parliament, suggesting such alterations as may be deemed advisable.

The commission might consist of the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Attorney and Solicitor-General, *ex officio*, two members of the Bar in the Western and Eastern Districts respectively, and a like number of the Side Bar.

The commissioners would not only be able to give advice resulting from their own long experience, but would receive evidence and suggestions from anyone willing to tender them. It is not proposed that the commissioners should receive pay for their services, but that they should labour for the love of their profession, content with the conviction that virtue "is its own reward."

It will scarcely be disputed that, excellent as many of our laws may be, some reform is required, as well as in the mode of procedure for carrying them into effect. The greater facility for communication with distant places, both by the post and the telegraph, affords means for a better system of procedure by service of summonses, citations, &c., than could formerly have been adopted ; and it is not more unreasonable to attempt to repeal or modify, in this Colony, laws that owe their existence to the Roman Emperors, and which are now found unsuitable, than it was to repeal and alter in England, upon the recommendations of the real property commissioners, laws which formed a part of the old feudal system, but which were found unsuited in modern times to dealings with land and other commercial undertakings. It should be the effort of legal

reformers to retain all that is good of our ancient laws, but not to hesitate to use the pruning knife where they are found not only useless but pernicious. Take, for instance, the extraordinary law of *læsio enormis*.

Does any sensible man wish to retain it to our code? It is thus defined by *Van der Linden*, p. 235, in treating of the law of purchase and sale, and how the same may be annulled. The sale may be annulled "when the buyer or seller has been prejudiced in more than half in respect of the purchase money; that is if a thing worth 100 guilders has been sold for 45, or, on the contrary, anything worth 45 sold for 100. However, the annulling of the contract on this head is not permitted when the other party is prepared to increase or reduce the price of the thing to its true value." According to *Maynz* (and other authorities) it is only the vendor that has the right to annul the sale; *Maynz* gives as a reason for the promulgation of the law that the vender would not have consented to the sale at so low a price if he had not been forced thereto by want!" Lord Mackenzie, in his studies in Roman Law (p. 220, 2nd Ed.) says: "When the price fell short of one-half of the value of the thing sold, the seller was entitled to rescind the contract on the ground of lesion, unless the buyer consented to pay the deficiency in the price. The doctrine proceeded on the erroneous notion that the price in sale should be equal in value to the thing sold, in place of being the sum agreed between the parties, which ought always to be binding where no fraud or deceit is practised. Some writers have supposed that the buyer was equally entitled to rescind the contract when he suffered lesion beyond one half of the price; but there is no authority for that doctrine." *Domat* writes to the same effect. *Voet* admits that the vendor only is mentioned in the code, yet holds that the principle of equity (!!) applies in favour of the purchaser.

Until the recent decision in the case of *Levison vs. Williams*, decided in the Supreme Court in 1875, there was no authority, beyond the *dicta* of text-writers, for the proposition that the sale could be rescinded at the suit of the buyer. In that case a lady bought a diamond ring; she kept it two or three days, and, when applied to for the price agreed to be paid for it, declined to keep the ring in consequence of advice she had received respecting it. The plaintiff then brought an action for the price, and the court gave a verdict for the defendant, holding, as is unquestionably the law where *læsio enormis* applies, that the mere fact of the ring being worth less than half what was paid for it, was sufficient to annul the contract without any proof of fraud.

But *Voet* goes much further. According to that learned commentator, "a purchaser is considered to have suffered *læsio* to the extent of more than one-half, not only if, for example, he has bought a thing worth ten aurei for the sum of twenty-one aurei, but even if he has bought such a thing for sixteen aurei." Let colonial merchants think well of this and recollect, when entering

into a contract for the sale of goods to the amount (say) of sixteen pounds, that they are liable to have the sale declared *null*, if a jury can be convinced that the goods were worth only ten pounds.

What a door such a doctrine opens to fraud and litigation! The true principle ought to be that laid down by Lord Mackenzie, and now acted upon in every commercial country except this, that a contract should, in the absence of fraud, be held binding.

These laws of *læsio enormis*, &c., have long since ceased to exist in Holland, where the Code Napoleon now prevails.

Another principle of the Roman law has lately been held to apply to this Colony, viz., the law of *Emphyteusis*, which is somewhat similar to copyhold tenure in England. By it all minerals in lands so held belong to the Crown.

The majority of the judges, in the only case that has ever been tried in the Colony, were of opinion that the law of *Emphyteusis* did not apply to the Colony, but the Chief Justice held the contrary opinion; and, upon appeal to the Privy Council, his judgment was upheld, but it would appear simply on the ground that the appellants had the right to take the gravel according to the grant to the lessee, and the proclamation of the Governor Sir John Cradock. It is unfortunate that a case of so much importance should have been heard *ex parte* without the appearance of counsel for the respondents. The words of the judgment are: "Their lordships have arrived at the conclusion that the view which was taken by the learned Chief Justice in the Court below was a correct one, namely, that the grant to Dell (the original grantee of the land) was subject to the reservation by Government of the right to raise and take gravel for repairing the public roads." There was no positive decision as to the law of *Emphyteusis*, but the judgment states: "The learned Chief Justice has shown that the term by which quitrent has always been known in the Colony is 'Erfpacht,' which is the term applied to the *Emphyteusis* of the Roman Dutch law." With the greatest respect, however, for the learned lords, a great deal more must be proved to establish the law of *Emphyteusis*, than the mere fact that the terms "Quitrent" and "Erfpacht" are identified in meaning. For the purpose of establishing the right of the Crown to take the gravel for the repair of the roads, it was not necessary to prove that the law of *Emphyteusis* existed in the Colony, and for that reason, and also because the case was not argued on the part of the respondents, the question of *Emphyteusis* remains in a state of glorious uncertainty.

It seems strange, if such a law exists, that the Government at the Diamond-fields should have purchased what in such a case was their own property, at a price of £100,000, and after the title, it is said, had been investigated both here and in England by the ablest jurists of the day.

While, therefore, the question is somewhat in doubt, justice seems to demand that there should be some declaratory Act of Parliament to fortify the titles of those who purchased lands in the belief that

they would be entitled to, and for the sake of, the minerals. There are not a few capitalists who, aware of the great mineral wealth of the Colony, which only requires coal for the purpose of developing its vast resources, and which is now being found in large quantities in many places, purchased land, the surface of which was comparatively valueless, for the sake of the minerals alone. To them the establishment of the law of *Emphyteusis* will simply mean a forfeiture of what they considered their most valuable property; and as all modern grants contain a reservation of minerals, the sacrifice on the part of the Crown will not be very great.

It would be tedious to the general reader to proceed with further instances illustrating the present defective state of the law. They are numerous; e.g., a man *mala fide*, that is, wilfully, and knowing that he has no right to the land, erects an edifice, or makes a dam upon your land; you proceed to eject him by process of law, and you find that you must compensate him. *Bellingham vs. Blommetje*, Buchanan's reports, 1874, p. 38. *Goudsmit* denies that even one who builds in good faith has any claim to compensation, p. 138 n. Lawyers should be cautious, when studying the works of even the most able commentators, to ascertain the authority upon which they make their statements. The old Dutch commentators did not place much reliance upon each other. *Van der Keesel*, writing upon a very simple question of interest, gives his view of the law; but says "*Voet* is of a different opinion, following *Groenewegen*, who, however, does not himself correctly understand the other writers who have gone before him." (Th. 483.)

Again, "*Groenewegen* and *Voet* are not correct in stating," &c. (Th. 541.) Again, "Almost all the commentators misunderstand *Grotius*, &c." (Th. 270.) And yet to question the authority of *Voet* is regarded by many as a proof of gross ignorance of law. Many other eminent Dutch writers might be cited to show how very difficult it often is to ascertain what the Roman law was, or even what it was, as modified and practised in the courts of Holland, and known as the Roman Dutch law.

All these disputed questions would be investigated, and reported upon from time to time by the proposed commission.

Our criminal law requires revision, but principally in respect to procedure. There is great and unnecessary delay in bringing prisoners to trial, giving them notice of trial, &c. The committal by a magistrate, and his statement to the prisoner that he would be tried at the ensuing sessions should be sufficient notice to him. It seems ludicrous in the extreme to serve a prisoner, who is in gaol in close custody, with notice to appear at the Circuit Court. It may seem a very harmless proceeding, but the necessity for such notice often causes a prisoner to be kept in goal for six months before he can be brought to trial, when he is, perhaps, acquitted, either because he has established his innocence or, what is more likely, because, in consequence of the delay, the witnesses who appeared

against him at the preliminary examination have left the country or cannot be found. In either case there will be a failure of justice, and the country put to great unnecessary expense.

With respect to the civil law many suggestions may be made. Landlords require greater facility for recovering rent in arrear. They are put to great expense by being obliged to apply to a judge before they can avail themselves of their tacit hypothec upon the goods of their tenants, the publicity of the application generally defeating the object in view. They should have the power of distress as in England, and which is now sometimes granted to municipal bodies in the Colony for the recovery of rates. Of course, when granting a lease, such a power of distress may be reserved, but leases in this country are generally by *parol*.

All these questions show the advantages that would arise from the investigation of them by the proposed commission. Already a great advance has been made in legal progression by the appointment of an eminent barrister as permanent parliamentary draughtsman. It may be hoped that a given object will be now attained by an Act in one session, instead, as has been frequently the case, several consecutive amendments being required to supply defects and remedy previous blunders. The Public Health Act is the first material step towards the local government of municipalities, which has worked so well in Great Britain and Ireland.

The English "Land Clauses" and other Consolidation Acts might be adopted in the Colony almost in their integrity, as the use of any clause is permissive and may be singly incorporated with any local Act. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, in a letter to Lord Brougham, says of them, "They have been applied to above three thousand local and personal Acts since the year 1845." This number may now be trebled. By these Acts great facilities are afforded to localities to obtain good measures for their government at a small expense; the present cost of applications to Parliament deterring them from obtaining the requisite legal enactments for their local government.

The "Local Government" Acts might also be adopted with little alteration; they likewise are permissive, and are put in force by the Secretary for the Home Department upon petition of the ratepayers and local municipal authorities.

The advantages arising from the use of these Acts are considerable. Uniformity in the several provisions of the special local acts is attained, and "when a question as to the meaning of the language of the Legislature arises, one decision of the courts governs all the undertakings; whereas if the provisions were not expressed in the very same language, even after one decision had been arrived at, questions would incessantly arise as to whether the words in another Act, not being quite the same, were absolutely equivalent."

The preparation of our jury lists deserve immediate attention; the provisions of the law are either neglected or disregarded; the names of persons entitled to be on them are omitted, either through



neglect or design, or from peculiar views on the part of those charged with the preparation of the lists, which would create very serious difficulties in the trial of prisoners if the defects were taken advantage of by way of challenge.

The following observations by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, one of the ablest and most advanced legal reformers of the day, and whose works on Evidence and the Criminal Law ought to be in the hands of every lawyer, as well as of everyone who aspires to be a lawyer, are worthy of attention, his remarks on the Roman law agreeing very much with those of Goudsmidt, the professor of jurisprudence in the University of Leyden.

"Our earlier writers, from Coke to Blackstone, fell into the error of asserting the excellence of the substance of the English law in a fulsome and exaggerated strain, whilst they showed a total insensibility to defects both of substance and form, which in their time were grievous and glaring." Great improvement has been made because "great attention has been directed to legal history, and in particular to the study of the Roman law. The history of the Roman law no doubt throws great light on the history of our own law; and the comparison of the two great bodies of law, under one or the other of which the laws of the civilized world may be classified, cannot fail to be in every way most instructive; but the history of bygone institutions is valuable mainly because it enables us to understand and so to improve the existing institutions. It would be a complete mistake to suppose either that the Roman law is in substance wiser than our own, or that in point of arrangement and method the Institutes and Digest are anything but warnings. The pseudo-philosophy of the Institutes, and the confusion of the Pandects, are, to my mind, infinitely more objectionable than the absence of arrangement and of all general theories, good or bad, which distinguish the law of England."\*

An article in this Magazine, vol. 3, old series (p. 130), has the following passage:—"The jurists of the States of Continental Europe have ever acknowledged their obligations to this inexhaustible mass of legal principle and precept; but the truth was abhorrent to the narrow spirit of English lawyers, who, rejecting with scorn the authority of foreign churchmen, forgot that what Laufranc taught in Gaul in the eleventh, and Vacarius at Oxford in the twelfth century, was but an expansion of the principles that governed the judgment seat when Britain was a Roman Colony."

Of no country have the jurists ever more candidly and gratefully acknowledged their obligations to the Roman law than the jurists of England. It is a pity that a writer who has given evidence of ability and research in the article referred to, should have made use of such peevish and unjustifiable language. A little further research would have enabled him to discover from the works of Glanville,

\* Fitzjames Stephen's Digest of Law of Evidence. Introd. p. xvii.

Bracton, and Fleta, who wrote in the early part of the 13th century, not only that the Roman law formed the basis to a great extent of English jurisprudence, but also that the Code, Institutes, and Pandects are constantly cited by those eminent authors as the fountains from which the streams of knowledge flowed.

The Roman Dutch law, that is to say, so much of the Roman law as was recognized in the courts of Holland, is the law of this Colony. But the commentaries of Voet so often cited in our courts are upon the Pandects, and are not confined to such Roman law as was of practical validity in Holland. It is often, therefore, very difficult to ascertain, amidst the conflict of Dutch commentators, whether certain principles laid down by the Roman authorities were ever recognized in Holland.

A careful perusal of the numerous text-books upon the Roman law which have lately issued from the press in various parts of Europe and America, will show what alarming doctrines may at any time be raised by ingenious counsel in our courts of justice. It is quite time that there should be a limit to such a state of things; and for that purpose another session of Parliament should not be allowed to pass without an enactment, that no alleged Roman Dutch law shall be considered binding in the Colony unless it shall have been recognized in our superior courts of justice, or clearly proved to have been acted upon by usage since the cession of the Colony to the English Crown in 1806, or some other measure, by means of which the inhabitants of the Colony may be able to ascertain, with some degree of certainty, the laws by which they are governed.

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### *At Last.\**

Let me at last be laid  
 On that hillside I know which scans the vale,  
     Beneath the thick yew's shade,  
 For shelter when the rains and winds prevail.  
     It cannot be the eye  
     Is blinded when we die,  
 So that we know no more at all  
 The dawn's increase, the evening's fall;  
 Shut up within a rotting chest of wood,  
 Asleep, and careless of our children's good.

\* From "Songs of Two Worlds" (third series), by the author of the "Epic of Hades."

Shall I not feel the spring,  
The yearly resurrection of the earth,  
Stir thro' each sleeping thing  
With the fair throbblings and alarms of birth,  
Calling at its own hour  
On folded leaf and flower,  
Calling the lamb, the lark, the bee,  
Calling the crocus and anemone,  
Calling new lustre to the maiden's eye  
And to the youth love and ambition high ?

Shall I no more admire  
The winding river kiss the daisied plain ?  
Nor see the dawn's cold fire  
Steal downward from the rosy hills again ?  
Nor watch the frowning cloud,  
Sublime with mutterings loud,  
Burst on the vale, nor eves of gold,  
Nor crescent moons, nor starlight cold,  
Nor the red casements glimmer on the hill  
At yule-tides, when the frozen leas are still ?

Or should my children's tread  
Through Sabbath twilights, when the hymns are done,  
Come softly overhead ;  
Shall no sweet quickening through my bosom run,  
Till all my soul exhale  
Into the primrose pale,  
And every flower which springs above,  
Breathes a new perfume from my love ;  
And I shall throb, and stir, and thrill beneath,  
With a pure passion stronger far than death ?

Sweet thought ! fair, gracious dream,  
Too fair and fleeting for our clearer view !  
How should our reason deem  
That those dear souls, who sleep beneath the blue  
In rayless caverns dim,  
'Mid ocean monsters grim,  
Or whitening on the trackless sand,  
Or with strange corpses on each hand,  
In battle-trench or city graveyard lie,  
Break not their prison-bonds till time shall die ?

Nay 'tis not so indeed.  
With the last fluttering of the failing breath  
The clay-cold form doth breed  
A viewless essence, far too fine for death ;  
And ere one voice can mourn,  
On upward pinions borne,  
They are hidden, they are hidden, in some thin air,  
Far from corruption, far from care,  
Where through a veil they view their former scene,  
Only a little touched by what has been.

Touched but a little ; and yet  
Conscious of every change that doth befall,  
By constant change beset,  
The creatures of this tiny whirling ball,  
Filled with a higher being,  
Dowered with a clearer seeing,  
Risen to a vaster scheme of life,  
To wider joys and nobler strife,  
Viewing our little human hopes and fears  
As we our children's fleeting smiles and tears.

# Adèle;

## A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet in this captious and insensible sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still: thus Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN a broad spacious valley, pleasantly situated between steep picturesque hills, and fertilized by a stream that, rising high up in the mountain, fell hundreds of feet into the vale below, and after sparkling and meandering for some distance under trees and over rocks, finally disappeared among the reeds and rushes that grew along the foot of the hills, stood, on a gentle slope, a solidly-built farm-house, thatched, whitewashed, and surrounded by a plantation of young oaks. A rather massive door in two partitions, upper and lower, led into a good-sized hall called the *voorhuis*; at each end was a smaller apartment forming the bedchamber, and a door opposite the front-door communicated with the kitchen. A few unimportant outhouses, a *kraal*, and a threshing-floor, completed the buildings on the farm. Spreading out into the valley before the homestead was the garden, comprising a newly-planted vineyard, orchards of young fruit-trees, and large fields of pumpkins, beans, water-melons and mealies. It was watered from the stream which sluggishly forced its way through the rushes at the south end, the natural haunt of snakes, birds, and wild beasts, and also, as the superstitious Hottentots affirmed, the home of a powerful watergod, the upper part of whose body was reported to be like a beautiful woman's, while the extremities resembled those of a crocodile. The latter had not made his appearance in any guise to the owners of the farm, but the wild beasts had at first committed great ravages on cattle and even slaves, the Burgher and his men carrying on persistent warfare against them until, at the time we speak of, they had almost entirely disappeared. In order to gain an entrance into the garden, the rushes had been cleared away in front of the house, and a flat stone put across the furrow. On the left of the bridge, and partly surrounded by the reeds, stood a few giant thorn-trees, a remnant of the wilderness which had been left untouched by the gardener's axe for the sake of the shade they afforded in summer. A solid wall of reeds extending some distance down the path entirely concealed this spot from an observer at the house, and footsteps coming down the garden walk would reveal the presence of an



intruder for a minute or more before he became visible, so that any one under the trees had ample time to make his escape at the first alarm. This place was Adèle's favourite resort. Often towards evening with eager steps and a beating heart she would wander to this much-loved spot and anxiously await Francois, who would come to her unobserved through the rushes and fold her to his heart. Then with clasped hands they would sit in the delightful stillness of the twilight, forgetful of all around, fondly looking into each other's eyes, and in soft whispers speaking of the passionate love that filled their young and ardent souls, until the coming darkness warned them to separate.

The most powerful chief in the neighbourhood of the settlers was Hancunqua, great and rich in men and cattle, and one of Chotona's principal chiefs or captains. Chotona had sent instructions to him to be friendly to the Burghers, and to render them every assistance in his power, and he had faithfully carried out his instructions; but his nearest neighbour, Meerhoff, the owner of the farm we have described, often gave him cause for complaint, by surreptitiously seizing stray cattle and flocks of sheep that ventured on to his land, and effectually baffling Hancunqua by putting his own mark upon them. Notwithstanding these frequent provocations, the chief endeavoured to keep the peace, but his men refused to submit to such injustice and, contrary to his orders, upon more than one occasion, successfully attacked Meerhoff's kraals and carried back their cattle.

A skirmish invariably took place upon these occasions, the slaves who guarded the kraals having the advantage, in possessing firearms, over the Hottentots, who far outnumbered them. Still though many natives fell during each contest, not unfrequently several slaves were left dead on the field, and the Burgher suffered the additional loss of a good many head of cattle.

The Bushmen, excited by the success of their Hottentot brethren, similarly attacked other unoffending Burghers, and ruin threatened to overwhelm the unfortunate settlers, when the Field-cornet, who received piteous letters of complaint daily from all quarters, called upon Chotona, and, by the aid of the powerful chief, managed to restore peace, only to be again secretly and daringly broken by Meerhoff, who had latterly been so pointedly civil and even friendly to Stallenberg, that the latter—although at a loss to understand the change—scrupled to reprimand him, being anxious first to secure the object he so passionately desired; still under the circumstances he felt compelled to do something, and at last determined to pay Meerhoff a visit, and earnestly to remonstrate with him.

The Burgher, quite unaware of the complaints against him, and of Stallenberg's intention to call him to account, sat in his voorhuis, complacently smoking and mentally reviewing the state of affairs at Langekloof. He reflected pleasantly, and said to himself, as he refilled his pipe, that he had done well: he had been a prosperous

man, and was certainly the wealthiest of the Burgher settlers. His stock was the envy of his neighbours ; he thought with pride how he had gathered in a good harvest, had profitably traded with the natives, and at the present time was at a loss where to find more stowage room, his outhouses and part of his dwelling-house being filled with produce. Meerhoff flourished like the green bay tree, but, though he confessed to himself that he had been exceptionally successful, he at the same time felt with inward misgiving that he had reached the point where a powerful bar obstructed his further progress. He needed household supplies, and above all he needed a market for his produce, to procure which he must journey to Cape Town. Here lay the difficulty : he feared, and with good reason, the Field-cornet's influence at head-quarters. He had dealt Stallenberg's pride and vanity such remorseless blows of late that he felt reluctant to ask a favour of him, and yet to proceed on his journey without doing so, would be to place himself in a most perilous position. From this he shrank, and, finally, after much smoking and thinking, decided that he would ride across to Stallenberg's farm, take a few presents with him, and talk the matter over with him.

"I had better do it at once," said he, as he rose and prepared to leave the room.

As he stepped out at his front door, he saw to his astonishment and satisfaction, Herman just dismounting.

"Ah ! hoe gaat het ?" said he, hastily coming forward and shaking hands with much apparent cordiality.

"Wel, dank u," replied Herman, somewhat sternly ; and they went inside.

After praying the Field-cornet to be seated, he ordered a cup of coffee to be promptly brought to him, and anxiously hoped that it was to his taste. Stallenberg thanked him, slowly sipped his coffee, and became thoughtful. Meerhoff's altered manner did not deceive him. "He probably knows that he has gravely offended and deserves to be reported," thought the Field-cornet ; "but it is no fear of aught I could do to him here that makes him cringe in this way ; no, he wants something from me, and something, too, he greatly desires ;" And Herman, as he allowed the last drop of coffee to fall into his saucer, decided his own line of conduct should his conjectures prove true. Then putting the cup down, he turned towards Meerhoff and said gravely,

"The Burghers are complaining a great deal, many ravages are committed upon them daily ; their kraals are attacked at night, their cattle carried off, and their slaves in many cases shot."

"Yes, these villains," replied Meerhoff ; "they deserve to be shot like dogs."

Herman looked at him severely as he replied, "They blame you ; they say you are the *cause* of it all."

"I ?" said Meerhoff, in feigned astonishment ; "what next, I

would like to know ; why I am the greatest loser by these impudent rascals, and have meekly to bear it all”

Stallenberg smiled, but, encouraged by Meerhoff's meekness, he continued,

“The natives accuse you of kidnapping their cattle, and so provoking them to reprisals. When once they begin this sort of thing, they won't know where to stop. Be warned in time, Meerhoff, and leave the natives in peace. Hancunqua has declared openly that he will stand your depredations no longer ; for he sees the Dutch Government does not correct its children.”

“Hancunqua be hanged, the vain boaster !” said Meerhoff. “But let that be for the present,” continued he mildly, and he looked conciliatingly towards Stallenberg. “If you will allow me I would like to speak to you upon a matter of some importance.” Here Meerhoff tapped his snuff-box, took a pinch, and offered one to the Field-cornet.

“Speak on,” replied Stallenberg, taking the snuff ; “what is it you want ?”

“Well—you see,” hesitated Meerhoff, “I shall be obliged shortly to go to Cape Town in order to dispose of my produce, and also to lay in a supply of household necessities ;”—he paused.

“Well !” said Stallenberg impatiently, a peculiar sparkle in his eye.

“I want you,” continued Meerhoff, “to promise me that when there, you will not visit old scores on my head and ruin me, when I am in the clutches of the Government.”

As he concluded he looked across to the Field-cornet and watched him anxiously, but for some moments the latter was silent, and Meerhoff saw his face brighten, and a look of triumph and satisfaction in his eye. He winced, but, however galling this might be, dire necessity compelled him to keep quiet, and once more to humble himself before Stallenberg. He, however, entirely misinterpreted the change in Herman, and was greatly surprised when a moment after he impetuously turned towards him and said earnestly,

“Upon *one condition*.”

“What is that ?” enquired Meerhoff, anxiously.

“That when there you fulfil your promise, and give Adèle to me in marriage.”

“I have not the least objection,” said Meerhoff relieved. “I had forgotten all about that ; but of course she is your affianced wife, and ought to consider herself highly honoured by your offer.”

“Then your request is granted ?” said Herman ; and he rose and left the voorhuis a happier man than he had been for years. The thing he had coveted so long was within his grasp,—the fulfilment of his hopes, that but an hour ago had seemed so distant was about to be realized. The fortunate and unexpected turn events had suddenly taken greatly elated him, and with eager, hopeful steps he turned to the garden, reviewing the past as he went. Adèle, though still indifferent, had latterly shown no aversion to him ; she had given

him no encouragement, but yet was friendly, and even considerate ; he therefore hoped she had by this time forgotten the Frenchman, and would be amenable to reason. She was older and more sensible, too, he thought, and would see the folly of refusing a good offer and cling to the memory of a castaway. So Herman consoled himself as he sped along, while Meerhoff, as he saw him disappear, exclaimed aloud, with great inward satisfaction,

"I got better out of that affair than I expected. I was afraid the fellow would touch my pocket, but it is most fortunate for some of us that there are men in the world who will make such fools of themselves about women."

Adèle, the unconscious victim of the scheme matured at the house, sat under the thorn trees in the garden, pale and anxious. Three weeks had elapsed, and she had neither seen Francois nor heard from him. With a beating heart she asked herself: "What could have happened? Was he dead? Or had the treacherous Hottentots delivered him up to the merciless Field-cornet? How should she ever know?" The suspense was unendurable; she rose and walked restlessly about, her hands tightly clasped in an agony of fear and uncertainty. Approaching the reeds for the last time before going home, her attention was arrested by a gentle rustling; she stopped and listened attentively, a footstep was distinctly heard, cautiously advancing her way; her colour came, she trembled and hastened to the spot where Francois was accustomed to enter, but too anxious patiently to wait his arrival, she suddenly parted the reeds, and with a little cry of joy nearly jumped into the arms of a Hottentot. In alarm she retreated, but recognising Jephtha the moment after, she walked up to him with a sinking heart and caught his hand eagerly.

"Tell me the worst!" she gasped. "Is he dead?" and she leaned against the nearest thorn tree for support.

"Don't be alarmed, Nonnie," said Jephtha soothingly; "he is much better again. He has had a bad fever; and for days was so ill that I expected every night he would breathe his last, but he is much stronger again and able to walk about."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Adèle, fervently; "thank God!" And she seated herself and motioned to Jephtha to do the same.

"Tell me all about his illness now, every trifling incident, Jephtha." And he told her everything.

"Poor Francois!" exclaimed she again, unable any longer to control her tears; "and not one loving heart was near to soothe or comfort you." As the Hottentot concluded his story, she shook him warmly by the hand. "Oh, Jephtha," she said earnestly, "how shall I ever be able to reward you? or how can I thank you sufficiently for your kindness and care of one who, under God's grace, owes his life to you: a life, Jephtha, more precious to me than my own. God bless you for your faithfulness; you have a heart of gold in that savage breast of yours."

"I must hurry home now," she said; "for it is getting dark, and I have much to say to Francois; hide in the rushes meanwhile and watch for me. When they are all at supper I will come out and hand you a letter on the other side; speed away and give it to Francois, and oh! Jephtha, take great care of him!" and she took his black hand in hers once more, and pressed it fervently.

Then she hastened away, lost in thought and not aware of the presence of any one, until in rounding the rush edge she came violently in contact with Herman, and saw in a moment that he was greatly excited. The sinister expression in his pale face frightened her, and, timidly saying, "I beg your pardon!" she made an effort to pass him. With a hasty gesture he prevented her, and taking firm hold of her hand he looked piercingly at her.

"How long have you been here?" she said softly, fearing by his strangely agitated manner that he had overheard her conversation with Jephtha; but no answer came, his grasp only tightened round her slender hand; he seemed terribly in earnest, and his voice sounded strangely unnatural to her as he said,

"Pray allow me to detain you for one moment."

"Not now," she pleaded, fairly alarmed, "not now, the hour is too late."

"Yes, *now*," he said sternly, and for a moment he was doubtful whether to charge her with her deceitful conduct or to let it pass, but when he saw how pale she turned, and felt her hand tremble in his, his pitying love for her conquered in a moment; his look and tone changed, he drew her towards him and put his arm round her waist,

"You must listen to me now, Adele," said Herman, with yearning in his voice, "I cannot tell you in a moment what I have longed and desired for years, and what alone makes life endurable, Adele."

Her soul sickened to hear such words poured into her ears by any other than Francois. She struggled to free herself. "Surely," she exclaimed, "you are not going to conjure up that old phantom, that I thought had long ago been consigned to oblivion?"

"To oblivion?" said he passionately; "banish *you* from my heart! Impossible! My love for you has been an ever present reality to me all these years, and you ought to know it, Adèle. Your image is *engraved* here;" and Herman laid his hand on his heart. "In my bitterest and darkest moments the thought of you ever acted as balm to soothe and comfort me. Do you believe this, Adèle?" concluded he sadly.

The earnestness of his tone struck her forcibly; she pitied him deeply, but sympathy begot no love in this instance. For her, love, true as it was faithful, was also the passionate reality of her existence that swallowed up every earthly consideration, and left no room in its heaven of bliss for ought but faith and devotion. Not for a moment did she waver in the answer she ought to return, or consider that he was laying wealth and position at her feet, and that Francois was an outcast from society, disgraced and penniless. With scarcely a moment's hesitation she answered firmly,



"I *do* believe you, Herman, and I am *very* sorry that it should be so; but believe *me*, too, when I tell you that I can *never* return your love."

"You have never *tried*, Adèle," said he disappointed; "how I long to hear something more hopeful from you, before I tell you the rest."

"What more have you to say?" enquired she breathless with anxiety.

Herman took her hand between his own for a moment, then he lifted it to his lips and came nearer, as he said,

"What more, Adèle? That you are mine once more, never, I hope, to be separated from me again. Don't trample under foot the tried and steadfast love of an honest man."

She retreated, white and stunned. "What do you mean?" she enquired terrified, an idea of the truth suddenly flashing across her mind.

Herman's colour rose, and he bit his lips as he saw how horrified she was at the thought of marrying him, and remembered with a jealous pang the conversation between her and Jephtha not an hour ago.

"I mean," said he sternly, "that your father has this day ratified his old promise: in ten days' time we start for the nearest church to be married."

"How dared he?" screamed Adèle with flashing eyes; "how dared he?" Then as she remembered the utter helplessness of her position, and how entirely she was at the mercy of these two scheming men, she sobbed aloud and moaned piteously. "Then may death come to my relief; it shall not be; no! it shall not be;" and without another word she ran back to the house.

He let her go, and as she rapidly disappeared up the path, he turned towards the thorn-trees and said aloud to himself, "Wait a bit, my pretty bird, we'll tone you down presently, and make you sing a very different song, and your French lover too. Ha! the villain."

At the mere thought of Francois, his face grew livid and stern; he clenched his hand and paced more rapidly. That he should have been so completely outwitted by the lovers was galling to him; and forgetful of the deepening darkness, he continued to walk recklessly backwards and forwards, his mind busily employed in forming and maturing schemes of vengeance against the unfortunate Francois.

Adèle, in the meantime, was in her bedchamber; long the still frail figure was in silent commune with her God! then she rose, sat down and wrote a long and loving letter to Francois. In it she told him of the danger that threatened her, and besought him to come to her assistance without delay. Carefully sealing the letter, she addressed it to Namana's camp, slipped unobserved into the kitchen, and waited until the overseer's voice asking a lengthy blessing on the supper reached her ear: then she disappeared through the kitchen doorway and cautiously approached the rushes.

"Jeptha," she whispered, bending over the reeds, "where are you?" After waiting a moment she called again in a louder voice, "Jeptha!" and this time her ear caught a quick rustle. Stooping forward she held the letter dangling over the spot; instantly the rushes parted, and a powerful *white* hand snatched the missive from her and disappeared.

"Oh! God," said Adèle, rooted to the spot with terror and amazement; "what is this?"

Trembling in every limb she retreated, quite heedless and unconscious of whither she was going, her eyes concentrated on the fatal spot, until suddenly she was seized and dragged in among the reeds; a clammy hand laid on her paralyzed lips, and Jeptha whispered in her ear,

"Nonnie, your letter has fallen into the Field-cornet's hands. I would have warned you had I known that he was hiding in the reeds, but he came quite suddenly upon me, and snatched the letter away, before I knew who it was or what he wanted."

Adèle started to her feet, thoroughly roused.

"Oh! Jeptha, Jeptha!" she exclaimed wringing her hands. "Francois is undone; he is ruined; the Field-cornet knows his hiding-place now, and will show no mercy: hasten back and warn him of his danger, and oh, Jeptha! assist him to escape out of Stallen-berg's reach."

"That I will, Nonnie; trust me! But before I go send a little message to baasie Francois, for he will expect it."

"Oh, Jeptha!" said Adèle; "how shall I tell *you* of the danger I am in, and yet Francois should know it."

Their further speech was interrupted by the approach of a stealthy step. Adèle started, slipped the ring off her finger and hurriedly gave it to Jeptha.

"Away, away!" she whispered; "give that to Francois."

She was not a moment too soon. The Field-cornet with outstretched arm bounded forward towards the Hottentot at the moment she concluded, and caught him by the kaross. With a scream she turned and ran swiftly home. Tortured with anxiety and thoroughly miserable, she paced her room all night, sometimes silently praying, at other times unpardonably rebellious against the untoward hand of fate that put every obstacle between her and Francois. Thoroughly worn out, towards morning she became calm and more subdued; her weary head at last sank on the pillow, and when her mother came in an hour afterwards, she found her sleeping peacefully, but noticed that she looked very pale, and that there were dark lines under her eyes.

The Field-cornet, after beating the rushes, mounted his horse and rode furiously across the country; in about two hours he reached his farm, terribly agitated. Throwing the bridle to his slave, he ordered him to have one of his best horses ready for him at the first cock-crowing. Then he entered the house, threw himself into the

nearest chair, and called Selina. She came promptly—a fine, handsome-looking Mulatto, who had been an honest, faithful creature to him for years, and who was the mother of his children. She noticed at once that something was wrong, but she was not surprised; his outbursts of temper were of daily occurrence, and she had suffered ill-treatment so long that nothing astonished her that he might do, yet had she borne all patiently for the sake of her love for him. She prepared to pour out coffee, but he stopped her.

“Listen to me,” he said, talking rapidly and excitedly. “Prepare for a long journey; I am going to Cape Town soon, to marry Adèle Rocher. I shall be absent for a few days; let everything be ready by the time I return.”

Not a word came from her: she stood rooted to the spot.

“Do you hear?” screamed Herman, looking fiercely at her.

She answered timidly, “Yes.”

“And mind, slave,” he added, “that everything is in order for her when she returns, and that you are here to receive her and to wait upon her.”

The poor woman retired and sat down in the kitchen, stunned and broken-hearted. He had ruthlessly and pitilessly dismissed her without one tender word; she who had always been faithful and true to him. No one was near to console her, nor would she ask for comfort from any one, for she had ever considered herself above the rest of the slaves, and could not now confess to them her humiliation; she had always ruled as mistress in that house; she would now be ruled in her turn by a mistress, and that his wife. The thought was unendurable. Her jealousy maddened her. She rose rapidly, and, with flashing eyes, left the kitchen, ripe in her despair for any crime.

Herman retired early, but sought in vain for peace in sleep. He was haunted by bad dreams, and woke frequently with an uncomfortable feeling upon him that something was about in the room. The candle on the table burned low, and the gloomy dismal light gave a weird appearance to the chamber. He rose, feeling strangely uneasy, and examined the room carefully, but he found nothing; then placing the candle on the table at one end he retired to the opposite end where the window was situated, and opening it leaned out into the cool night air, the occurrences of the previous day rising vividly before him and stirring up mingled feelings of love, hatred, and jealousy in his troubled breast. Suddenly he was recalled by a deep sigh close to him, and on turning started to see a shadow on the opposite wall, not his own, that instantly vanished. In vain he searched about and peered into the darkness around; everything was silent as the grave. Mystified and superstitious, he seated himself on the bed, dreading he could not tell what. There was something mysterious about, yet seemingly not tangible. Long he sat, his head resting on his hand, until at last, overcome by the fatigues of the previous day, he lay down again and fell into a disturbed

slumber. A horrible nightmare was upon him; he saw his enemy advance towards him menacingly; he made an effort to rise, no hand or foot would stir. Suddenly the spell was broken. He rushed forward wildly, his eyes starting from his head, for one black hand was indeed upon his throat, while the other held an up-lifted knife. "Murderess!" he screamed, "foul murderess!" and he held Selina at arm's length, while he wrenched the knife from her.

She craved no mercy, she sought no pardon; her despairing eyes looked unflinchingly at him as he flung her from him, as he called upon a slave to take her into an adjoining room and then to chain and flog her. Without a groan she submitted to the cruel blows, until a fainting-fit spared her further agony.

Herman, congratulating himself upon his fortunate escape, sipped his coffee, mounted his horse, and departed.

## Nellie Goodwin;

### A STORY OF THE FOREST.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

SUMMERVILLE was a pretty village half buried in trees, and lying along the edge of a broad river where it widened out into an estuary ere it joined the ocean; and whose banks were fringed with low woods and bright coloured rocks for many miles inland. This river formed an endless source of amusement to the young folks, who were for ever planning boating excursions on its waters, going out in all weathers, and sometimes running imminent risk of being carried out to sea and drowned. There was always a vessel or two in harbour, which gave an air of life and importance to the otherwise quiet spot, and strangers were perpetually coming and going either in search of health or pleasure. There were but few young ladies in the village, and Nellie soon found herself rather an important little personage, and was in a fair way of being spoiled. Her cousin Maggie was a tall, handsome girl, a year younger than herself, but looking much older, on account of her superior height and more forward manners. A pair of bright black eyes and a brilliant complexion were her chief attractions; she had a particular weakness for hearing her own voice, and the strongest point in her otherwise weak character was her love and admiration for her half brother, William Gilbert, whose praises she was for ever dinning into Nellie's ears. Nellie was very anxious to escape from them both, and get into a quiet home with her mother again, for she feared she knew not wha

evil from this constant companionship with a young man whom she half liked, half feared, and who strove hard to establish himself on a footing of cousinship with her, though in reality there was no connection between them. When he found how anxious both she and Mrs. Goodwin really were to get settled, he manifested a great amount of zeal in their service, and was rewarded by their warmest thanks, and an invitation to "drop in" whenever he felt inclined, which he certainly knew how to make the most of.

They had been settled in their new home about a month, when one bright morning Maggie came to their door with an air of great importance and excitement, and inquired for Nellie. She and Grace had just begun a music lesson, and were deep in the mysteries of scales and exercises, when Grace, who always hailed an interruption with delight, and generally kept one eye on the window and one on her book, jumped up and ran to the door. The interruption vexed Nellie, and her face had not quite recovered its serenity when Maggie entered all smiles.

"Why, Nellie, what has upset you? have you been having a tussle over your music? Is she very cross, Grace?" she added, turning to the child.

"Only sometimes," said Grace, laughing.

"Well, shut up your piano, and take away your lesson books, for I am going to have you all out for a picnic."

"That will be nice!" exclaimed Grace, clapping her hands.

"It is William's birthday, Nell, and Mamma wants Aunt Mary and yourselves to come with us for a picnic up the river."

"Thank you," said Nelly, very quietly; "you had better go and tell Mamma, Grace."

"I think you might have remembered that it was William's birthday," said her cousin reproachfully, when the child had gone.

"My dear Maggie! how is it possible for me to remember those little things when I have only been here a short time?" answered Nelly, impatiently.

"This is not such a little thing! and I told you of it the other day. You don't care a bit for any of us, I do believe. William will be very much hurt about it; he won't forget yours, I am quite certain."

"Don't quarrel about nothing, Maggie, but tell me when we are to start, and all about your picnic. I will wish Mr. William any amount of happy returns when I see him, if that will please you."

"It is him, not me, to be pleased," was Maggie's aggrieved reply. "He will bring the carriage for Aunt Mary and yourselves in a quarter of an hour, and drive you down to the jetty; and mind and be ready, for he hates being kept waiting. Now, good-bye for the present, I must be off." As she passed down the garden she saw some lovely white roses just opening, and called back: "May I take him these, and say you sent them?"



“Take him as many as you like, and welcome, but not from me.”

But Maggie was far too anxious to please her brother to remember that reservation, so the flowers were given in Nellie’s name, and he was made happy.

Nellie was expecting a letter from Arthur that morning, and so was very loath to go away before it came, but there was no help for it, so she went back to consult Mrs. Goodwin, feeling a little inclined to pay Mr. Gilbert out by keeping him waiting, but the sight of Grace’s happy face, and her mother’s gentle one, restored her to good humour again, and by the time the carriage arrived they were all ready.

It was certainly a lovely day for a picnic, with a cool breeze blowing, and the river sparkling like silver in the sunlight. Cool grey shadows lay among the distant hills, and the ocean sparkled and danced as the great waves came rolling in and broke against the shore. They rowed slowly up the river, for the tide was against them, so there was plenty of time to admire the scenery. Now, a great bold crag of pink and white stone, weather-stained in parts to red and brown, and with deep crevices where ferns and moss grew luxuriantly, lay along the river side; then a long reach of low trees, with gay creepers growing over them, and branches overhanging the stream, whose leaves shimmered and glanced like rays of light, and among which the birds carolled merry little tunes as they passed by. They were a merry party and a heavy boat load, for, besides the two families, there were two more gentlemen and a young lady from the village, and Nellie felt that could Arthur only have been with them she would have been perfectly happy; as it was, it troubled her a little to find that Maggie’s hero-brother ensconced himself by her side and addressed his conversation almost exclusively to her, and she felt instinctively that the other young lady was regarding her with a slightly jealous air, as a highly favoured individual. Her aunt and uncle were both very fond of her, and for their sakes she couldn’t bear to show the least symptom of dislike to the company of their beloved son, though at times she could not help feeling annoyed with them for permitting it when they were all aware of her previous engagement; and Mrs. Goodwin and herself were under so many obligations to them that it would have seemed ungrateful to make any obvious resistance.

After a pleasant row of a couple of hours they reached the spot where picnics were wont to be held. It was a cool, shady, green space under overarching trees, with a tiny clear stream trickling through it to join the larger one. They lingered long over their luncheon, chatting gaily and planning amusements for the afternoon; a fern-hunt was part of the programme, but that was put off till later, and a game of croquet on the smooth turf by the river side came first: they had brought a set with them in the boat, and the most exciting part of the game seemed to be preventing the balls from roll-

ing into the water. The children were enjoying merry games of hide-and-seek among the trees, and Mrs. Goodwin rested in a shade with a book, and watched the players. Mr. William Gilbert had taken good care to secure Nellie for a partner in the game, and during the expedition after ferns he kept always by her side, securing the choicest specimens for her, and helping her dexterously over every little difficulty in her path. She tried to keep Maggie near her, but that young lady had secured a beau to herself, and was walking far ahead. They had reached the foot of a very high steep rock, down which the stream fell in little cascades, dashing the white spray around in sparkling drops, where it fell again on large tufts of the finest maiden-hair fern, which grew above and in all the crevices of the rock. It was impossible to scale the rock; still Nellie looked longingly at the fern, and at length they found a path round it, and so reached the summit.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed Nellie, revelling in the ferns she loved so well, partly from their association with Aveena. "Isn't that a splendid piece down there; I must have it," and she leant over the edge of the rock to reach it.

"Take care, Miss Goodwin, you will fall over," cried her companion in real alarm.

At that minute a locket that she wore round her neck came unfastened and fell, chain and all, into a little pool of water about mid-way down the rock.

"Oh! my locket, my precious locket!" and Nellie looked ready to go after it.

"Miss Goodwin, pray be careful," begged Gilbert, "and I will try and get it for you."

She drew back at once, and thanked him earnestly. He tried to reach it with a long stick, but the distance was too great; so after several ineffectual attempts gave it up.

"I must try and climb down there and get it myself," he said, looking down the slippery descent, and planning a way.

Nellie took one glance down and saw the risk it would be; she changed colour, and implored him not to try, but he persisted.

"Please, I beg of you, for all our sakes, don't go, cousin William," she urged at last, thinking to move him by using the name he so wished her to give him.

"I would do more than that for you any day," was his only answer, spoken in a low tone that thrilled her with its earnestness; "and I will come back quite safe; just shut your eyes and wait for me." And he began to descend.

"You don't know what is in that locket, or you wouldn't be so eager," she said, as a last resource, thinking he would leave it then.

But he only turned and looked at her half fiercely for a moment, then said softly,

"It is precious to you, and that is enough for me." And down the steep rock he went.

She covered her face to hide the tears. What had she done, she thought, that this man should love her so, when she could make him no return. When she looked again he was hanging by one arm over the cliff, and expecting every moment to see him fall, she held her breath with fear ; but he had calculated his distance well, and leaving go his hold, alighted safely on a ledge where her locket lay, and held it up in triumph.

He managed to get back by an easier way, and soon joined her on the rock where she stood pale and trembling.

"Here it is !" he exclaimed, holding it at arm's length.

"How can I ever thank you for running such a risk for me ? ' she answered, taking it eagerly and holding it as though she feared it would drop again.

"I shall consider it sufficient reward if you will drop that odious Mr., and recognize our cousinship, permitting me to do the same."

"Certainly, if you really wish it," was the hesitating answer.

"And may I know why that locket is so exceedingly precious to you ?" he asked, half satirically, she fancied ; and her face flushed crimson, and an angry light came in her eyes as she answered, half indignantly,

"Because Arthur gave it me, and his likeness is in it."

He stood still for a while poking the reeds with a stick he held ; and when he looked into her face again, it was with a sad, wistful expression, that he exclaimed,

"It was a sad day for me when I first saw your face !"

Nellie was touched in spite of herself, and the tears welled in her eyes as she made answer, half passionately,

"Was that my fault ? I can't help it ; you knew very well I was engaged to Arthur Ross ; why did you think of me at all ? You had no right to do so."

"No right, may be ; but I couldn't help it, and can no more help loving you than I can help liking the sunshine," was his answer, and then he turned away, and with sad downcast faces they turned to rejoin the rest of the party. They were both very silent during the row home, and much to Nellie's comfort he left her more to herself, though her joy was slightly damped by some angry words at parting with Maggie, who drew her aside, whispering,

"What have you been saying to William ? You have spoilt his day for him, I can see that ; what a pity you ever came here !" she said passionately.

"Thank you," answered the other coldly, though her face flushed with anger ; "indeed it was a sad day for me, for I have had no peace since I came ;" and so saying she turned to go.

But Maggie relented then, for she really loved her cousin in her own way, and catching her arm walked into the house with her, saying more quietly,

"Oh ! Nell, don't be so angry ; I didn't mean that. I am glad to have you here ; only it seems so hard on William that the only

girl he ever cared for should be engaged. These girls here would do anything to gain his love, and they are awfully jealous of you."

"It is a great waste of energy on their part, then; that is all I can say. Now good night, Maggie, Mamma is tired, and I must go and see about getting tea ready."

Her cousin left her, and Nellie went to Mrs. Goodwin and laid her head on her shoulder with a sigh, "Oh! Mamma, it is a weary work, and I am so tired of it all." Then she told her her day's adventures. Mrs. Goodwin cheered her as well as she could, saying she thought that now Gilbert found her still faithful to Arthur he would leave her alone.

"But, Mamma, if Arthur should hear about all this, what will he think? and some kind people are sure to give him a bad version of it."

"He will not believe anything against you, I am sure, dear; and you have explained it all to him, have you not?"

"As well as I can, but it is not easy to explain, and I am sure by the way he mentions him, that he is jealous already."

"No, Nellie dear, don't begin and fancy that. See, there is Grace with a letter for you; now you will recover your spirits again in no time."

Nellie ran off with it at once, and soon forgot her present trouble in the joy of reading Arthur's warm, loving letter, and was soon heard singing away over her preparations for tea.

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## Madeira.—A Tale.\*

BY M. L. WESSELS.

From Lusitania's shore to Southern skies,  
Where worlds, for ages veiled from mortal eyes,  
Prince Henry's wisdom to mankind revealed,  
And shewed the wealth those realms from Spain concealed;  
Through perils many, and through dangers great,  
Compelled by ignorance to trust in fate,  
Undaunted mariners their course pursued,  
By fortune favoured, and with skill endued.  
And first of these the proud Gonsalvez came,  
Gonsalvez, worthy of a lasting fame,

\* The incident which suggested this effusion is narrated in Major's "Henry the Navigator," pp. 67-68 (Ed. 1868). I have taken great liberties with the text and, although the conclusion of the original offers greater scope for poetic effort than this crude version of mine, I judged it necessary to make extensive innovations lest by giving a greater length to the tale I might unwittingly lapse into tediousness.—M. L. W.

Who first Madeira's sunny isle descried,  
 And boldly terrors of the deep defied :  
 With him brave Tristram gained the fruitful spoil,  
 For they divide the prize who share the toil.  
 But though Gonsalvez and Machico's lord,  
 As many chroniclers the tale record,  
 From dull oblivion's grasp her shores retrieved,  
 And in reward the " Isle of Wood " received,  
 Yet dwells a legend in the vulgar mind,  
 Where with dark error truth is oft enshrined,  
 That England's sons first that fair isle beheld,  
 Thither by storms and furious blasts impelled.

When the third Edward over Albion reigned,  
 And rights ancestral with his arms maintained,  
 There lived among his retinue a page,  
 Of comely look, but lowly parentage,  
 Whose name was Robert Machin, and whose sire  
 Was foster-brother to King Edward's squire ;  
 At Calais' gates he bent the mighty yew,  
 On Cressy's field his aim was straight and true ;  
 He neither courage lacked, nor skill, nor worth,  
 His sole misfortune was his humble birth.  
 Him from her casement mighty Pembroke's pride,  
 The fair Eliza, at his post espied,  
 Nor sooner saw than loved the gallant youth,  
 Whose very countenance was stamped with truth.  
 What maid so callous, or what man so bold,  
 Hath nature fashioned in so stern a mould,  
 The power of love to scorn or to defy,  
 Or gaze on beauty with a reckless eye ?  
 And was not she endowed with wondrous grace,  
 A lovely form, and an enchanting face ?  
 Not Reynold's pencil, no, nor Shelley's line  
 Can paint such eyes, depict such charms divine,  
 No words describe, or work of art portray,  
 The comely head, complexion clear as day,  
 The cherry lips, the laughing dimples twain,  
 That brow unroughened save by touch of pain ;  
 Those downy cheeks tinged with a ruddy glow,  
 That rounded chin, that bosom white as snow ;  
 Such was the maid, none other to compare,  
 The world could bring so young and half so fair,  
 With mien so perfect, or with gifts so rare.  
 Just as the magnet draws the armature,  
 Or as the feline tribe their prey allure,  
 Or as the serpent fascinates the bird,  
 Or as a mighty multitude is stirred  
 By eloquent and spirited appeals,  
 And shrewd address a subtle pathway steals  
 To the heart's core, and gains the end in view,  
 Striving the will and reason subdue,—



So lives in souls a sympathetic chord  
Which could a swell of harmony afford,  
If but the hand our destiny ordains  
Seek to provoke the rich melodious strains ;  
Then gleams each eye, and trembles every string,  
And in our hearts responsive echoes ring.  
Oh, who hath not in some sweet hour of bliss,  
Such as once was, but ne'er shall be, nor is,  
Gazing intently with enraptured eyes  
On some fair vision clothed in mortal guise,  
Whom heaven to cheer his aching soul had sent,  
But whose sweet smiles his misery augment—  
Who hath not felt affection's ample sway,  
And, urged by hope her dictates to obey,  
Loved long and fondly, faithful to the last,  
That unenduring phantom of the past ?  
First love alone the full devotion claims,  
The rest are but cool, calculating aims ;  
First love is bright and fades not from the mind,  
But leaves her wreck in memory's tomb enshrined.  
Weep ! weep ! lone Muse, yon lover's lot bewail,  
Whose sorry mien, and features wan and pale  
Too plainly shew, too definitely tell,  
His only mishap was—he loved too well !  
Oft would he wander in some lonely glen,  
Far from the busy, bustling haunts of men,  
And softly muttering frantically glare,  
Stretch out his arms and wildly clutch the air ;  
Then, pacing onwards, would he beat his breast,  
As if he sought to give his spirit rest.  
And often, standing on some cliff's rude brink,  
Or edge of beetling crag, his eyes would drink  
The depths below, as if he sought repose,  
Beneath the waters, for his hidden woes.  
Then quick remorse his raging soul would seize,  
And futile hope his agony appease ;  
He, turning, flees the phantom of his brain,  
And boldly seeks the hated world again ;  
Thus lived from day to day, in anxious eare,  
This slave of love and victim of despair ;  
For he was poor, a wealthy maiden she,  
Of noble birth, and he of low degree ;  
The world's stern laws their union forbade,  
Made her despondent, and made him more sad.  
Deem not that she, the maid whose love he sought,  
Whose form, whose features filled his every thought,  
Marked not the ruling passion of his heart,  
Or failed a soothing influence to impart,—  
No ! She was kind, and gentle as the dove,  
And left unveiled the secret of her love ;

Her words, her looks, her silence and her sighs,  
Her every gesture to his own replies.  
For well she knew the cause of Robert's pain,  
And, moved by pity, scarcely could refrain  
From frank avowal of the love she bore  
To him whose being did her own adore.

One morn when, wet with dew, the grassy mead,  
Yielding beneath the youth's impatient tread,  
Greeted with tearful joy the orb of day,  
Whose roseate beams his near approach betray,  
And quivering leaflets trembled with delight  
To hail the potent victor of the night—  
He, wrapt in thought, with faltering footsteps strayed,  
Where through the forest peered an opening glade,  
And, entering, long in mute dejection stood  
By a clear streamlet rippling through the wood.  
Thus while, entranced, he pondered o'er his fate,  
And cursed the trammels of his low estate,  
A sudden footfall broke the mystic spell,  
A step the lover recognized too well!  
He turned and saw, approaching to his side,  
The maid for whom he gladly would have died.  
But she, unconscious of his presence there,  
Marked not the haggard look of mute despair,  
And slow the winding pathways course pursued,  
As if to seek for shady solitude,—  
When, losing all control, his aching heart  
Sent forth a bitter sigh. She with a start  
Her drooping eyelids raised, stepped back a pace,  
And felt the rising blush suffuse her face.  
How oft when lovers meet, the beaming eye,  
The glowing cheek, the soft voluptuous sigh,  
Betray the passion they would seek to hide,  
Whilst cold formalities their hearts divide.  
Then quivering accents conscious love reveal,  
And looks, not words, for sympathy appeal;  
At such a time an unpropitious glance,  
A harsh expression, or a slight mischance,  
The rising speech from faltering lips repels,  
And wounded pride against disdain rebels;  
Thus, slow protruding from his mansion frail,  
His tender horns shoots out the timid snail,  
And, doomed a burden on his back to bear,  
Boldly he beats the unresisting air—  
But should some hand unwarily approach,  
Or strive the feeble tentacles to touch,  
Alarmed the quivering, pliant membranes yield,  
And quick beneath the shell themselves they shield.

The youth, whose attitude surprise betrayed,  
 Gazed with an air of terror on the maid,  
 As if, to taunt him, heaven in cruel jest,  
 Had sent her spectre to disturb his rest.  
 The keen desires with which her lover strove  
 Evaded not the searching glance of love,  
 Nor did she fail his anguish to perceive,  
 Or with kind words his doubting mind relieve :  
 "Why doth such pallor overspread thy brow ?"  
 She asks in accents musical and low ;  
 "Or why that heaving breast, that tearful eye,  
 Those trembling lips, that deep and long-drawn sigh ?  
 Doth not the sun illumine yon verdant hill,  
 These shady groves, and yonder cooling rill ?  
 Do not his beams a sense of joy impart,  
 And offer balm to every aching heart ?  
 And why dost thou, a youthful warrior bold,  
 Whom Edward's self hath on his staff enrolled —  
 Why dost *thou* grieve, when with unfeigned delight  
 All nature hails a day so fair and bright ?  
 Come, rouse thyself and banish anxious care,  
 And breathe the fragrance of the summer air !"  
 As one entranced or wrapt in busy thought,  
 Whose ear some old familiar sound hath caught,  
 With sudden jerk the fell enchantment breaks,  
 And starting, from his reverie awakes,—  
 So Robert heard the long-beloved voice,  
 Whose tender accents made his soul rejoice,  
 Nor sooner heard than, starting from his trance,  
 Towards the maid his tottering steps advance :  
 "Oh! deem not, lady, that this hallowed scene,  
 The sun's bright radiance, or these groves serene,  
 Can heal the wound that rankles in my breast,  
 Or nature's aspect soothe a mind oppressed.  
 Thou, only thou, of all that breathes on earth,  
 Once more can wake this saddened soul to mirth ;  
 To gain thy friendship, and thy love acquire,  
 Is all I pray for, all that I desire !"  
 He spake, and as a suppliant stays his plea,  
 He grasped her hand and sank upon his knee :  
 "And did'st thou then so little faith possess,  
 Or thine ownself with idle fears distress,  
 And could'st not mark what now I blush to tell,  
 My gentle Robert, that I loved thee well ?  
 When first these eyes thy comely form beheld,  
 Whose graceful bearing all the rest excelled,  
 My undivided love to thee I gave,  
 To live thy partner, or to die thy slave !"  
 She ceased ; he rose, joy pictured on his face,  
 And clasped the maiden in a fond embrace ;  
 Ecstatic rapture filled his beaming eye,  
 While to the damsel thus he gave reply :

“Thrice blessed this happy, most auspicious day,  
Whose gifts for suffered evils doth repay  
Him to whom nought of all this world contains  
Can be so dear as she whose spirit reigns,  
In uncontrolled and unrestricted sway,  
O’er Robert’s heart, and doth his griefs allay.  
Yet though affection’s bonds our souls unite,  
And mutual love to nuptial joys invite,  
To stay our union, and our bliss to mar,  
Hath sullen custom placed a fatal bar.  
For thou, by fortune’s favour sent on earth,  
Endowed with boundless wealth and noble birth,  
If thou accept this proffered hand as thine,  
Nor shrink to share such humble lot as mine,  
In the world’s eyes thyself thou shalt abase,  
By all despised, and loaded with disgrace.  
But I, an outcast, friendless and alone,  
Whose pittance poor, whose lineage is unknown,  
Stretched on the rack, or broken on the wheel,  
For me there is no mercy, no appeal.  
Yet, should’st thou deign to place thy trust in me,  
Nor fear to cross the deep and stormy sea,—  
We, sailing swiftly o’er its wide expanse  
May find a refuge on the shores of France.”  
He said ; and thus with trembling lips she spake :  
“Dear love, for thee all others I forsake,  
And neither fortune’s smiles, nor fate’s dark frown,  
Can make this heart e’er cease to be thine own ;  
Hence let us then, since heaven doth so decree,  
Depart in haste and o’er the ocean flee.”  
“Where yonder hills do from the waves arise,”  
The gallant lover to the maid replies :  
“And where o’er yonder ridge the pathway bends,  
And, slowly winding, to the shore descends ;  
There lies a peaceful bay, whose sandy beach  
With bold endeavour we must strive to reach ;  
Thence swiftly sailing o’er the azure main,  
The coast of France we easily attain.  
To-night, at ten, when tolls the castle-bell,  
I shall be with thee, love,—now fare thee well.”  
As thus he gains the object of his suit,  
Her glowing cheeks his quivering lips salute,  
And parting then, with beaming looks and gay,  
Each homeward wends his solitary way.  
And now the appointed hour is drawing near,  
As o’er the hills the Pleiades appear,  
When sudden, breaking through a rifted cloud,  
The Moon’s pale face her radiant lustre showed ;  
A silver sheen o’erspreads the azure sky,  
And dazzling brightness meets the gazer’s eye ;  
The rustling branches in the moonlight played,  
And frowning cliffs assume a sombre shade.

Listing to hear her lover's footstep fall  
 Upon the turf beneath the castle-wall,  
 In eager expectation sat the maid,  
 And with her watchful eyes the scene surveyed,  
 And musing thus, a sense of sadness stole  
 Within the precincts of her troubled soul.  
 She thought of other days when, unalloyed,  
 Her careless spirit pleasure's charms enjoyed ;  
 Then—steeped in wealth, with nature's bounty blessed,  
 By suitors courted, and by friends caressed ;  
 But now—an exile, doomed by fate to roam,  
 And live secluded in a humbler home.  
 And while her mind the sudden change reviewed,  
 And thus reflecting fancy's flight pursued,  
 A pearly teardrop glistened in her eye,  
 And from her bosom broke a gentle sigh.  
 But hark ! a courser's clattering hoofs resound,  
 As in his swift career he strikes the ground —  
 'Tis he ! 'tis Robert ! from his horse he leaps,  
 And in his arms the trembling maiden weeps.

“ Come, cheer thee, love, the moon shines bright,  
 And we must gallop far to-night ;  
 My gallant courser glares around,  
 And with impatience paws the ground ;  
 He feels that we must hurry fast,  
 Upon the pinions of the blast.  
 Mount ! mount ! we can no longer tarry,  
 Unless to see our plan miscarry.  
 With deadly doom delay is rife,  
 To-night we ride a race for life ! ”  
 He spake, and with a sudden bound,  
 His nimble feet have left the ground,  
 And firmly in the saddle placed,  
 He grasped the maiden's slender waist ;  
 Her arms around his frame she twined,  
 And boldly seats herself behind.  
 Away the fiery courser sprang,  
 And loud the echoing pathway rang ;  
 With speed his clattering hoofs rebound,  
 And scarcely seem to touch the ground,  
 As swift along the mountain's brow,  
 Like feathered shaft from quivering bow,  
 O'er hill and dale, mid'st bush and brake,  
 By fen and forest, stream and lake,  
 The courser with his burden flew,  
 And quickly disappeared from view.  
 “ Sit fast, my love, and do not fear  
 Nor wingèd barb, nor pointed spear ;  
 With lightning speed he needs must go,  
 Who strives to overtake us now ! ”  
 With armèd heel he strikes the steed,  
 Until the wet flanks smarting bleed,



Nor spares the spur, nor draws the rein,  
 Until he issues from the plain ;  
 And then with slackened speed ascends  
 Where o'er the ridge the pathway bends.  
 But hark ! a sound hath caught his ear,  
 Which thrills the warrior's soul with fear ;  
 He turns him round and sees below,  
 Where through the vale the streamlets flow,  
 An armèd band in steel arrayed,  
 Whose morions shimmered through the glade :  
 The fates against the pair conspire,  
 For yonder is the maiden's sire.  
 With muttered oath, he spurs the steed,  
 Nor stocks nor stones his course impede ;  
 To guardian saints his soul commends,  
 As from the ridge the steed descends.  
 But he, the barb, with frantic bound,  
 Spurns in his mad career the ground ;  
 His snorting nostrils stand dilate,  
 And bloodshot gleams his eye ;  
 He heeds no spur, and feels no weight,  
 But makes the pebbles fly.  
 Below in solemn grandeur lay  
 The deep blue waters of the bay,  
 Upon whose surface floated free  
 A vessel ready for the sea,  
 Not far from yonder shelving beach,  
 The fleeing lovers strove to reach ;  
 And as their course they onwards push,  
 And break through bramble, brier, and bush,  
 Through clay and shifting sand,  
 With whirr and clatter down they rush,  
 And safely reach the strand,  
 Then, as they quickly from the saddle bound,  
 The fainting steed fell panting to the ground.  
 The youth beheld with feelings of remorse,  
 The painful struggles of the faithful horse,  
 But feared pursuit and could no longer bide,  
 For in the distance dimly he descried  
 The glittering rapid—moving morions gleen,  
 As fitful gleams of moonlight lit the scene.  
 He tarries not, but lifts the breathless maid,  
 And to the skiff her fainting form conveyed,  
 The fragile limbs to other arms consigned  
 And cast a parting, mournful look behind ;  
 Then turning sadly, leapt into the barge,  
 And took his place beside his lovely charge.  
 Quick ! quick ! the gallant boat hath left the shore,  
 And they shall see their native land no more !

How oft deceitful fortune seems to smile,  
 And doleful misery she plans the while,

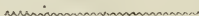
Fills to the brim the sparkling cup of joy,  
 And strives our rising gladness to destroy ;  
 The fickle dame her trusting slave misleads,  
 And shattered hopes with expectation feeds.  
 So fared the lovers, on the ocean tost,  
 By fate obstructed, and by fortune crossed,  
 Who struggled bravely, but who strove in vain,  
 Secure the shores of sunny France to gain.  
 For scarce the radiant orb had sunk to rest,  
 And dipped her splendour in the gloomy west,  
 When rippling waves in quick succession flowed,  
 Whose swift approach calamities forbode.  
 The gathering clouds in sullen darkness frown,  
 And whistling winds the vessel's fate bemoan ;  
 With bated breath the skilful seamen scan,  
 With eager gaze, the horizon's ample span ;  
 The sweeping squall along its border tears,  
 And every sailor for the storm prepares.  
 At length the pelting rain in torrents fell,  
 And fast increasing high the billows swell ;  
 The struggling waves, to raging fury lashed,  
 Are swift against the quaking timbers dashed,  
 And beating spray in blinding foam-flakes fly,  
 Whilst vibrate slow the creaking beams on high ;  
 Until a gust, more potent than the last,  
 Snaps with a crash the mighty, towering mast !  
 For days they drifted Southwards, tempest-tost,  
 The sails, the masts, the guiding rudder lost ;  
 Above them rose the vaulted sky of heaven,  
 Below them stretched the ocean, tempest-riven ;  
 To right, to left, around, above, and below,  
 Was nought but solitude, and waste, and woe.  
 At length one morn when, tortured by despair,  
 The helpless crew for certain death prepare,  
 Along the dim horizon's misty line  
 Their straining eyes perceive a happy sign ;  
 For, slowly rising from the billow's crest,  
 A mass of clouds their wandering gaze arrest,  
 Which, they approaching, dark and darker grew,  
 Until the solid landscape met their view.  
 " 'Tis land ! 'tis land ! " the joyful seamen cry,  
 " 'Tis land ! 'tis land ! " their startled guests reply.  
 But soon their mad delight is changed to grief,  
 For see the drifting vessel nears the reef !  
 Fast and more fast the raging surges roll,  
 Fast and more fast the doomed approach their goal ;  
 The shivering timbers bend, and groan, and quake,  
 As mountain-billows o'er the vessel break.  
 Near and more near the fertile land is seen,  
 Its verdant forests and its hillocks green,  
 And tangled brushwood rises to the view,  
 Where scarce a glimpse of daylight flashes through.

The Isle of Wood attracts their wondering gaze,  
 And on the verge of death a shriek of joy they raise.  
 But hark ! what rumbling noises reach the ear ?  
 Why stands aghast each man and quakes with fear ?  
 A sound of rushing waters, nothing more,  
 Whose flow is heard above the tempests roar.  
 Good God ! the gallant craft has sprung a leak,  
 Dim rolls each eye and blanched is every cheek.  
 She fills ! she sinks ! she rises ! sinks again !  
 The ribs give way, the creaking timbers strain,  
 The firmest heart beats loudly in dismay,  
 And maddened seamen dive beneath the spray.  
 Once more she strives the boiling waves to ride,  
 Then plunges swiftly in the roaring tide !

\* \* \* \*

Oh ye, who list yon lovers' fate to hear,  
 And o'er their relics shed a parting tear,  
 Go ! cross the briny ocean fraught with guile,  
 And land on fair Madeira's woody isle !  
 There shall ye find a dark, secluded glen,  
 Unsought by mortals, and unknown to men.  
 Where yonder jutting crag its shadow throws,  
 And leaves a sense of undisturbed repose ;  
 Rough-hewn in stone a cross erected stands,  
 The pious work of rude, unskilful hands.  
 No quaint inscription couched in pregnant words  
 The simple tale of misery records ;  
 The heaving mound, by ruthless time defaced,  
 Alone reveals what once the turf encased ;  
 There, side by side, the lonely lovers rest,  
 Peace to their ashes ! may their souls be blest !

Cape Town, May 3rd, 1878.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## A Short Study of Wordsworth.

BEFORE Wordsworth the province of Poetry, had, broadly speaking, been undergoing a process of delimitation, not expansion. Upon the luxuriant growth of the Elizabethan era, its newly emancipated vigour and many sided vitality, had come the chilling influences of the so-called classic age, which checked inner development and narrowed down the sphere of thought and expression. Literary invention and versatility of conception were curbed by an exacting hand, and condemned by fashion and the spirit of the times to a subservience to a precise code, of which Dryden, Johnson, Swift, and Pope, were the chief and acknowledged exponents. The *régime* of the courtly Louis XIV. had long held the literature of Europe in thralldom and imprinted on it its own stiffness and ceremonial pomp. Its influences had extended to England and were reflected in the manners and writings, especially the poetry, of the day. During the eighteenth century the Muses—to speak in a parlance then current—had retired from the country, and, forbidden woods and groves, had been introduced in a formal manner to the trim gardens and parterres of the wealthy few. If any critic had been rash enough to suggest to Pope that there was beauty along the wild sea-coast, poetry in the moorland and burn, sweetness in sequestered and solitary dells far from his Twickenham villa, and that a suitable abode for a poet might exist among the Lakes of Cumberland or in the Combs of Somersetshire, he would have been regarded as an illiterate being whose salvation was scarcely worth considering, but whose expulsion from his charmed circle was absolutely necessary. If we analyse the motives which prompted the classic poets to write, we shall find that the chief one was an ambition to reproduce merely the form without the spirit of the ancient writers, and so they were satisfied with direct translations. Dryden, the chief inspirer of Pope, whose works were his earliest *Vade Mecum*, translated Persius, Virgil, part of Horace, Juvenal, Lucretius, and Homer, and when he took the *Æneid* in hand, the nation, as Dr. Johnson tells us, appeared to think that its honour was interested in the issue, and it was said that the English Virgil was to give England the Virgil of Rome. But the

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tendency of the whole era is summed up in the oracular words of Pope himself, the arch-critic, who says, "Poetry and criticism are by no means the universal concern of the world but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there." And again, "All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients and it will be found true that in every age the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all time, and what we call learning is but the knowledge of our predecessors; therefore, those who say that our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say that our faces are not our own because they are like our fathers', and indeed, it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be scholars and yet be angry to find us so."

Such was Pope's creed precisely formulated, and it seems to us shallow enough by the light of subsequent times, but it was accepted unanimously by literary coteries, and visibly shown in the class of poetasters Johnson has been polite enough to acknowledge in his "Lives of the Poets." Scarcely a page can be turned over without reference to Damon, Musidora, Palemon, Maia, and a Devonshire rustic was made to atticudinize in the garb of a Sicilian Menalcas or Strephon, and a fair lady of the period might be addressed as Lesbia, Delia, &c., whether she was positively sure or not of who her exact historical parallel was. The arts were under patronage, and the *ignobile vulgus* carefully excluded both by their ignorance of the subject matter discoursed about and by their obscure perception of required etiquette. The poetic diction of the time seems to us intolerably turgid and frigid, and whenever Nature is described she is inartistically dealt with and subjected to a dreary monotony; brooks are always "purling," birds are always "warbling," mountains always "lift their horrid peaks above the clouds;" and in the works of Johnson and Addison, Ruskin remarks that there is scarcely a single expression of true delight in sublime nature. The social life of men and cities was their chief theme, and the best study was considered to be that of man. His relation to the great external world around him with its influences upon him in directing his thoughts was not made an object of serious study, and was but superficially remarked upon. But an overwrought elaboration of form and a conventional devotion to the secondary effects of inspiration instead of its real sources were destined to end in failure. One good result was certainly gained, and this was the improvement and refining down of the English language; but it was at the expense of true sentiment. Unless it were possible to think neatly in heroic couplets it was not allowed to think at all.

The manipulation of ancient lore became simply a kind of intellectual puzzle which men turned over and over until they had hit upon a novel and concise rendering, overflowing with epigrams and



antithesis. The reader is abstracted from the spirit and genuineness of the original, and the *dramatis personæ* seem to move phantom-like in some far off unreal land in obedience to the skilled magician's hand. The efforts to reproduce the spirit and the manners and the customs of a life that is irrevocably gone is futile. Moderns may dress themselves in Greek garb and ape the Muses and Graces and sculptured figures on Grecian marble, but the operation is but a pleasant conceit. It were just as rational to endeavour to change into real and living flesh the finely turned limbs of some Grecian statue, and bid it live again. In the old story, it was impossible to call back Eurydice, however eloquent the music and sweet the melody; and Orpheus was doomed to wander sadly about, lute in hand; but that breathing and palpitating form so sternly resummoned could never come back from shadow land again. *Volat irrevocabile verbum*, and the past can never be the real present. So legends and tales of ancient times, especially of Hellas, cannot be reproduced in their full and early meaning, and read like new and freshly conceived productions. Pope takes us under the guidance of Theocritus to Sicilian rocks and forests, but Rosalinda's name sounds harsh and discordant, and modern figures do not pose well in an ancient drapery.

In the words of M. Taine, men were tired of what after all they could not deeply appreciate, and ceased to think that gallantry was love, and madrigals poetry, and amusement happiness. They perceived that man was not an elegant doll, or a dandy the masterpiece of nature. For some time past there had been a quiet protest in England against unreality of sentiment, and it did not display an aggressive or crusading character, but peeped timidly out in the fresh country description of old Isaac Walton and Goldsmith and others. In whatever age and under whatever circumstances man is placed, it is impossible for him to be so wedded to custom as to ignore the great, living, growing, and changing outdoor world. The alternations of winter and spring, summer and autumn, the varying aspects of the sea and sky, sunshine and shadow, must affect him in some degree, although not always in the same manner. If he ignores certain natural instincts and tendencies he is sure to be subjected to a strong and powerful reaction. "*Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.*" Even in courtly Horace himself, the model and prototype of the classic school, the correct expounder of the art of poetry, and poet laureate under imperial favour, there was a liking and love for simple, revivifying nature. His pleasure is a genuine one when he praises the rural beauties of his own Sabine Farm, located pleasantly in the valley of the Digentia, and when again he lauds quiet Ferentinum to his friend Scaeva. There is a latent reaction against the busy turmoil of life, the "*sumum strepitumque Romæ*," and a lurking preference for the coolness of his valley in the warm September hours, and it is possible to imagine that Horace's appreciation of the freshness and retirement

of country scenes was more genuine than that of Pope. There are simple touches also in the Georgics especially of Virgil, although we get throughout his poems occasional glimpses of peaceful Italian country life and pursuits. Sometimes, also, a natural enthusiasm breaks out in Lucretius when, in the unfolding of his philosophy, he can for a moment be drawn away to describe the burst of spring and the happy awakening of all life. But, however simple and descriptive a passage may be in its treatment of nature, simplicity and description are not everything. Whilst we are reading we feel conscious that there is something deficient, and that the writer does not look upon nature in the same way and with the same eye we do now. She is kept too much in the background, and only used as a framework wherein to set other things. After all the hopes, wishes, fears and ambition of men are the *farrago libelli*, and exclude every other topic.

The distinctive feature of the Lake School of Poetry—not to allude to the revolution in diction, metre and general form—was enthusiasm and love for nature in herself. It was not the simple pleasure of the eye, or the superficial admiration of Flavius and Lucretius and their modern imitators, though genuine enough in its way, but a more complex emotion which went much further. Over and above the outward impression was a tendency to link the sounds and sights of the inanimate world with man's inner feeling, evoking sympathy and recalling memories. Between the thinking mind and the thing seen arose a close intercommunion; and a stern mountain, or a placid lake, a blossoming rose or a floating lily, could severally inspire rapture and prompt a chain of reflective thought.

A new and imaginative world was thus suddenly revealed with its numerous vistas and avenues, by-paths, retreats, and pleasaunces, where the utmost liberty of association and expression was given to the man who cared to wander in it. It was not an artificial one with grottoes hewn by human hand, arbours trimmed artistically and stiffly, with Greek statues scattered about here and there to give the whole an antique colouring: it resembled a vast natural garden where none need abandon hope who entered, but all could gaze to their full, gathering here consolation and there refreshment, and weaving if they chose their own personality around every object. If the heart of the individual was joyful the rose speaks to him, its bright colours are his own, its delicate form his, and the whole object his choice possession for the nonce. If his heart was sad, the very beauty of the flowers could add pathos to his grief, soften it and prompt a yearning for better times, or for a fair season that had passed away. It was a one-sided dialogue with nature, an unburdening of the soul to the mute things which could only speak through their beauty. Coleridge in his sad moments says,—

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow,  
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,  
For me ye bloom not! Glide rich streams, away!

With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll :  
And would you learn the spells that drown my soul ?  
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And hope without an object cannot live.

There is the same experience, although of a brighter kind, in the lover's song in Tennyson's *Maud*, when he imagines "every flower teeming with a sympathy for every turn and phase of his own feeling."

"The red rose cries 'She is near, she is near,'  
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late,'  
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'  
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'"

The positive and comparatively narrow minds of those who had studied correctness of taste on the old lines could not, therefore, be brought easily to understand this new and reflective phase of thought. It seemed to them to savour too much of a fanciful materialism, mysticism and German metaphysics. Many and hostile were the criticisms showered upon it, and the Edinburgh Reviewers found fault with the commonness and triviality of the sources of inspiration, forgetting perhaps that an ordinary object could be as wonderful in its symmetry, and as potent in its influences, as an extraordinary one. The actual smallness and insignificance of a matter are not objections to its real value either in the world of science or of morals, or even in the sphere of transitory mental emotion.

Wordsworth, the central figure of the Lake School of poetry, seemed to be aware, at the same time that he enunciated his dogmas of greater simplicity and naturalness, that they would not be universally popular, and he exclaims,—

"Fit audience let me find though few."

But in reality he was a popular poet in his idea of the legitimate province of poetry, as far as the subject matter of his work is concerned. He arrogated no peculiar pedestal of honour, and no frigid exclusiveness, for he says,—“The poet is chiefly distinguished from other men, but only in degree. The poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel, and his passions and feelings are those of mankind at large.” At the same time that he raised up his voice to protest against unreality, outrageous stimulation, which had degraded literary taste, he sought to bring men back by appealing to certain indestructible qualities of the mind, which are a common heritage. No new system of eclecticism was inaugurated, no violent revival evolved by the lucubrations of a clique, and man needed but a sympathetic heart and eye for nature and he could be at once an admitted disciple of his open-air philosophy.

"There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field.

Love, now an universal birth  
 From heart to heart is stealing,  
 From earth to man, from man to earth,  
 It is the hour of feeling."

He required that his follower should accompany him to the hills and woods and bind himself to pure and truthful impressions, gathered,

"Not in Utopia, subterraneous fields,  
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where,  
 But in the very world, which is the world  
 Of all of us."

If a life was being constantly spent in this willing communion among beautiful and innocent things, the result would be a reflective pleasure, essentially the effect of their own thoughts, not of others, an elevation of mind, a calm assurance, a practical aid in life and a strengthening of the moral fibre.

"Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
 For they are power : and hence the highest bliss  
 That flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness  
 Of whom they are, habitually infused  
 Through every image and through every thought,  
 And all affections by communion raised  
 From earth to heaven, from human to divine :  
 Hence endless occupation for the soul  
 Whether discursive or intuitive :  
 Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,  
 Emotions which best foresight need not fear,  
 Most worthy then of trust when most intense ;  
 Hence, amid ills that vex, and wrongs that crush  
 Our hearts—if here the words of Holy Writ  
 May with fit reverence be applied—that peace  
 Which passeth understanding, that repose  
 In moral judgments which from this pure source  
 Must come, or will by man be sought in vain."

No one had hitherto viewed the external world in the light of an aid to living a healthy and moral life, or of a real power to affect men's hearts and judgments, tinging them, it is true, sometimes with pathetic sadness, but oftener irradiating them with a sobering joy and a morning freshness because of the hope beyond. Allan Ramsay, Burns, and Thomson, had worked in the same direction as Wordsworth in their simple descriptive love of nature, but they had not worked exactly on the same lines. They were, so to speak, the trumpeters of that gorgeous procession in which Wordsworth's place was especially that of a chief priest who came afterwards and enunciated esoteric doctrines. From his peculiar and susceptible temperament, he was well qualified to instruct, and at all times, moods and seasons, he was capable of being led up to the poetic

ecstasy, a divine afflatus, which in his own words distinguishes the poet from ordinary men.

After this brief notice of the nature of the transition of thought which characterised the time of Wordsworth, and in which he was so deeply concerned, a little should be said about his personality, for in his case truly "the child was father to the man," and his especial teaching may have much light shed upon it by the circumstances of his life. Wordsworth was born in 1770, and lived through a very eventful period in the world's history when the French Revolution upset the old order of things, all society was shaken, and thought metamorphosed. It would be almost safely predicated that any genius who lived during these times would be a reformer, whether in politics, art or poetry. Cradled in his childhood in the presence of beautiful mountains and lakes, Wordsworth was developing his peculiar temperament and imbibing to the full the pleasures of a free and outdoor existence. In the presence of the quiet grandeur of Windermere and the romantic magnificence of Grasmere, Ulswater, and Esthwaite, his love for nature came early, and at an age when most others were capable only of indulging in simple boisterous pursuits, we find in him the faint glimmerings of an enthusiasm so intensified afterwards. An object of beauty whether blithe or stern would strike him suddenly and call forth a nascent sense of its sublimity. He narrates that one day whilst rowing on the lake, the giant shadows of a craggy peak arrested his attention, rivetted his thoughts, and left him the legacy of a life-long memory.

"With trembling oars I turned,  
And through the silent water stole my way  
Back to the covert of the willow tree ;  
'Then in the mooring place I left my boat,  
And through the meadows homeward went in grave  
And serious mood."

Such was the grave and solitary boy, roaming around nature's garden, seeing further and feeling more than others, and called in the midst of a healthy exercise to a delicately limned perception unknown to others. No unmanly trepidation here, no unreal sentimentality, but the first aspen tremblings of a sensitive soul. Throughout his boyhood and youth similar impressions, countless in number, came from mountain and valley, lake and mere. He says :

Fair seed time had my soul and I grew up,  
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear,  
Much favoured by my birthplace, and no less  
In that beloved vale in which ere long  
We were transplanted.

In the vicinity of the lakes everything is fresh, the air is pure, and the effects of form and colour along the mountains as the clouds drift slowly by varied and perfect. There is more imagination in dwellers among the mountains than those on the plains. They are constantly



beholding some towering peak, or wandering along a winding valley, or threading the intricacies of a woodland path, and bursting suddenly upon a heathery waste or a fruitful plain. In Wordsworth's case beautiful scenery must have contributed largely in developing his tendencies and maturing his conceptions, for he was thus always in the midst of it, either in Cumberland, Westmoreland, or Somersetshire. In the latter county he lived at Alfoxden, which is most picturesquely situated beneath the Quantock Hills. In front and partly around the old Manor House, is a grassy deer park of many acres; and elms and beeches scattered at intervals over the sloping glades, give it a purely and distinctively English appearance. Above are the hills with their heathery sweeps, coppiced sides,—fern covered combs. In the Autumn, when the ling and gorse are out in full blossom, the atmosphere is sweet and soft, perfumed breezes coming from the west over feathering ridge and sinking hollow. The scenery on the moorland itself is wild, but below and well in view are hamlets and houses, villages and churches, which give compensation to the mind, and communicate to it a subdued sense of cultivated repose. In this retired nook and corner of England, Wordsworth lived for some time, and his friend Coleridge kept him company by staying at Nether Stowey, a little village distant about three miles. Over the Quantock hills the pair used frequently to walk, and discuss what was nearest to the heart of each, whether their enthusiasm led them to dream of the amelioration of mankind by a readjustment of the social fabric, or in a more congenial and natural manner to elevate them up to a higher state, by implanting the germs of a simple philosophy. In this neighbourhood, too, Coleridge wrote *Christabel*, and the *Ancient Mariner*, one of the most purely imaginative poems ever written, and at the little fishing village of Porlock composed, when in a half dream, *Kubla Khan*.

Of this period Wordsworth thus writes in the *Prelude* :

But, beloved friend !

When looking back, thou seest, in clearer view  
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,  
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,  
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Didst chaunt the vision of that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes,  
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel :  
And I, associate with such labour, steeped  
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours.

If the Lake scenery had inspired Wordsworth with awe and admiration for the grandeur of nature, the Quantock Hills in Somersetshire must have filled him with love for her softer and more melting moods. But wherever he was, whether by the side of Rydalmere, or on the Trosacks, or Allan hills, or near Anio's stream,

or the Lake of Brientz, there was the same power of reciprocity and depth of utterance, which were the natural sequence of a poetic life cradled and fostered among scenes which became

Habitually dear, and all their forms  
And changeful colours by invisible links  
Were fastened to the affections.

The chief pleasure of his after years was recalling by a process of anamnesis his earliest impressions which he regarded as the more pure, because less adulterated with later and more complex associations. His power of memory was unbounded, and his faculty for analysing emotion, without weakening them, rare, and at the age of eight or nine and twenty, in the severest winter at Goslar in Germany, he wrote the most vivid scenes of his childhood and early boyhood in the *Prelude*. Around the season of youth he throws the greatest enthusiasm, when our temperament is most plastic and open to new and vivid ideas.

“Many are our joys  
In youth, and oh! what happiness to live  
When every hour brings palpable access  
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,  
And sorrow is not there.”

This delight is not the unthinking and unreflective kind which is visible in ancient poetry and especially in that of the Greeks. In this respect Homer stands at one pole and Wordsworth at the other. Homer can describe the rollers thundering on the beach, the snow flakes falling heavily down in soft and blinding masses, a quiet starlight night with its myriads of constellations, but there is no self-consciousness on the part of the spectator. If the curling wave gathers in the offing and rolls its mountains of green water with crested manes upon the shore, it is a terrible and wonderful exhibition of the night of Providence, but nothing more. There is no moral lesson inferred, nor does the spectator see in ocean the symbol of eternity, or recognize in the regular fall of the waves the measured beat of time. The sadness of nature colours all our modern conceptions.

In Chaucer there is much freshness and vigour, but he does not attempt, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, to refine and spiritualise. Here in a few lines the joy of a May morning is described :

“Then sate I down among the fair flours,  
And saw the birds trip out of her bours,  
Then as they rested him all the night,  
They were so joyful of the dayes light,  
They began of May to done honours,  
And the river that I sate upon,” &c.

Contrast the deeper and more troubled utterances of Coleridge

when he represents "Ye Ancient Mariner" after his trials and privations, as filled with love for the sea-monsters as they play on the ocean wave,

O happy living things ! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare,  
 A spring of love gushed in my heart,  
 And I blessed them unaware.  
 The self same moment I could pray.

In Wordsworth when on the "naked lip of some bold headland he surveyed,

'Ocean and earth the solid frame of earth  
 And oceans liquid mass,'"

lying in gladness beneath him, the result was a prayer. No poet has laid bare his own personality with such a frank hand as Wordsworth; and if we keep parallel with his own account and read his philosophy aright, it will seem to be not a series of forced ebullitions soon exhausted, but a product of many graduated experiences continually correcting themselves and never wholly separated from their first sources.

"For I have learned  
 To look on nature, not as in the hour  
 Of thoughtless youth : but hearing often times  
 The still sad music of humanity,  
 Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns  
 And the round ocean and the living air  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all object of all thought  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore can I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
 And mountains and of all that we behold  
 From this green earth : of all the mighty world,  
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create,  
 And what perceive : well pleased to recognize  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being."

From the child to the old man are many stages, but spreading through all of them we see his fixed passion, sometimes indulged in

at unstudied seasons, sometimes as the main object of his thoughts, but always sanctified as a clear exposition of truth.

“ My heart leaps up when I behold  
 A rainbow in the sky,  
 So it was when my life began,  
 So is it now I am a man,  
 So be it when I shall grow old  
 Or let me die.  
 The child is father of the man  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each in natural piety.”

At last he is sobered, chastened, and refined, reaches a vantage of contemplation and

“ A peace,  
 The central feeling of all happiness,  
 Not as a refuge from distress and pain,  
 Stability without regret or fear.”

Some, who will not understand Wordsworth, object to his philosophy as being too metaphysical and too subtle to afford a firm and stable ground whereon to stand ; but here is a haven described, not insecure, not to be despised, where man can cast his anchor in when his last stage comes, and visions of a far wider and still untraversed ocean press upon him. Surely Wordsworth's haven is no vain *praeparatio mortis*. He had listened to the still small voice which was always speaking to him over and through nature, and after exceeding the allotted span of man's life by ten years, was not unprepared to die and leave his present anchorage for another where perhaps a fuller symphony was to be heard.

But the peaceful haven of Wordsworth was not gained without many storms and trials, bitternesses, and disappointments. Day dreams of his rising manhood ; hopes of man's regeneration and well-being in a state of universal brotherhood had been rudely dashed aside, and had left blank, dry memories. Like others who were enthusiastic, Wordsworth had believed at first in the virtues of the French revolution, and hailed it as the morning of a new day. His friend *par excellence*, Coleridge, had been carried away also, and thought of founding in America a communist republic purged of kings and priests, and Wordsworth himself had begun thus :

“ Great God ! grant that every sceptered child of clay,  
 Who cries presumptuous ‘ Here the flood shall stay,’  
 May in its progress see Thy guiding hand,  
 And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand,  
 Or swept in anger from the insulted shore,  
 Sink with his servile bands to rise no more.”

When, however, after the extinction of Republican dreams, an armed Dictatorship filled Europe with want, death, and ruin, a

revulsion of feeling set in, and Wordsworth for a time despaired of the world. Many minds, after receiving such a rebuff in their first darling projects, would have sunk back sick and exhausted, but it was chiefly the power of the still small voice which kept Wordsworth up. Coleridge, of a more desultory, quick and purely imaginative temperament, could not build up a fabric of unchanging belief again. His mind had become worn out with its greater intensity and versatility. It is the peculiar attribute, however, of great minds to become purer and stronger by the process of passing through cleansing fires, and if the world has gone awry, they possess a reserve store of strength and a certain *vivida vis* which carries them on to further enterprise. Shakspeare could tell a piteous story of unredeemed tragedy as in Othello; of hastily conceived love and its bitter consequences as in Romeo and Juliet; of base filial ingratitude as in King Lear; and again he could weave a magic fairy tale or a comedy overflowing with laughter and sparkling wit—but afterwards he could sit down calmly and reflect as an unmoved and unstrung spectator upon the pathos or the follies of life. So, although in a less degree—for we cannot compare closely a reflective poet like Wordsworth with a creative giant like Shakspeare,—the storm of emotion passed away, and left in its original strength the simple and natural heart of the writer of the Prelude and Excursion.

But a word before concluding this short study concerning Wordsworth's alleged Pantheism. True it was that his love, nay, almost adoration, of the external world was universal, extending as we have seen from the loftiest mountain peak to the humble floweret blossoming below, but this affection was not so deeply tinctured with admiration for the outward form as to lead him to ignore the invisible hand which had made it so perfect and suitable. If we fairly eliminate his outward enthusiasm, there is always a residuum of a strict and definite belief in a God beyond. Instead of a monachist view of the intense evil of matter there is more than a passing sympathy with it as a medium of truth and affording a basis on which we might build. He says,

“ We have traced the stream,  
From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard  
Its natal murmur; followed it to light  
And open day: accompanied its course  
Among the ways of nature, for a time  
Lost sight of it bewilder'd and engulfed,  
Then given it greeting as it rose once more,  
In strength reflecting from its placid breast,  
The works of man and face of human life;  
And lastly, from its progress have we drawn  
Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought  
Of human being, eternity and God.”

To this nature worship there is an access of divine charity which is all the stronger because it has contemplated nature as a whole and not disintegrated it to suit theories and abstractions. He does not



lose sight of the ordinary social life of man which requires a lode-star to give it courage and strength ; and amidst earthly disappointments and the chagrin of a baffled humanity, he is a professed disciple of the assured belief " that the procession of our fate, howe'er disturbed, is ordered by a Being of infinite benevolence and power whose everlasting purposes embrace all accidents converting them to good." Are these the expressions of a negative form of pantheism which may be attenuated away and fade into the uncertain regions of atheistic belief, or are they not rather prompted by a definite belief in the doctrines of Him who said that a Father in heaven cared for his children on earth ?

Behind the ever shifting scenes of earth and sky, beyond the mountain peak and rocky cairn, Wordsworth saw with the eye of faith the omnipresent Father. He was nearer to Him because he had trained himself to feel in every pulsation of existence, in every manifestation of life, the motions of a supreme ordering mind. If others could not quicken that dull cold materiality of earth, it was because they refused to open the avenues of their being to the harmony of the Universe, and lacked his own promethean spirit. As in painting, so in poetry : it is the trained eye which sees clearly and distinguishes correctly in all stages from the first gleam of a willing intelligence to the final blush of a full-blown and perfect conception.

Taking Wordsworth's position, therefore, as he final'y worked it out, the revolution he represented in man's attitude towards nature and his fellow men, contrasted broadly with that of the previous period. Formality was changed into reality, infinitely more truth was extracted from nature, the self-elected aristocracy of culture attacked, and the province of poetry popularised and enlarged. He did not force a marked originality upon the age, as he was not a great creative poet, but the tendency he represented has become a powerful one, and its circles have increased rather than diminished. In reading his works we shall not find a reflective sensuousness where the love of nature is overmastering, as in Keats, and hurries the writer along *equis infrinis* amid a tangled skein of beautiful paganism ; nor shall we hear the clang of battle and the din of chivalric deeds, and spirit stirring-descriptions of life and nature, bold and stern, as in Scott's poems, whereby an almost forgotten age was rescued from oblivion by a master hand ; nor shall we be introduced to an ideal figure amid a cloud of beautiful romance, as in the Arthurian legends, where all the characters have an additional interest, because they move in a far off imaginative period, and on the dim border land of recorded history ; nor again shall we be treated to a graceful, half pensive, half humorous poem in modern garb, expressed in perfect diction and unerring taste as in the " Princess," but we shall find an " orphic song " chanted to its own passionate music, in time sobered and chastened into a grand Doric simplicity, and reaching at last to the heights of a mature philosophy. Wordsworth endeavoured to realize in a plain manner, and without dramatic strain, his *summum bonum* of life, and attained after an effort to a close affinity with

Nature a revealed God. There are no Eleusinian mysteries in his worship, and the neophyte who wishes to follow after him has need of tolerably clean hands and a pure heart, and must not regard the serious questions of life in the light of a travestied comedy. Nor shall we find in him the sparks of an exuberant genius as in Byron, nor the fitful gusts of a poetic afflatus deeply wedded to first impressions, and deducing its conclusions from the first glance of beauty, but a steady illumination which throws a genial light upon our highest thoughts.

We must not be disappointed if we find, in the words of Mr. Pater, that the heat of his genius has not crystallised the whole of his work, and that there is a great mass of verse which may be passed over. What a true critic has to do is, to trace the active principle which guided him, to disengage it, and mark the degree in which it penetrated his verse.

W. H. G.

Rondebosch.

### *Blue Violets.*

SUGGESTED BY LUDWIG BERGER'S SONG—"VON BLAUEN  
VEILCHEN." \*

Blue violets once, a happy youth,  
In Hannah's lovely locks I wove,  
To her I swore eternal truth  
While she to hide her blushes strove.  
'Twas when we roved by Elbe's fair stream  
Entranced within Love's happy dream.  
When to the city's crowded street,  
My beauteous wife I brought with pride,  
Blue violets with their fragrance sweet  
Adorned our home on every side.  
Smiling she thought on Elbe's fair stream  
Where first began Love's happy dream.  
When by death's icy fingers prest,  
Were closed to me, those smiling eyes,  
Blue violets on her snowy breast  
I placed, with tears and bitter sighs.  
Alas! for me, from Elbe's fair stream  
Returns no more, Love's happy dream.  
Beneath the sod my Hannah lies,  
Above her grave the violets bloom,  
Blue! violet blue! those lovely eyes  
Still smile for me beyond the tomb.  
While, far away from Elbe's fair stream,  
I sad recal, Love's happy dream.

A.

# Adèle ;

## A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

“Oh ! mischief ! thou art ever swift  
To enter into thoughts of desperate men.”

IN a narrow, deep kloof, with fertile hills rising abruptly on two sides, while a clear stream flowed placidly through it, was Namana's location, the beehive-shaped huts, along the foot of the hill, looking like great ant-heaps at a distance. The chief was renowned far and near for his bravery and warlike disposition, and was also rich in men and cattle. His most uncompromising foe in the neighbourhood was Hancunqua. Like the latter, Namana yielded submission to the paramount chief Chotona, but their insatiable desire for power and wealth kept them constantly at war with each other. Hancunqua, being the burgher ally, had lately been so constantly employed by them in their warfare against the Bushmen robbers, that he had almost forgotten his enemy, and consequently a truce had existed between them. Here Jephtha and Francois had taken up their temporary abode, the former judging it the safest near the burgher settlement. He would command respect for himself in the kraal, being the son of Chotona, and as such would gain protection for Francois. As there could be no intercourse between Namana and the burgher ally except of a hostile nature, Jephtha hoped that Francois' whereabouts would remain undiscovered. The latter, in spite of Jephtha's unceasing efforts to make him comfortable, found life among these Hottentots insupportable. The heat was stifling, the filth and vermin so unendurable, that he preferred sleeping in the open air insufficiently protected from the damps of the atmosphere. Such unaccustomed exposure soon produced symptoms of an alarming nature, which shortly after developed into a fever, and for weeks Francois lay in a most critical state. His young and vigorous constitution at last conquered, and he was able to be about again ; but as he reclined on a mat anxiously awaiting Jephtha's arrival, he looked pale, weak, and haggard. He felt irritable, and in his impatience feared that some evil had befallen the Hottentot, that might rob him for ever of the faithful creature. At the thought of such a melancholy probability he became terribly uneasy, and lamented bitterly that he was unable to go in search of him or to see Adèle, in order to relieve her of the harassing anxiety she must have been suffering for weeks. He rose and walked restlessly about, but

fortunately was not long left in suspense : before the last ray of sunshine left the opposite hill, a well-known footstep sounded outside the hut, a figure darkened the doorway, and Jephtha stood before him.

"Where have you been so long?" enquired Francois angrily.

Jephtha pulled a little tuft of wool on his brow, and said quickly, "To Langekloof and back, bassie."

"What delayed you? I have suffered no end of anxiety on your account."

"I have not been longer than usual, klein baas," replied Jephtha astonished.

Francois had ever been a gentle, considerate master, and he was at a loss to understand this outburst of temper.

"It seemed an age to me," said Francois. "How is Adèle?"

Jephtha became grave and hesitated.

"Speak!" cried Francois, alarmed.

"She is well, but very unhappy, because a letter she wrote to you fell into the Field-cornet's hands."

"How was that?" enquired Francois, starting up.

Jephtha, looking and feeling very guilty, told the story.

"Blundering, careless fool!" cried Francois, indignantly. "What may not the consequences of this be to her as well as myself?"

Throwing himself on a mat, he leaned his head on his hand and looked pensively before him; and Jephtha lifting his eyes at the moment thought he had never seen him so haggard and woebegone before.

"You are not so well to-day, baasie," said he kindly.

Francois was silent.

"I am very sorry, baasie," said Jephtha again, "*very sorry*; but I thought I was all right, for I did not even know the Field-cornet was at the farm."

"Cease," replied Francois; "your regrets are vain now; for Adèle's sake we must prepare and hasten from here at once."

"No," said Jephtha firmly. "I promised the nonnie that I would take great care of you, and you are not strong enough to travel. Besides it is unnecessary; you are as safe here as anywhere. Namana will not deliver you up while I am your friend, and the Field-cornet knows well that he has no child to deal with in him. He is too wise a man to incur the enmity of a powerful chief like Namana, pestered and troubled as he is on all sides by Bushmen and Hottentots."

"You know best," said Francois, leaning back on some skins that served him for a pillow. "I trust you, and leave all in your hands;" and he held out one emaciated hand to Jephtha, and pressed the latter's gently as he said, "Pardon me, I was hasty; you have been a good and faithful friend, and I must not be too hard upon you."

Jephtha, as he warmly returned the pressure of Francois' hand, thought that he saw tears in his young master's eyes as he turned away. He felt concerned and unhappy.

"Cheer up, baasic," he said soothingly, "it will all come right ; the nonnie loves you, and Jephtha is still by your side."

"Did she not send me a message ?" asked Francois, languidly.

"She was going to do so, when the Field-cornet pounced down upon us, and caught me by the kaross ; and by the bones of my grandfather it was a narrow escape ; but I leaped forward and left him with the kaross in his hand. He followed, but I, as a Hottentot, had the advantage over him in the rushes, and dodged about quite close to him, frightening the life out of him. One moment I hissed like a snake, and heard him with a gasp bound across to the other side ; then I bounded like a tiger ; and lastly set up a yell, in imitation of a wild beast, so close to him that he nearly fell forward, scrambled out the best way he could, and with all haste mounted his horse."

"And so you were unable to bring even a message for me ? I particularly wished to hear from her at this time. One word to tell me that she was safe would have been enough."

"But she gave me something for you at the last moment," said Jephtha. "Here it is." And he drew forth the ring, and gave it to Francois.

The latter started to his feet, and with flashing eyes seized the ring from Jephtha's hand. For a moment his tall form seemed to totter, and his hollow cheeks burned as he exclaimed,

"Then it is as I expected. The villain, the cowardly villain !"

Jephtha, alarmed and quite unconscious of the cause of Francois' agitation, walked up to him, and gently took hold of his arm.

"Calm yourself, baasic," he said, intreatingly. "Calm yourself and lie down ; all this will injure you."

"Lie down !" said Francois, scornfully. "Nay, we must to her side at once, this instant."

"Impossible !" replied Jephtha, firmly. "Quite impossible ! And I won't consent to it. You don't know what you are saying."

"Possible or not," answered Francois, indignantly ; "we must and shall."

Their further conversation was interrupted by Namana, who entered hurriedly, and in an excited manner begged Francois to advise him. He had just received intimation from one of his herds that Hancunqua was preparing, and intended to attack him during the night.

Francois was silent and thoughtful for a moment. Then turning impetuously towards Namana, he said with a new light in his eyes,

"Give him battle."

"Of course," cried the chief, "I am rejoiced to have the opportunity ; but you white men understand these things better than we do. Advise me ; how shall we go about it ?"

Francois, leaning against the side of the hut, his eyes dreamily fixed on the hill opposite, was lost in thought, and started as the chief touched his arm, and repeated what he had said. Collecting



himself he turned slowly towards Namana, and the latter in his turn started to see Francois' eyes glow with a passion he had never before beheld in any human face, and to note with what determination and deliberation he gave orders for the attack. "One would suppose that his cattle were in danger of being taken," thought the chief.

"Let your men arm and proceed at dusk to the rise at the entrance of the valley," said Francois. "There let them secrete themselves among the bushes until the fellows come up."

"And then?" asked Namana.

"Leave the rest to me," replied Francois; "for I mean to be there myself."

The chief departed, excited, and well pleased with his interview, and immediately gave the necessary orders to his men.

"Jeptha," said Francois, when Namana had left, "are the guns in order. See to it, and let me not lose sight of you to-night."

This earnest tone astonished Jeptha; the latter looked inquiringly at him, but Francois said no more.

"There is no need for either of us to go; and you, baasie, are not fit to go."

"You can do as you like," replied he; "but I am determined to go, and go I shall."

"Won't you, for the nonnie's sake, consider the risk you are running, bassie?"

"It is for her sake I am going," said Francois.

Completely mystified, Jeptha took up the guns and left the hut. Francois once more alone buried his face in his hands, and for some moments remained quite motionless; then slowly taking out a little image of Adèle, he looked fondly and thoughtfully at it for some time, kissed it fervently, and replaced it in his bosom.

"God only knows the issue," he said aloud to himself, as he rose and walked out into the cool evening air, depressed and uneasy.

As he paced up and down before his hut, he heard the hum and clatter, interrupted by an occasional yell, that resounded through the valley as the Hottentots prepared for the skirmish. Then he saw the cattle driven into the enclosures between the huts, and lastly watched a long stream of naked, fat-besmeared savages, well armed with shields, assegais, bows and arrows, wind their way along the valley towards the rise ahead. Weak and homesick he continued pacing, lost in contemplation; the future looked dark and hopeless, the present was full of danger; and, oh! he could not endure the lonely isolated life among these savages much longer. Suddenly an arrow whizzed through the air and struck the summit of his hut. He turned in alarm towards the direction from which it came, and saw in the valley below Namana grotesquely dressed up, who laughed and called out to him to come. Accompanied by Jeptha and the guns he joined the chief, and they soon gained the spot where the ambushed Hottentots were concealed, and took up their station behind some thorn-trees.

The hours passed; the moon rose,—it was close upon midnight, and not a sound broke the stillness of the calm night; suspense became unendurable; the Hottentots moved about impatiently, and the chief began to fear that it was all a false alarm, when at last a distant sound reached them. Every ear was strained in the direction from which it came. Nearer and nearer it drew; then distinctly the heavy tread of many feet was heard rapidly approaching, and voices exulting and boasting. Francois became strangely restless and excited, and, unable to keep quiet any longer, he rose, placed his back against the stem of one of the thorn-trees, and watched the opposite hill. A presentiment of evil haunted him. The kloof half buried in gloom at his right seemed to deepen the sadness of his reflections. The huts looked like dark mounds over newly dug graves, and the screeching of a nightbird as it sailed overhead sounded ominously in his ears; he sighed heavily as he looked into the dark gully below and thought of Adèle.

The cautious advance of the enemy put him on his guard, and he noticed as they approached nearer that their exultings and boastings ceased, and their footsteps became stealthy. The excitement was intense, when at last the naked figures began to show clearly against the horizon, as one after another they appeared on the opposite hill. For a moment they appeared stationary, as if awaiting their chief's command, then Hancunqua, towering above them all, gave the order to advance. Noiselessly they descended into the gully below, and nimble as the springboks around them began to ascend the opposite hill.

The ambushed natives, unable to keep quiet any longer, were on the point of rushing forward, when Francois, with flashing eyes, crouched down and bid them "Lie still." Closely he watched the enemy, ascending, and waited till they had reached half way, when jumping to his feet he gave the order to charge in a loud and commanding voice. With a yell the savages rushed wildly out, a volley of arrows and assegais whizzed through the air and descended on the heads of the enemy below, who fell back in confusion into the gully. But Hancunqua, though staggered for a moment by the unexpected stratagem, quickly rallied his men and gave the order to go forward again, himself leading the van. Arrows and assegais rained thicker and faster than ever upon them; but encouraged by the gallant conduct of their chief, they pressed on, their shields well before them, regardless of the dead who had fallen bravely beside them. On they pressed, and valiantly they fought to obtain a footing on the summit, but they gained not an inch. Namana at the head of his men acquitted himself so heroically, and by his brave conduct instilled such enthusiasm into the breasts of those around, that the Hancunquas were forced to retreat. At this crisis a gun boomed from below, and a Namana sank at Francois' side.

"Ha!" exclaimed Francois, "so I thought, villain, that you were at the bottom of this."

Two guns were discharged from the summit, two Hottentots rolled back into the gully, and the Field-cornet perceiving that there were other guns in the field beside his own, retired to a boulder some distance off, and took up his position behind it. He was seen no more in the field, but occasionally fired random shots over the top to assure the chief that he was still fighting.

Francois no sooner perceived where the shots came from, than he said to Jephtha,

"Let not a single shot be aimed in that direction; I myself will fight the villain."

Holding his shield well before him, he rushed down the rise towards the boulder that sheltered the Field-cornet, and in a loud voice cried, as he threw down his shield and gun,

"Come forth, coward, and fight now single-handed!"

"Ha!" said Herman, rushing out towards him; "are you there, French traitor? I am ready for you."

Francois, too, was prepared for him.

"Victory or death," he said running forward to meet him, and in spite of his debility grappled manfully with his foe. At first the contest seemed equal and the issue doubtful, but soon Francois' weak frame began to totter, and the other gained on him rapidly. He saw his danger, and the terrible thought that if he fell in this contest, Adèle would be the victim of a powerful and unscrupulous rival, seemed to renew his powers. He gathered up his remaining strength for a last effort, and with such success that Herman, taken unawares, staggered, dropped to his knees, and finally lay prostrate on the ground. Planting his foot on the latter's chest, Francois unsheathed his sword and flung his arms on high, the Field-cornet at the moment uttering a cry that brought the Hottentots running to his rescue from every direction.

"Die, villain!" cried Francois, "die the death you have so richly merited."

Stallenberg groaned, but before the hand of his enemy descended on him, he was felled to the earth by Hancunqua, who dealt him a blow from behind with his knobkerrie. Herman jumped to his feet and rested his arm on the chief's shoulder while he looked exultingly down on the prostrate form of his fallen foe.

"Is he dead?" enquired he anxiously.

The chief stooped and examined the body.

"Stark dead," replied he. And he called two Hottentots and bade them carry the body away.

Herman's face brightened. "Nothing could be more fortunate," thought he; "the fellow was the first to attack me, and he fell accidentally by the hand of another, who attempted to rescue me. I shall be able to bring that proud damsel to her senses now."

"Take the body to your chief's kraal," said he aloud, "and let us give it decent burial. He brought it on himself, unfortunate man. I but performed my duty."

Hancunqua was struck with Stallenberg's humanity, and did not know that it was all said and done for appearance sake, for he would presently have to send a full report of all that occurred to Van der Stell. Anxious about the issue of the contest, Hancunqua turned to resume his duty as commander, but he was disappointed, the Field-cornet declared the conflict over.

"Fall back into your ranks," said he, "our object is accomplished; the convict is taken, let no more blood be shed."

The chief fumed and fretted, and declared boldly that he would not submit. He had been promised that his reward for assisting in this affray would be the spoil of the enemy, and now he was recalled peremptorily just at the moment that he hoped to strike the *coup de grace*. But the Field-cornet was firm, and so they returned,—the chief sulky and rebellious, and declaring loudly that he would forsake all allegiance to Chotona sooner than submit to such arbitrary measures on the part of the Burghers. His outraged feelings reached their climax when, on his arrival home, he discovered that a number of his best sheep and oxen were missing, and on enquiry found that Meerhoff had visited the camp during his absence, pretending that he wished to see the chief on important business, and when informed that the latter and his men were gone, had disappeared and the sheep and cattle shortly after. His wrath knew no bounds; he stamped and raved, and was on the point of marching his men there and then against Meerhoff, regardless of all Chotona's injunctions, when he was suddenly recalled by an agonizing, despairing cry, and on looking round saw a Hottentot some distance off, kneeling beside Francois' body, caressing it and moaning over it, while he used every effort to prevent the Hottentots from carrying it to its newly-dug grave.

"Who are you?" inquired the chief.

"I am the son of Chotona. I love this white man; he befriended me when I was among strangers, poor and destitute."

Hancunqua was surprised and held out his hand to raise Jephtha, but seeing Stallenberg advance towards them, he ordered the Hottentots to leave Francois' body undisturbed for the present, and went forward to meet the Field-cornet.

Jephtha heard Stallenberg inquire about Francois' burial, and the chief's answer.

The Field-cornet turned very pale, and spoke to Hancunqua earnestly, and at some length, but the latter was determined not to yield.

Then he heard Stallenberg's loud and angry voice say, "You must,—you are bound to do it."

And he heard the chief reply firmly and positively that he would not.

"Restore my kidnapped cattle first," said the latter.

"I *promise* you that I will," replied Stallenberg.

"I don't believe you," answered the chief. "I have been too often

deceived by you all. When I see my cattle here I will grant your request ; not before."

"I swear," said Herman, "that I will compel Meerhoff to restore to you all your missing cattle within a week from this date."

"When you have restored the cattle," said Hancunqua firmly, "I shall grant your request, not before. But, Field-cornet, if you do not keep your word, beware, for I shall spare neither you nor Meerhoff, but take summary vengeance on you both. I have borne enough, and shall not suffer patiently the loss of my cattle."

"I give you my word," said Stallenberg, "that on the day appointed you shall have your cattle ; see that you fulfil your part of the bargain."

"Well and good," replied the chief. Then seeing the Field-cornet look very pale and ill, he invited him to come in and refresh himself, but he declined, excusing himself on the plea that matters of of importance required his presence at home.

Before leaving, he turned to the chief again, and demanded that the Hottentot who was with Du Plessis should accompany him.

"I dare not give him up," said Hancunqua. "He is the son of Chotona, and his person is sacred among us."

The Field-cornet took the chief aside and spoke to him earnestly for some time, then poor Jephtha was led forth and told that he had to accompany Stallenberg.

"Don't be afraid," said Hancunqua. "No harm shall come to you. I have the Field-cornet's word for it.

Jephtha was soon undeceived. Once out of the chief's sight and he found to his cost how much Stallenberg's word was to be depended on. He was tightly bound with thongs, and when they arrived home thrown into an out-house, where he was chained and sparingly fed, while the windows and doors of his prison were securely bolted and barred. Here Stallenberg intended to detain Jephtha, and only grant him his liberty when he himself was married and settled.

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## *Childless.*

### I.

Poor mother ! She is so lonely,  
So smitten and bowed with woe !  
The Hand that she loved and trusted,  
None other has dealt the blow.

She looks at the motionless cradle,  
The playthings cast idly aside,  
And kisses, with pale lips and trembling,  
The couch where her darling died.



Her arms are so empty—so empty ;  
 And cold and forlorn is her breast ;  
 Her home all silent and dreary ;  
 No care has she now—and no rest.

“ O woman ! ’twere surely far better  
 Never joy of a mother to know,  
 And be for ever a stranger  
 To this lifelong anguish and woe.”

Her white hands she folds devoutly,  
 Looks up through her tears and sighs :  
 “ No, give me the love of a mother,  
 ’Tis sweet, though the loved one dies ! ”

## II.

There stood by the casement musing,  
 A lady of loveliness rare,  
 And costly her robes and her jewels,  
 Yet languid and listless her air.

She is young, is beloved, and has riches ;  
 What means then the frequent sigh ?  
 The teardrop that starts unbidden  
 In the weary, unsatisfied eye ?

A woman, her cheeks pale and sunken,  
 In tatters, with bare feet and head,  
 With a babe on her wasted bosom,  
 Draws timidly near and asks bread.

And the child’s feeble gaze meets the lady’s,  
 As it raises its innocent eye ;  
 She takes gold—then pauses—and looking  
 To heaven reproachfully cries :—

“ Comes she begging to me ? I have nothing !  
 No, nothing, while childless I pine ;  
 That babe in her arms—God of mercy !  
 Shall never such treasure be mine ? ”

R.

## The Native War and its Lessons.

AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE QUESTION OF THE DAY—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE NATIVE TRIBES IN OUR MIDST AND AROUND OUR BORDER?

THROUGHOUT this our South African—Dominion call it—one thought is uppermost in the mind of all who are accustomed to exercise their minds in thinking at all, and that is : What are we to do with the native tribes in our midst, and around our border?

*Our past treatment with them a failure.*—Underlying this question there is a felt necessity that we must do something with them other than what we have doing these last fifty or more years. By our doings of the past, we have failed in securing our object, the maintaining of peace, and the improvement of the native. Of the native tribes it may be very confidently affirmed that they have made no improvement, most certainly none commensurate with the pains that have been taken for them, and the money that has been spent in keeping at work among them a large improving agency. They have not adopted into their mode of living, nor embraced into their character, anything from civilization which it is of advantage for them to have. They have shown no disposition to imitate us in any of those things by which our admitted superiority to them is unmistakably marked out. When urged to do so, and when the benefit and advantage to themselves of doing so is set before them, it affects them nothing, in the way to stimulating them to the practice of industrious manners, or the formation of honest and industrious habits.

*Imitation an important factor in transforming character.*—This is a feature or element of native character which has clouded with disappointment all that sunny hope had ever lit up in the mind, as a prospect of what might yet be realized in the not remote history of the natives. The faculty which prompts to imitation has ever been an important factor in promoting the transformation of a people, and raising them in the scale of civilization. It is an influence more effective to this end than is positive law or precept.

*Well to be really convinced of failure.*—Our past treatment of the natives having been a failure so thorough, it is well that we should see it, and fully admit the fact. We are then more likely to strike out with resolution and decision upon a new course, that we feel the necessity for it. This fact of failure so undeniable suggests a wide question which we shall not at present discuss. It is sufficiently indicated when we ask: To what extent shall we ever succeed in improving, civilizing, the aborigines, among whom our lot is cast? We may aim at too much. We may make the standard such as the subject is not capable of rising up to. Then we shall always be disappointed.

*Through our treatment of them, the natives have not respected us.*—

Forbearance has entered too largely into our rule over those tribes during the past. It would be difficult to convince the experienced observer of our dealings with them, that we are not, and have not throughout, been afraid of them; their numbers, and their means of working us mischief. And beyond question, this was the impression, the conviction, wrought in their minds. They could not otherwise account for our bearing with, overlooking, their many provocations. The principle of the strong bearing with the weak is beyond the range of aught that they know, and to a people in their condition, it may be well questioned whether the principle be wisely applied. In any ruling power which they have ever known, equity, disinterestedness, have had no place. Despotism, self-interest, the exercise of tyrannous power, are the only features of a ruler's character of which they know anything. These belong to every one who exercises authority, chief or husband, or father or master. This is a principle of character in which the people differ entirely from us. The husband, the father, the master does not secure obedience as we do in like relations. The veriest despotism, self-interest, pervades all their authority; their very conception of authority rests upon this basis. Hence there exists among them only the two relations, master, slave. A common weal is utterly foreign to any idea which they have.

These not having been the principles according to which our rule over them has been exercised, they regard that as weakness only, all in which we have been unlike their native rulers. On this ground they naturally with old respect for us. The strictest administration of justice and equity among them, protecting them even against the injustice and oppression of their own chiefs, fails to impress and influence them as a simple exercise of authority would.

*Their Chiefs govern by "right divine."*—Nor may we overlook the principle of their attachment to their chiefs. It rests upon a religious feeling or sentiment. It is, perhaps, the only form in which the existence and operation of religious sentiment among them is indicated. "The divine right of kings" is the formula under which the same principle is expressed in the history of civilized communities. That doctrine has undergone important modifications since the days when the old Stuarts of the family royal made it their password in Britain, or the later times when the adherents of the Bourbons stood by it in France. But with his utter want of mental or of moral culture, and with no definition whatever, or proper conception of what "the divine" is, the native of South Africa regards his chief as really in possession of that right, and on such ground entitled to the loyalty and obedience of his people, as much as the most ardent royalist who ever dubbed Charles I. martyr, or the most kingly of the French emigrants, whose soul burned with grief and shame, and indignation, when he learned how the brutalized Parisian rabble gloated over the spectacle of Louis XVI.—only "Louis Capet" to them—brought to the guillotine.

We have a lively remembrance of how the Gaikas expressed their feelings, when at the outbreak of the last rebellion and war, Sir Harry Smith put a price upon Sandilli's head. Can there be more hearty cursing, or more lusty belabouring than what the Portuguese sailors mete out to the effigies of Judas Iscariot, in their annual remembrance of his abhorred baseness? With kindred feelings did the Kafirs on that occasion regard the act of the rough old soldier, whom they had so befooled, and provoked to an outburst of temper. They heard it with feelings such as would pain our hearts, were we to hear the Holy One blasphemed by impious lips. Sacrilege it was in their eyes—presumptuous sacrilege. With what rancour they planned and watched to prevent his escape from Fort Cox; and the frenzy of madness to which their disappointment rose when they found out that he had escaped them, has had no parallel whatever in any of their violent doings, or states of feeling, throughout this present war.

A few years ago too, when we laid hands upon Langelibalele, there was a milder, but not less an expression of real surprise, uttered by the Fingoes in the frontier divisions. They have a traditionary—it can be nothing more, only the very oldest of them at all remember Natal—feeling that he is their great or paramount chief, and to know that he was made prisoner, was the reverse of acceptable to them. They were not in a position to resent it, but for the time it certainly affected their dispositions towards us.

*Loyal to us, as to their Chiefs, the natives can never be.*—Much as it has cost us, we do not despise the natives because of this cherished feeling of loyalty to their chiefs. It is one of the few things in their character that we can respect. Can we then have this feeling transferred to ourselves? Will the natives under any conditions ever become heartily, lively, loyal to us? It is to be feared they will not. We want that undefined and undefinable something which belong to, is inherent in, the chief. We rule by might, right of conquest, not right hereditary. We are an alien people, in every thing alien. It is well that we fully understand and admit this. We cannot secure the natural affection and religious sentiment of the natives; we cannot be to them in the room of their chiefs, but rule them we must. We have, surely we have “the right divine” to do that. That is, we are, in the wisdom of an all-wise, all-beneficent over ruling Providence, brought into this fair land. For what?

Not surely to be subject to barbarism, ignorance, heathenism. No; nor to sit contentedly down alongside of ignorance, barbarism, and heathenism, and make the best we can of our unenviable position. That would really mean the surrender of our advanced civilization, and the renunciation as well of all in our religious faith, that has made us what we are, to be followed by a certain inevitable sinking down to the same condition of barbarism as our sable neighbours and fellow-citizens.

*We must be master.*—The term master is here used in no offensive sense. We are here that we may subject the natives to our authority, have them under our rule. They must take law from us. That it be so, is quite as much for their well-being and advantage as it is to ours. Yea, to them the greater gain is. A loyal, hearty, sincere submission to our rule would be the beginning of true prosperity to them, and it would establish public security.

Then to bring them into, and keep them under, the desired submission, we alone must rule. Our government of them must be direct, not mediate. No native chiefs or headmen must be the channels through which our governing influence reaches the people, nor the agencies by whom our principles of government are reduced to practice among them. They do not, cannot, understand these principles. They are antagonistic to, and are the very reverse of, every idea and notion which the native mind has of government. That to them exists solely for the interest of the chief, and those in his favour. We have regard to the general good. The interests of the governed, not those of the governing, as apart from the other, are those to which our attention is devoted. The two objects are wide as the poles asunder.

*We have ourselves done much to add to the Chief's importance.*—The native's respect for his chief may not surprise us. Our own conduct has been as if we too acknowledged and were under the same influence. We have been loath to do ought that would seriously affect the chief's influence; we have done not a little, the tendency of which has been, to add to his importance. To-day we gather the fruits of our unwisdom. Witness even the means by which we sought to obtain labour for the prosecution of our public works. We did not address ourselves to the men as free to dispose of their own labour. Our government agents, civil commissioners, and others, applied to the chief to send so many of *his* men, at a given rate of wages, to railway or harbour works. Hence to Sandilli it was a grievance, a ground of complaint, that pay at the railway was reduced, when the Governor had an interview with him a few weeks previous to his openly renouncing his fealty. With our professed object—weakening the influence of the chiefs—could anything be more inconsistent? nor do we appear to have yet done with this suicidal mode of working. With the petty chief Oba it has been persevered in. For much of the difficulty of our position, we have to thank ourselves, and chiefly our public servants! Even now how are our Fingo levies raised? Precisely under the same policy, and yet we would weaken the power and influence of the chiefs!

We thought to deal tenderly with the time-honoured institution. We have flattered ourselves that by the equity and justice of our administration, the natives would become convinced that it was to their own advantage to be under our rule. They could then acquire property, become rich without danger. This they could not do under the rule of their chief. If a herd of cattle became large, his



covetous eye soon discovered it, and under one pretext or other his rapacious hand was quickly put forth to spoil the owner, and often enough, in addition, to deprive him of all means of complaining. Under our government nothing of this might be. Yet we see the native cast from him this and every other advantage, and at the beck of his chief rush into hostilities against us. Surely this ought to undeceive us if anything will !

*Our measures must now be thorough, decisive.*—There must be no more of that tender dealing with the acknowledged source of mischief. We must declare the limit of forbearance to have been reached, that there shall be no further recognition of chiefs or of tribal distinctions. That there shall be British subjects only. This done with decision, with firm hand, the first step in a process of reorganization has been taken, which, if maintained and followed up, is likely to ensure a permanent peace. We have surely often enough now made shipwreck upon the same rock to convince us of the danger of leaving it still there. We have been satisfied to merely buoy it hitherto, to warn of possible danger, we must now have it removed, cleared away quite.

*We have a twofold object.*—Our object in what we desire to accomplish is twofold. The securing our own safety and freedom from violence or public disturbance, and then, and by that means, the improvement of the native.

*Confidence an essential condition to us of success.*—It is not from selfishness that primary importance is given to our own interests here. Our interests and safety must be secured. Our object here is to advance and promote our interests and to enjoy prosperity. If we fail in this object, then we either seek a new field for the exercise of our energies and spirit of enterprise, or, by the difficulties of our position, and the successive disappointment of our hopes, the spirit of enterprise is crushed, dies out of us ; and to what good do we then live ? We fall back towards, if not really into, that barbarism by which we are surrounded. Is this a process likely to result favourably to the natives ?

Give us, on the other hand, a fair measure of prosperity, and for this we ask nothing more than to be secured in the peaceful possession of the legitimate fruits of our industry and enterprise. Then, thus protected, our feelings towards the natives assume quite a different character. They are sweetened, are made more friendly, and this is a matter of no secondary importance. We, not being robbed and plundered, do not look upon those around us as thieves or plunderers ; a state of comfort which we are made envious of by even this suggestion of it.

*Ourselves having prosperity we distribute it.*—When things go well with us, we cannot if we would—and we have no disposition to do so—shut the natives out from sharing with us in our prosperity. If he be his own master the tide of fortune which sets us forward will not strand his barque. If he be our servant, we can give a better

price for his service, and employ more of it, and will do so upon the common commercial principle of supply and demand.

*Marked progress has been made in the peace of 25 years.*—Without confidence in the perpetuation of peace, enterprise and industry, which are everywhere the essential conditions of success, must be sadly paralysed. The longest term of peace, unbroken by actual violence, which the page of South African history has to record, is that which the present outbreak of lawless plunder and bloodshed has so wantonly interrupted. Although throughout that period, more especially during the latter years of it, thefts of stock prevailed to an extent which none will credit who have not had the unenviable experience which is the lot of such losers. Yet with even this heavy drawback, there has been very positive progress made. Wealth has increased, fuller measures of comfort have been enjoyed, the means and opportunities of education have been enlarged and multiplied, civilization and its attendant blessings has advanced by all these means. Will anyone say that this has been to the prejudice of the natives within our borders?

*The best school for education of the natives.*—To those of them who honourably and honestly brought their labour into the market, it never before commanded such a price. The best school to which the natives have ever been brought was our public works, our wool-washeries, our road-making. At such places they were made to understand that these arms and hands of theirs had gold in them. Possibly it was just beginning to appear to some of the more reflecting and thoughtful of them, that honest work is, after all, better than thieving. But even in having them brought into this school, we most seriously blundered. Instead of treating directly with the men themselves, and with them as free men, at liberty, as every British subject is, to dispose of his labour as pleaseth him, we applied to the chiefs, and courted them to send out their people to our public works.

This was giving them a control over the men to which they had no claim. And from the interest which they evinced in the rate of wages paid, there can scarcely be a doubt that these workmen were required to give account of their earnings. They may not withhold anything that the chief requires of them. Their honestly acquired property they are not free to dispose of themselves. The native thus just beginning to learn industry, and to live by it, had in this way his participation in our prosperity unjustly interfered with. And in every case and in every direction it is so.

There is only one interest, and it is that of the chief. And while he exists, even though not to rule, even though deprived of authority, his name and influence is a power greater than that of law. Then to secure to the native himself a fair chance of entering upon a career of improvement, and of profiting by such opportunities as shall be opened up to him, the chief must be put out of the way. Not only his office abolished, but his presence removed as well. This will

cut off, and this only, his influence for evil upon the people, who have been too long under his pernicious influence and power.

And if the interest of the natives renders it necessary that the chief be removed, how much more does the necessity exist in reference to ourselves? Read the history of all our past troubles, and learn what these men have been to us. So thorough and so universal has the conviction of this necessity become, that it is no longer needful to argue it. Men's minds are made up on this matter,—there is unanimity.

*What then of the people deprived of their chiefs?*—The chiefs having been disposed of, what of the people? One of the best things to be done with them is to make a wide distribution of them throughout the Colony as servants. Among the industrial classes of the old Fatherland, the lessons were learned and the experience gathered up of our early life, and well have these served us in the land of our adoption. We have observed attentively for thirty years, and studied the character of the natives of this country with all friendly interest; and as our matured and deliberate judgment we give it, that they are in the service of others better than they are being their own masters. Their wants are better supplied, their comforts are greater. Their habit, their nature of barbarian idleness, it concerns them first of all to be rid of. It is only when cured of this, having it eradicated, that they can make even a beginning in the lesson of civilization.

*Communities, exclusively barbarian, do not improve.*—Those who have had equally good opportunities of studying native character, and of observing their ways, and who above all will impartially read and give due weight to the facts of their history, will coincide with us in this, that in separate communities by themselves, is not a favourable condition to their getting rid of habits of idleness. Nowhere is there evidence of civilization in progress if not in our towns and villages. There the natives find ready employment in domestic service and otherwise, and they grow into habits altogether different from those found in locations.

Mission stations are supposed by those who have no real knowledge of the state of matters there to be centres and schools of industry. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Aversion to work is in many cases even more deeply rooted among the people gathered round these stations. They suppose themselves above it. A lad when he has got a smattering of book learning, looks to be made a schoolmaster of. But let a farmer offer employment to such a one as a ploughman, or a gardener, or a shepherd, and he will likely be answered in a tone both of surprise and sauciness, that he is a station person, and is not at all disposed to soil his hands in such work.

*The native must have a more pressing necessity to labour.*—Left to his own choice he will not make the choice. Then if any worthy and good is to be made of the native, a necessity to work more rigorous than he has yet been under, must be laid upon him. Our children

are taught it, but children of larger growth might well learn the lesson, that

“Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.”

When the hands are well occupied in making honest gain, the disposition to steal will become weakened, will gradually die out, and the plotting of sedition and rebellion is not likely to find encouragement in the minds of the industrious man, when he has made accumulation of the fruits of his industry, and has something to lose.

*In the capacity of servant the native is in every way better.*—Contrasting the condition, the comfort, the general well-being of natives in the employ of colonial farmers and other employers of labour, with what they have who are their own masters, the first class are in every way better. They are better fed, they are quite as considerately and kindly used as servants in Britain are, and they have not by a very long way so much work to do. They are protected against the worst consequences of their own improvident dispositions, and their riches have all been accumulated in service. If on any occasion they be wronged, or ill-treated in any way whatever, they know well where to obtain redress, and they are by no means backward in availing themselves of the protection which the law affords them in such a case.

The continuous work of a servant is what lies most against the grain with them. A month or two they do not much object to that; but the thought of a whole year, to day after day have still something, work of some sort to do, is to them more than slavery. But this is just one of the inveterate habits of their barbarism, which they must be cured of if their existence as a people is to be prolonged. There is no place for a voluntary idleness in this age of strenuous unslumbering manly industry. Least of all is there place for idleness here, in this new world, this virgin soil, with all its natural capabilities unused and resources undeveloped, wanting only the hand of persevering, honest industry, directed by intelligence, to bring out, develop, and use these resources. A happy, contented, prosperous community might then, would then, occupy and enjoy this fair region of the earth, and “good hope” be the feeling of every heart, and “Good Hope” be the all appropriate motto emblazoned on our subordinate national arms. Has it ever yet been so?

*What does experience say as to the condition best for the native?*—Here we have set memory an exercise. We have bid every case that has come under our own knowledge be brought up for review. We invite all who read these lines to do the same. The result is that not a single case is within the range of memory in which a native family retiring from colonial service and setting up as their own masters, has done so with advantage to themselves; nay, they have invariably gone backwards. Full they have come out, but empty they one and all soon became. And this is in reference to the most favourable of those cases, those in which the parties rent



land from proprietors who have more than they can profitably occupy themselves. In this case they do not retire beyond the bounds of civilization and its influence. To this influence they are still subject. More or less they are under the eye of their landlord, and are constantly brought into contact with civilized life and manners. To industrial exertion they have a twofold stimulus; there is the necessity of making up the amount of their yearly rent, and also they know that all the produce they raise, all that they make out of their labour, is their own. This is all the encouragement that any free man has a right to expect.

Notwithstanding all this such parties do not better their condition. We have been in personal contact with such parties for the last fifteen years, and in no case has there been improvement made. The stock accumulated during, it may have been, several years' service, gradually diminishes, the crop raised is disposed of as soon as ever it can be got fit for market, literally no thought being taken for the morrow. This brings yearly a time of hunger. No matter how plentiful the crop, they keep selling so long as any of it remains. Those who have abundance soon have about them friends who have nothing. The idle and the industrious share alike of whatever there is, so long as it lasts. This communism soon makes all communists together, and when they no longer have of their own they will take wherever they can most easily help themselves to.

Another evil to which parties in the above position is exposed to is time, idle time hangs heavily on their hands. They cannot sleep all the time that they do not work. They must find something for them to do, or Satan will.

What was the history of the Kat River settlement but a confirmation of all this? And those having the fullest knowledge and experience of the matter will, we are convinced, be the last to gain-say what has been advanced.

*We failed to learn a lesson Providence would have taught us.*—However desirable it may be, even for their own interests, that the natives be distributed as servants, to as wide an extent as possible, many of them do not see it so; only the pressure of hunger, rising almost to starvation, will make them yield to it. How many thousands were rescued from a miserable death after the cattle slaughtering and corn destroying mania of twenty years ago, by being carried, when they could no longer go, to where food and employment were provided for them. Providence gave us an opportunity then which, had we rightly and wisely used, present troubles had not likely come upon us. Generosity is a feeling which takes rank among the virtues. It may, however, be unwisely exercised. When these necessitous people had well recovered themselves, earned by their service cattle in the room of those which they had insanely destroyed, were being fully and easily employed, and having their character and habits moulded into the form of civilization, we afforded every encouragement and facility for them to return to barbarism and idleness. To-day we receive the rebuke of the dulness of our apprehension on that occasion.



*No infringement of the natives' liberty.*—Leave, by all means leave, the native as free to dispose of his labour as liketh him, as is the colonist or the European. If he prefer being his own master to being in the employ of another, then no man may take from him that freedom of choice. Only let him support himself in honesty. No one has a right to interfere with him.

*Provision must be made for new condition of things.*—As many will ever prefer being their own masters to being in the employ of another, it will be needful and wise to make provision for the altered condition of things. Tribal locations, and the chief's name and power abolished, there must come something instead.

Would it be well to have locations exclusively native? Or were it better to have an intermixing with a higher civilization? On many accounts this to our minds seems preferable. If the leaven of civilization is ever to pervade and affect the character of the whole mass, the more thorough the mixing the more speedily and thoroughly is the change likely to be effected. So very little hitherto has been done towards improvement in character and habits, in exclusively native locations, the mission stations, the professed object of which is to improve, that we are not sanguine in our hope of large success in the future under this mode of ministering to the elevation and improvement of the barbarian masses with whom we are mixed up.

*Ought every man to be an owner of land?*—Without a large increase to our civilized population by immigration, which we would rejoice to see, there will be a difficulty in absorbing, as has been suggested, all the natives who may fail to be disposed of. Locations will become necessary. Is it, however, a wise policy to make every man an owner of land? We prefer a social organization having various grades of position. An aristocracy is not of itself an evil. Such a class naturally comes up in the very working out of a process of civilization. Let it be open to all who have character and ability to rise to it. Hardly any distinction in society can be worse than that which gives a man position merely because he is thought to be worth an uncertain number—only let it be big—of pounds sterling.

*A transition state of things is before us.*—If, happily, a tide of improvement do set in upon our native fellow subjects, and carry them forward and upward to a higher grade in the social scale, then the next quarter of a century will be marked by a transition period. In view of this it were perhaps well that the arrangements made be adapted to a state of change rather than that they should contemplate permanence. One law we already have well suited to this state of things. It is that under the provisions of which districts of country have been surveyed, divided into farms, which are let to occupiers upon a twenty-one years' lease.

Let the lands upon which the natives shall be located be brought under this arrangement and disposed of in the same manner. This will give them a fair opportunity of developing what shall be their future position. Those that have in them the elements of stability

and progress will make progress. Those who have not cannot, and ought not, to be kept upheld in a position for which they prove themselves unfit, by any artificial means or exceptional treatment of whatever sort. Long before the twenty-one years have terminated it will be seen who are likely to establish an advanced position for themselves, and who shall lag behind.

*Community in land unfavourable to progress.*—As at present held, with no certain tenure, no personal right or title to the land which he cultivates, the man who would make progress cannot do so. He cannot rise above or at all distinguish himself from the community of which he is a unit. He is held back, overweighted by all the others. If he would sow wheat, he cannot do so at the proper season. His neighbours will not shut up their cattle at night, until their own crops of mealies and Kafir corn are in danger of being destroyed by them. He cannot enclose his land nor in any way improve it. Those who do not wish to conform more to colonial modes of culture, hire land of some farmer in their neighbourhood, where they know that their crop will not be destroyed by unherded cattle. Wherever there are tracts of unappropriated land let it be disposed of upon the above principle. There are many native families who, by transport riding, have accumulated a number of cattle, and would hail with real satisfaction the prospect of becoming essees upon such terms. The yearly rent too would be a highly acceptable addition to the public revenue.

It were better to encourage agriculture than cattle keeping. It gives fuller employment, the produce is less conveniently carried off by theft, and it tends in every way to promote a higher civilization. Small farms would be here better than extensive grants. Reserve additions to those who shall prove themselves deserving of them by their enterprise and improving culture. No stimulus is likely to be more effective with the native than additional land, if he use well what he has got. To him that hath shall be given.

*An equitable war tax.*—A very much larger sum would readily be given for land in this way, than the aggregate of native hut-tax. Private parties can now easily rent what land they have to dispose of, at a rate of three pounds per annum, for as much ground as a family can cultivate. When the property is that of the Government, it is surely not of less value.

Let this important lesson be taught the natives of every class, that war is an unprofitable thing. Self-interest kept some of them on our side, but that only. They rendered no service but that for which they were paid; though the property protected was their own, we drew the sword to defend them. The aggressors who made the war did so without cause, or justifiable pretext. It was not of our seeking, it has been to our incalculable loss. Why should it be a future burden upon our shoulders? This is the fashion of the times—war indemnities, let us adopt it. Let the natives of all classes and names well understand

that we are not under obligation to pay for what was brought about by their lawless dispositions and practices. Fear for the time being, and want of opportunity, has done something to tie up the Fingoes' hands, but not a little of our stolen property was lifted by their hands, when they passed themselves off as very quiet, inoffensive neighbours.

An additional advantage of a higher payment will be that it will impose a more urgent necessity to work, and also to husband with care what they do earn. These are considerations of no secondary importance.

(To be continued.)

## The Anti-Convict Cry.

[CAPE TOWN, 1849.]

(See Engraving of the Public Meeting then held in front of the Exchange.)

“Sound the glad message, o’er land and o’er sea,”  
 Sound it,—resound it, South Africa’s free!  
 Free from the stain that the convict would bring,  
 Free from the murderer:—*loud let it ring!*  
 We have “fought a good fight, a great victory won,”  
 And long shall sons tell what their fathers have done.  
 For we lived here in peace, we had done no one harm,  
 Our homes were so quiet: *then burst the alarm—*  
 “The convicts are coming, from over the sea!”  
 We shuddered and whispered: “NO, NO, WE’LL BE FREE!”  
 The whisper grew strong, the shudder took form,  
 Our pulses rose high, our blood it beat warm:  
 No! never! we vow, as long as we live,  
 Shall we to the felon our home-shelter give:  
 Nor stoop to the proud one, far over the wave,  
 Who would raise, in South Africa, LIBERTY’S GRAVE.  
 Take back your foul shiploads, your curséd with crime,  
 Seared faces polluted with filth all begrimed;  
 Take back your low thieves, your murderers base,  
 We *shall* not, we *will* not, live face to face  
 With those who have broken great England’s high law:  
 Oh! God, whom our fathers bade us adore,  
 Be with us, be near us, we pray unto thee,  
 Let us stand, let us die, for sweet liberty.  
 It is better, ’tis richer, ’tis dearer than gold,  
 So often have sworn our brave sires of old,  
 They breath’d it on mountain, they fought it on plain,

And here—God be with us—we'll fight it again !  
 No need for a weapon, no need for a brand,  
 We'll gather the victory from moral command.  
 For we value our land ; oh ! dear in our eyes  
 Is sunny South Afric, with heavenly skies.  
 We will not pollute it with Europe's sad scum,  
 May our hands first be palsied, our lips first be dumb ;  
 May our hearts first be pulseless if they beat not with might,  
 For whatever is pure, and lovely, and right.  
 How long, long ago, were we rev'rently taught  
 That whatever is " lovely " and good of report ;  
 To *that* we must hold, and for *that* we must strive,  
 And so we will ever, while Freedom's alive.  
 Our sons and our daughters shall, like us, live free,  
 We shall not despoil them of glad Liberty ;  
 No never, 'fore God, shall they 'sociates be  
 Of deadliest, direst, black villany.  
 Keep, keep your own scourings, we cry unto thee,  
 Yes, keep them in England, far over the sea !

Thus rung the proud chords struck by JOHN FAIRBAIRN 'the bold,'  
 Oh ! let to our children his name e'er be told  
 As one to be memoried for ever a day ;  
 To him 'tis they owe their real freedom's bright ray ;  
 To him, and to those who round him clung strong,  
 And echoed, re-echoed, the high note along :—  
 " We will stand, we will die, for sweet Liberty,  
 Oh God ! from the Convict keep South Afric free."

The hard battle *was* won ; resound it o'er sea ;  
 We fought, and we conquered, South Afric *is* free.  
 And should ever again like wrong be begun,  
 May our sons then remember what their sires have done ;  
 United, swear steadfast, on low-bended knee,  
 " Great God, give us strength, keep South Africa free.  
 " The lesson our fathers left us to learn,  
 " May it sacredly-pure, constant-faithfully, burn ;  
 " We shall make it re-echo from out every clod,  
 " That South Africa's made of—" Yes, so help us God !"

" FORTY-NINE."

## Letters on Banking.

### V. ON THE NATURE AND ADVANTAGES OF A BANKING ACCOUNT.

HAVING now, in a manner, placed before you the mechanism of a bank, and indicated what ought to be a perfectly sound financial basis for its constitution, our next task will be to inquire into the method of its operation. This subject will be best illustrated by showing you what would be considered a prudent course in the systematic management of the institution which we have been attempting to describe. Our object, so far, has been to ascertain the principle upon which capital is accumulated in the bank. We have now to consider the subject of its distribution by the banker. In many respects, and especially as far as regards the selection of a banker, this is perhaps the most difficult part of the question which we have to answer.

Before we can understand the process of distribution aright, it will be necessary to become a little more familiar with the conditions upon which the capital is, in the first instance, deposited with the banker. It has already been generally stated that the capitalist left his money in the hands of the banker, as a sort of profitable way of insuring its safe custody. This statement is no doubt substantially correct; and for this reason the money would probably remain in the banker's hands if the depositor did not require to invest it in his business, or pay it away to meet the current expenses of daily life. It is not, however, possible that money should remain long idle in the face of an active trade; on the contrary, it is continually changing from the possession of one individual to another, and from one banking account to another. As one individual buys and another sells, and a third individual is paid; the money of the buyer being drawn from his banking account and deposited in the account of the seller and again transferred from the account of the seller—often to pay for the goods sold, or to replace these goods by a fresh stock, and so on—one class of accounts being in process of reduction, while another is in course of expansion. Now, although the fall and rise may in the end pretty nearly counterbalance each other, unless the banker had an intimate knowledge of the probable requirements of that section of his customers who circulate their capital the greatest number of times, he could not form an intelligible idea of the amount of cash which it would be necessary to provide against their wants. He would, therefore, be ignorant of the sum which he might be at liberty to apply, with due regard for the safety of his bank, to purposes of commercial industry on his own account.

In order to form a basis which will serve to guide him in judging of the necessities of his customers, the banker subdivides the accounts which we have hitherto referred to under the general term of "cash credit" into two classes. These are familiarly known as current



and deposit accounts. A customer may, with the consent of his banker, draw on a current account beyond the balance standing at his credit in the bank ledger, but a deposit account is not intended to be operated upon at all. The former may be described as an active or working account, whilst the latter is inoperative or dormant. A distinction between active and dormant capital is thus drawn by the depositors themselves when they deposit their money in the bank, as they must first have reference to their own probable necessities before selecting between a "current" and a "deposit" account.

The terms upon which the banker receives money for the credit of these accounts vary somewhat throughout the country. In banks situated in rural districts, in the midst of an agricultural population, where banking transactions are few in number and limited in amount, the charges may be slightly different from banks possessing a larger volume of transactions. But in those banks carrying on business in the commercial centres of the country the scale of charges is nearly uniform; and accounts may be opened in any of the principal towns in England, on one or other of the following conditions:—

On current accounts :—

1. By maintaining a fixed permanent balance with the banker, in consideration of which all cheques are cashed free of charge.
2. By payment of a nominal commission proportionate to the amount of transactions on the account.
3. By payment of a rateable commission on the actual amount of transactions.

On deposit accounts, at interest varying according to the value of money in the market.

The services which the banker on his part engages to perform may be denoted as follows :—

1. To discount and collect, or to collect without discounting, all the receivable bills of his customer, his cheques on other banks, &c., wheresoever payable.
2. To protect, or retire, his acceptances wheresoever payable.
3. To open a credit for his use in London, or with any of the agents of the bank to be operated upon at pleasure; and to grant him a draft or bank post bill on any of the bank's agents.
4. To receive all sums for the credit of the depositor, whether tendered at the bank, or lodged in any other bank in the United Kingdom, and to pay to him, or on his account, on demand, gold or silver coin, in exchange for any description of currency, or bills which may have been placed to the credit of his account.

Current accounts are generally worked by the London bankers on an arrangement with the customer either to maintain a fixed permanent balance with the bank, or by the payment of a nominal commission, as indicated under No. 1 and No. 2 of the conditions

already mentioned. The charge which is usually adopted by the English provincial bankers is that based on the principle of rating a commission on the amount drawn from the account during the year. The rate of commission imposed seldom exceeds one-eighth of a pound per cent., or 2s. 6d. for every £100 withdrawn.

The advantage of keeping a banking account, although subject to a charge of one-eighth per cent., will at once become apparent, if we briefly consider the nature of the services which the banker renders in return. Comparing this charge with the equivalent in service as classified above, let us suppose, in the first place, that an individual, instead of having his bills, cheques, and other properties, collected through the medium of a bank, does the work himself, in order to avoid payment of the banker's commission. The value of time employed, and travelling expenses incurred, in collecting £100 would in all probability far exceed the 2s. 6d. of commission which would be charged by the banker. And if by any chance the money happened to be either lost or stolen, he would be as much out of pocket by the transaction as would have collected more than £8,000 with perfect security through the agency of a bank.

The same observations apply with equal force in reference to the payment of bills accepted by the customers of a bank.

By granting to a customer a letter of credit, the banker enables him to obtain from the banker to whom the letter is addressed the exact amount of money which he requires, so that he can transact his business for ready cash without the risk or encumbrance of carrying the money in his pocket. The utility of a banker's draft, or bank post bill, is somewhat similar to a letter of credit. The former instrument is, however, transferable, and only entitles the holder to draw a specified sum; while the latter is not transferable, and the person in whose favour it is issued may, as on an open credit, draw to the extent of his necessities.

In receiving all sums for the credit of depositors the banker no doubt derives a temporary advantage from the aggregate amount of capital received, over and above the commission which he will be entitled to when the money is withdrawn. As far then as regards the collective body of depositors the banker may be presumed to be reaping a profit, apart from any specific charge, on business of this description. Selecting an instance, however, of a single payment, say of £100, made by an individual to-day, and the amount again withdrawn to-morrow: although the charge of 2s. 6d. may appear excessive when contrasted with the general business of the bank, it must be kept in mind that this is all the remuneration which the banker receives for the particular transaction. Now, in opening an account the banker arranges his terms with the individual depositor; and the depositor, as an individual, is not entitled to have a regard to the circumstances of the other depositors as they apply to the banker. It is not a bargain between one individual and all the rest of the depositors of the bank, but a simple arrangement between

the individual and the bank. In England a banker often hears it urged by customers, "We have no choice, but either to submit to your terms, or become our own banker. The Scotch and Irish bankers find it profitable to receive cash and pay it away without imposing any charge. You are simply placing a restriction on your own business." In answer to the first argument it may be replied, that if a merchant does not derive any benefit from having an effective check on his books, and the intrusions of his clerks; if he is willing to incur the risk of keeping large amounts of idle capital in his office, and of transmitting that capital from one place to another; and if the necessity of his business do not occasionally cause him to require temporary accommodation from a banker, he is clearly acting against his own interest to open a banking account at all. And the case as regards the practice of the Scotch and Irish banker does not stand on the same level as the English banking practice. We have already, in a former chapter, pointed out the flexible nature of the note-issue possessed by those banks, and it is only in a transaction of this kind where the public advantage of these notes in promoting cheaper banking becomes evident. Suppose, for example, an individual to open an account with a Scotch bank by depositing £100 in gold on the one day, and next day to draw the £100 from the bank. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in the thousand, unless coin were required for some special purpose, the banker's own notes would be accepted in payment of the sum withdrawn. Thus by making the payment in his own notes, the banker is clearing off one debt by contracting another, and the capital in the bank, instead of being diminished, has been thereby increased £100. Now compare this transaction with one of a similar kind in a non-issuing bank in England. The £100 deposited in gold would be again drawn in gold, so that, as far as capital is concerned, the depositor leaves the banker in the same position as he found him. But the banker would have to pay for the labour of counting the gold when it was first deposited, locking it up in his safe during the night, recounting it next day, and bearing the expense of stationery used when the money is paid in and withdrawn, without deriving any benefit from the deposit itself. The only remuneration which the English banker receives for a transaction of this description is the moderate commission of 2s. 6d. usually charged.

The four divisions of banking business which we have been considering comprehend the great body of transactions on current accounts. They also constitute the source whence the active demands on the banker's working capital arise, and in order to meet these demands he is bound to keep as much available cash as will at any time be sufficient to pay the total amount of liabilities incurred on the business included in these four divisions, as well as a fair amount to meet withdrawals from deposit accounts. The amount so reserved is, of course, necessarily larger where the money is received unconditionally on deposit.

A banker in maintaining a just balance between his reserve of cash and his investments, contracts the investments—that is, he reduces the volume of his distribution of capital, as the reserve falls to a minimum, and reverses the operation when the amount of ready cash approaches its maximum.

I have been guided in making these observations by the practice of men of wide and mature experience, and can confidently affirm that the general rule here indicated for the management of a bank is not an arbitrary one. A banker cannot with any degree of safety go beyond it. I have no hesitation in saying that where the precaution just alluded to is not observed the bank is not in a safe position, although in other respects it may be carrying on a first-class business, and making large profits, unimpaired by any bad debt.

JOHN K. GUTHRIE.

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*Dreamland.*

Thou camest on the morn,  
 When the sun shone clear and bright ;  
 Then was Love's promise born,  
 And Life, with Joy's fair flow'rs, gleamed white.

Thou camest in the night,  
 When the moon look'd down on earth ;  
 'Twas her sweet dreamy light  
 Which gave to our first trembling Love its birth.

And, when the sudden rain  
 Fell shining down from heaven,  
 To my spirit, once again,  
 The glad strange joy of seeing thee was given.

'Twas but a glimpse—no meeting—  
 A glimpse, and thou wert gone !  
 My heart sent forth a silent greeting,  
 A cry to thee—and lo ! 'twas left alone !

Thrice more thou camest to my home !  
 Thrice more I was not there :  
 But I knew that thou hadst come  
 For our spirits met, on the wings of air.

Thou didst not see my face,  
 But I heard thy voice so grave and sweet  
 My heart leap'd up, and beat apace  
 At the sound—and I felt our spirits meet.

At one bound they leap'd together !  
 Thou led'st me forth, and I went with thee  
 Out, out, in the rainy weather,  
 Across the misty plain, to the border of the Sea.

To the Sea of wild regret ;  
 Of regret for the deed which lay  
 Between us, and our Love, and set  
 A barrier there—a flaming sword, our joy to slay.

## II.

And the west wind raised his voice,  
 And moaned to the trees, and said,  
 " O earth ! no more, no more rejoice,  
 For the soul of Love is dead, is dead ! "  
 And a long sob shook the listening plain,  
 And the great grey mountain bowed his head.  
 The eyes of the stars looked dim with pain,  
 To our quivering hearts, whose joy had fled

Our joy had fled, the soul of our Love ;  
 But Love remained and lodged with woe.  
 Ah sweet ! thine eyes, like the eyes of a dove,  
 Look into mine, and mourn that we should suffer so.  
 They mourn with sorrow, silent, and deep—  
 With silent, hopeless despair.  
 When I meet their gaze, I can but weep.  
 I cannot relinquish our Love—for it is fair !

Ah ! fate inscrutable ! that we  
 Should fail to tell our love, while yet  
 'Twas pure ! while yet 'twas free  
 From this o'erwhelming misery—  
 This joyless pain.

Can I forget  
 Thou loved'st me first, ere ever she  
 Had come between us, like a fateful cloud,  
 To rob our souls of joy ; to take away  
 Our every shred, and rag, of bliss—  
 And leave us shivering ? Now Honour's voice cries loud  
 That this should be our joy, our duty this,  
 To bury deep our love beneath the clay.

And there flashes through the sombre air  
 The sword which keeps the way  
 To Life—lest we should enter there,  
 And our Love live for aye.

Then bow thy head, O mountain grand !  
 And weep ye trembling stars above !  
 Let great sobs heave the bosom of the land,  
 And pine trees sigh o'er our dead love.



But from its lonely grave I wot,  
 Fair flowers, and sweet, will grow—  
 The violet, and forget-me-not,  
 And lily, pure as snow.

III.

Awake ! ye joy-birds ! wake, arise !  
 Lift ye on high your joyous lays !  
 Let swelling Pœans cleave the skies,  
 Loud chords of victory and praise !  
 For unto us new strength is given  
 To rise triumphantly above,  
 And conquer, self—tho' self be riven,  
 And rent with pain ;  
 Yet phœnix-like, our Love  
 Will rise again  
 From his dead ashes. Tho' his fair wings  
 Be torn, and ruffled sore, he brings  
 Sweet messages of peace,  
 Which o'er our souls, like rain  
 On parchéd flowers, falls cool—  
 And bids our sorrow cease.

Ah dearest ! when again we meet,  
 Let time wave slow his wand,  
 While spirit doth fond spirit greet,  
 And hand lies clasped in hand.

Thy brow doth glow with radiance bright,  
 And thy sweet eyes seek mine—  
 Filled with a pure, and sacred light,  
 A joy all holy and divine.

Dear Love ! such love can never die !  
 When earthly bonds are riven,  
 May our freed souls, re-meet on high,  
 To bask in the Love of Heaven.

Sweet birds sing forth their carol clear !  
 Sweet flower-souls scent the ambient air.  
 The mountain smiles down, cloud-caressed  
 All things rejoice, afar and near,  
 Crying, " Who overcometh shall be blest ! "

The streamlet singing ripples by,  
 The passing breeze shouts in reply,  
 All nature seemeth joy-oppress'd !  
 Our hearts repeat, in ecstasy,  
 " Who overcometh shall be blest ! "

# Nellie Goodwin;

## A STORY OF THE FOREST.

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### CHAPTER IX.

THE year had nearly passed away; winter had come, and gone; spring was fast merging into summer, and all nature rejoicing in the sunshine and warmth. The cold had been very severe during the winter, and Mrs. Goodwin's health had suffered in consequence; but the returning spring seemed to be restoring it again, lifting a load of anxiety off her daughter's heart. For the rest, matters remained as they had been before; Mr. Gilbert was in constant attendance at the cottage where Mrs. Goodwin resided, and Nellie was too anxious about her mother, and too much occupied with her home duties, to take much note of his presence, for he always behaved towards her as a brother or a cousin might, and it was a relief in her trouble to have some one to turn to who was always ready with advice or assistance, so that a feeling of gratitude and friendship was springing up unconsciously on her part. But others judged less kindly, and it seemed the general opinion that Nellie would eventually give up Arthur for Mr. Gilbert—an opinion which he and his sister took care to strengthen, trusting that in time it would reach Arthur's ears, and so rouse his jealousy and anger against Nellie. In that strange swift way in which ill report always flies, rumours of this reached Arthur from all quarters, and though he strove hard to banish all feelings of distrust, they would rise at times, and he grew restless and impatient to see the true state of affairs himself. Nellie's letters, too, about this time, contained no longer any ill-will against Mr. Gilbert, but at times expressions of gratitude and commendation of him, which were not lost upon Arthur; and when he wrote back in a querulous, unsatisfied strain, she only did her best to soothe him, and trusted that during the very few months that now intervened before his arrival to claim her for his bride but little mischief could be done.

During the winter Clara had engaged herself to Dr. Hamley, and after a short engagement was married, and took up her abode in the little village of Diepfontein, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Ross very lonely and cheerless in the great old house in the forest. So once more they wrote and begged of Arthur to give up his appointment, and come and undertake the charge of the farm at Aveena, bringing Nellie with him. This letter found him in one of his most jealous, impatient moods. He had just heard from a friend coming from Summerville that Mr. Gilbert and Nellie were constantly together, and that he spoke of her as though he had completely won her affections; and it so happened that the last few posts had brought

him no letter from Nellie, she having unfortunately hurt her hand in such a manner as to prevent her writing for a short time ; so acting on the impulse of the moment, Arthur wrote to resign his appointment.

During the interval that he awaited an answer, he suddenly made up his mind to go at once to Summerville, without a word of warning to Nellie, his parents, or any of his friends, for the suspense was too great to be borne longer, and he would judge with his own eyes whether Nellie was true to him or not. Immediately on the acceptance of his resignation, he joined a party of young men who were going on a shooting expedition to the Interior, bade adieu to Wetherley, and set off to look his doubts and fears in the face. The party would pass within a few hours' ride of Summerville, and his intention was to leave them there, and go himself to see how matters stood. If Nellie remained true to him he would remain, persuade her to marry him at once, and return to the forest ; if his worst fears were realized, then he purposed to rejoin the hunting party and go, he cared not whither ; the forest would be the best place to bury himself in, he thought, after that.

While her lover was thus rendering himself miserable on her account, Nellie, conscious of her own truth and fidelity, was quietly busying herself "with that which before her lay in daily life ;" and having posted a long letter to him with a full explanation of her enforced silence, was eagerly expecting the answer which never came, he being on his way to Summerville when it arrived in Wetherley.

Summerville was basking in the sunshine of a glorious summer's afternoon : scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the trees, or ruffled the calm surface of the river, which reflected as in a mirror the cloudless sky overhead, when Arthur rode through the quiet streets and put up at an hotel, feeling strangely friendless and alone, though the village contained what was nearest and dearest to him. The inhabitants seemed to be just waking up from the afternoon's siesta, and a sleepy looking landlord came in in his shirt sleeves, rubbing his eyes vigorously, and peering curiously at the stranger, who ordered a meal, and then threw himself on the sofa, with a newspaper, which was only a pretence, for his eyes were gazing through the window on the street, in the vague hope of seeing some one he knew. There was a cloud of weariness and anxiety on his handsome face, which had been quite a stranger to it in the happy days of Aveena, and he pushed the hair from his forehead with a restless gesture of impatience, as though he would feign drive away the thoughts that troubled him. In half-an-hour's time a waiter came in with a great deal of noise and bustle, and commenced laying the cloth and preparing for a meal, glancing at the stranger under his bushy eyebrows at every favourable opportunity, till Arthur, impatient at the scrutiny, got up, and stood at the window with his back towards him. Presently a sound of horses' hoofs ringing on the hard street came in at the open door, and a lady and gentleman

passed the window at a quick pace. Arthur's heart seemed to stand still for a moment, and then to go on beating at double quick time; for surely that slight graceful figure was well known to him, and, as if to remove all doubt, just opposite the window she turned to her companion, and fully revealed the bright sunny face and golden hair of his fiancée. He gave an involuntary start that made the waiter turn to see what had caused it, and being of a garrulous turn he volunteered information.

"That be Miss Goodwin, the belle of the village; and that is her husband as is to be, Mr. William Gilbert; he is awful rich, and they will make a handsome pair. Some folks do say as she was engaged to another gent afore she came, but in my opinion that's just a bit of talk, for them two be always together."

And having taken a few turns round the table, and moved a spoon or two, he finished off with, "Now, Sir, your dinner is ready. Please come afore it gets cold," he continued, for Arthur seemed transfixed to the window, and when at length he roused himself with a shake, the man thought he must have come a long sea voyage, for his face looked pale and ill, and was the more confirmed in his opinion when, on his return, he found the meal scarcely touched.

Arthur put on his hat and walked out in a contrary direction to the one the riders had taken. His intention had been to go at once to Nellie on his arrival and hear the truth of the matter from her own lips, but now she had gone out, so he must only wait, and bear his burden patiently. The sight of her face had awakened all his love afresh, yet he couldn't bear to meet her while that man was near, and almost thought, if he could be quite certain of her preference for Gilbert, he would leave her to him, and go away as quietly and unnoticed as he had come.

Down the quiet streets, and along the banks of the river, he wandered; pondering these things, and fanning the flame of his anger and jealousy at every step, till the afternoon gradually passed into evening, and he thought the riders must have returned. On enquiring for Mrs. Goodwin's cottage, he was directed to a small cottage standing among a bower of trees, and surrounded by a tall hedge of climbing roses in full bloom, whose perfume filled the air around. As he drew near, he saw the two horses at the gate, and the same figures he had before noticed standing talking beside them. They had just alighted, and as their backs were towards him, he turned almost unconsciously down a little by-street close to the garden fence, where he was unseen by them, and watched the pair for a moment. Nellie's hand was on the gate, which she held open, and he couldn't see her face, but the tones of her clear voice reached him plainly.

"I have enjoyed my ride so much, cousin William; won't you come in and see Mamma, you have not seen her for some days."

"With the greatest pleasure," was the answer; "but I shall see you at the ball again to-night, shall I not?"

"Oh! of course! I have been looking forward to it so eagerly."

Then they passed up the garden path, and he heard no more, but a mad desire to rush after them, knock Gilbert down, and fly into a passion with Nellie suddenly seized him. Would he had yielded to the impulse, rash as it was, rather than do as he did then—crush it down with clenched hands and set teeth; and then with a cold, proud, disdainful, look on his hitherto frank, open face, walk quietly away to the river again, and as darkness crept over the village, return to the hotel with a determination to follow them that night and see it out to the end. Painful as it was, there seemed to be a kind of attraction for him in watching them together; and finding there was to be a large subscription ball held in the court-room that evening, he determined to attend it for a short time as a spectator, knowing that as a complete stranger he would not be discovered if he was ordinarily cautious. So when the quiet folks in the hotel were all asleep, he dressed himself in evening attire; and directed his steps to the court-house, which being the largest and most conspicuous building in the village, was easily discovered. The doors stood open on account of the heat, and, passing in, he stationed himself near the door, where a large flag partly concealed him. A number of non-dancers and lookers-on were also there, so without being himself observed, he could watch all the passers-by.

At first the glare of light, and the whirl of the dancers, dazzled him, and he almost despaired of finding what he sought, but when the music ceased and the couples walked slowly round, his eager gaze soon discovered Nellie and the rival he expected to see with her. She was almost as simply dressed as at the dance in the old forest, with the same clouds of white enveloping her, and the same white flowers in her hair, and for a moment it seemed as if he had been dreaming, and his own Nellie was before him again. But at that instant her partner addressed her. She turned to him with a smile and a laughing repartée, and the illusion vanished; he fell back further into the shadow, and watched with angry eyes and a heavy sorrow at his heart. Had he known that the very brightness of her face and lightness of her voice were caused by the thoughts of him which lay warm at her heart, how different would have been his feelings! That very morning a letter from Clara had told her how anxious her parents were to get Arthur to return to the forest, and expressed her almost certainty of his yielding to their wishes; and she, poor child, was flattering herself that he only delayed writing to her till his plans were settled. They had only passed a little way from the place where he stood when there seemed to be a crush in the room (which was very crowded), and to avoid it her partner led her round close to the wall. In turning suddenly she knocked her hand against a chair, and Arthur saw them stop, and Mr. Gilbert insist on her removing her glove to see the extent of the injury. She obeyed laughingly; and Arthur watching her every movement, saw that as she hastily pulled it off, her ring came away with it, and rolled within a



yard or two of where he stood. He knew it in an instant for the one he had given her, for it was of peculiar workmanship, and he wondered if she would notice or care for the loss. Mr. Gilbert took her hand in his for inspection; and evidently satisfied no harm was done, set it at liberty, when Nellie immediately perceived her loss, and Arthur knew by her face that she did so. They both stooped to look for it, but after what seemed to the eyes of the jealous watcher but a very superficial glance in the wrong direction, walked on with the rest again, apparently contented. That slight circumstance seemed to him proof sufficient that his love was no longer wanted or appreciated by Nellie, and with a sudden resolve never to look on her face again, he walked out of the ball-room with a heavy heart, and a feeling that he cared no longer what life had in store for him.

Meanwhile, Nellie was fretting as much as himself over the loss of that ring, and it was only on the repeated assurances of Mr. Gilbert that if she would go and sit down he would find it for her, that she consented to be led away from the spot, and then she watched him eagerly as he searched diligently enough in all quarters, and yet returned to her without it; for the very good reason, that it lay in his pocket, and he determined she should never have it. Still unsatisfied, she returned to search herself, and not finding it, was wretched enough even to have pleased Arthur for the rest of that night, and many days after.

At break of day on the following morning a stranger rode slowly through the village, which was just waking to a new day; and the people of the hotel entertained their friends long afterwards with the account of the strange man, who gave no name and asked no questions of anyone, but whose face was long impressed on their memories; for handsome and young as it looked when he arrived among them, and quiet as he seemed to have been while there, when he left in the morning, ten years at least, and a heavy load of care, seemed to have settled on it; and they all wondered what could have happened to him in that one night.

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#### CHAPTER X.

Arthur rode hard that day, and overtook the hunting party before they left the village where they had halted to make their final arrangements. He was warmly welcomed by them, for though but a silent companion, his knowledge of the country and its ways was of the greatest value to these young men fresh from England, and he was beset by a host of questions as to what route to take and what arrangements to make for provisions, &c., so, he being then anxious to drive away all thought, entered with great apparent earnestness into all their plans and projects.

Before he left the village he had one hard duty to perform, namely, to write to Nellie and set her free from all engage-

ment to him, and when all the rest of the party had retired to bed he sat alone to write it. It was a hard task, for now that some of his first feelings of anger and jealousy were subsiding, the old love asserted itself as strongly as ever; and try as he would he couldn't bring himself to write harshly to her. He even found himself making excuses for her at last, thinking how she might have been drawn into it gradually, and finding herself so much loved by a richer and (perhaps to the eyes of others) better man than he, had at length yielded to her friends' wishes and advice, and almost unconsciously grown to love him herself. So he turned all his rage against Mr. Gilbert, and only wrote Nellie a sad, despairing farewell, wishing her every happiness, and giving her no clue whatever to his whereabouts, or the manner in which he had obtained his knowledge concerning her, only breaking entirely every link that bound them together. To his parents also he wrote affectionately, and even cheerfully, telling them of his present expedition, and bidding them expect him at Aveena in a short time. He touched but lightly on his new sorrow, and allowed no word of reproach against Nellie to escape him, feeling instinctively that their love for him would make them judge harshly enough in any case. His letters finished, he dropped his head on his arms on the table, and fell asleep for very weariness, and thus the youngest of the party, a lad of sixteen, named Ernest Wilmot, found him next morning, when after having risen with the dawn himself, he strove to rouse his fellow-travellers. The boy had taken a great fancy to Arthur, and was exceedingly shocked at the haggard face that raised itself to his when he roused him, laughing, from his sleep.

"I say, Ross, whatever is up with you?" he exclaimed, starting back in astonishment.

"Oh nothing," replied Arthur, waking up from a painful dream, to a more painful reality. "I fell asleep here instead of going to bed, that is all."

The boy shook his head gravely, as much as to say he knew better than that, but he only said anxiously,

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, if you will post these letters for me, I will be much obliged." And Arthur put the letters hastily into his hand. "I have so many other things to see about."

Glancing at the letters, and seeing one addressed to a young lady, the boy guessed at once some part of his friend's sadness, and Arthur felt that he did; but trusted implicitly to the frank honest nature of the lad, whose sympathy was somehow a comfort just then; and never did he have cause to regret his confidence, for Ernest kept his own counsel, and throughout their journey was most kind and thoughtful to him.

*(To be continued.)*

## Coffee Taverns : or, Temperance Cafes.\*

BY THE DEAN OF CAPE TOWN.

"Among all the talkers, all the preachers, all the workers, all the names we see daily emblazoned on the roll of English fame, are there none that will set about to abate this nuisance and scandal : our national drunkenness ?"—The *London Times*.

HISTORY repeats itself in many a cycle. "The Coffee House" was some two hundred years ago the much frequented resort of the wealthy, the aristocrats, and the learned.

Many allusions to the popularity of Tea and Coffee as beverages much in vogue, are scattered through the published works of some of the foremost writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and within the last twelve years many of our leading public men have enthusiastically advocated and practically helped forward the People's Café Company movement in England.

Thus, *e.g.*, sang Pope the Poet in the days of "good Queen Anne"—

"Here thou, great Anne, whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea ;"

and also, that sisterly beverage, coffee, was in those far distant days credited with many mighty virtues, as the said minstrel asserteth—

"Coffee which makes the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

In that same Queen's reign and those of her royal successors, leaders of fashion, rulers of faction, eminent writers in the periodicals and magazines of the times, such as the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, frequented the coffee-house, and some indulged in post-prandial libations after the French custom, and quaffed their ten cups of coffee. Alas ! alas ! my T T friends, with comminglings of brandy in the steaming potation.

In this nineteenth century, under the benign sway of our gracious Queen, whom God long preserve, in England we recently find that the revival of "the Coffee-House" under the more modern name Café has tended to vast good and extensive profit : moral, physical, social, and pecuniary.

True it is that in this, as in so many cases, the means seem inadequate to secure the ends aimed at, but it is a stubborn fact that such institutions as these which have the high sanction of your Excellency's approval and patronage, have in England achieved important and beneficial results among sundry classes and in divers places.

\* The substance of a Paper read by the Very Rev. Dean Barnett-Clarke, M.A., at a public meeting in the Mutual Hall, His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere in the chair, on May 22, 1878.

For nearly seven years I have had in my heart a strong desire to see the hopeful inauguration of some such organization.

In vain have others with myself pleaded with pen and by word of mouth, publicly and privately ; but now, Sir, through your courteous readiness to help us, at a time when officially many claims must press weightily on your very scant leisure, those who are like-minded with me are confident that our hopes will become tangible realities if we launch our venture on sound commercial bases.

I could, sir, enlarge on the policy of such organizations on the grounds of Religion, Temperance, and Morality, but shall content myself with quoting stubborn facts, and detailing the emphatic opinions of shrewd men of the world, of some of our foremost Statesmen and leaders of public opinion.

From another rostrum, and within more sacred walls than these, I could weightily support my arguments from that volume of Holy Writ which you, sir, in divers portions of our good Queen's empire, have manfully honoured as the grandest fulcrum of national progress.

But I do not stand forth this day as the humble advocate of the Temperance movement, nor as the spokesman of resolute Good Templars and other uncompromising total abstiners, who emblazon their unfurled banners with the ruthless war-cry "Refrain, taste not." I fight not in their phalanx, though proud to combat shoulder to shoulder with them on behalf of the moral, social, mental, and spiritual vantage of my fellow men.

But "Restrain" *not* "Refrain" is the parole of my own fellow-fighters in our Volunteer Temperance Corps, in the valorous Sobriety Crusade, waged by the Church Temperance Society, which wisely recruits and welcomes temperate as well as abstinent members.

I verily am persuaded that the establishment of Coffee Taverns would help materially in breaking down that lethal habit of associating the quaffing of alcoholic drinks with all methods of social recreation, vicious or virtuous. The Café is

"A public-house without the drink,  
Where men can sit, talk, read, and think,  
Then safely home return."

We have, to-day, met here under your auspicious Presidency, and I shall quote the sayings of some, who, like your Excellency, have done our Queen and the State good service. First let that sturdy Saxon, John Bright, have his say : "The evils of intemperance are too vast for any known remedy, and I know not who has the courage to attempt to deal with them ; strong drink is a monster obstacle in our path ; remove this one obstacle and our course will be onward."

Listen next, to the vehement, benevolent, though garrulous Gladstone, who fiercely denounces "the drinking distemper as soul-destructive," and repents of the facilities once offered by measures of his Exchequer policy, to the spread of drink among women and children. Recently Mr. Gladstone has become a Vice-president



of the London Coffee Tavern Company, and has publicly expressed his conviction that it was by unpretending measures of that kind, thoroughly sound in their basis, that they would make the surest progress in contending against the monster evil of drunkenness.

The Earl of Derby, K.G., has also shown practical sanction of the Café movement by joining the body of Vice-presidents.

That veteran philanthropist, Earl Shaftesbury, thus records his thoughtful testimony—

“Cafés, coffee-houses, cocoa-houses, and temperance refreshment rooms, are acknowledged to be highly beneficial, and indeed a great necessity. They are founded, we believe, with one common purpose, viz., to reclaim people from indulgence in intoxicating drinks ; to raise their notions of social life ; to rescue them from temptation, and to put them in the way of attaining the highest good.”

Lord Beaconsfield, the shrewd British Premier, speaking at the opening of Lord Shaftesbury's Temperance estate, where, among 8,000 dwellers, there is neither gin palace nor beershop, expressed his warm sympathy and intense surprise at the remarkable results of this most successful experiment, adding, that “in such success is involved the triumph of moral virtues and the elevation of the great body of the people.”

The present Lord Chancellor, Lord Cairns, has also very warmly eulogized the coffee-house movement. That muscular Christian, Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., author of “Tom Brown's School Days,” is another zealous adherent. The venerable Lord Brougham sagely observed that we must reckon education as among palliatives only ; he adds, “To rely upon popular improvement only, and take no measures for removing the great cause of crimes—drunkenness—would be to lure ourselves into as perilous a security as theirs who should trust to the effects of diet and regimen when the plague was raging.”

Cocoa has been proved by practical experience to be the best and most welcome substitute for alcoholic liquors, and many an inebriate, now a total abstainer, thankfully quaffs cocoa, because it lulls the cruel craving for strong stimulants. So highly was chocolate esteemed that the name given to it was “Theobroma,” “food for the gods.”

Coffee in the year 1652 was too highly bepraised as the panacea for “fumes, headaches, gout, dropsy, spleen, and hypochondriacs.”

This I do not vouch for, but I confess tea is my favourite beverage, though what are termed “tea-fights” are not my longed for pleasures but abhorred bores.

I have no ambitious yearning in the words of the poet, though it may seem ungallant to proclaim it,

“To sip with nymphs their elemental tea.”

I conscientiously and determinedly abstain from the intemperance



of making even one pun, but please let me retail, only this once, that ancient classical Virgil quotation from *Eclogue viii* :

“ Te veniente die, te descendente canebat,”

thus translated by a punster fellow-culprit of olden times,

“ At morning he sang the praises of tea,  
The praises of tea, too, at evening sang he.”

As Waller said, so say I, of what Cilley Cibber apostrophized as,  
“ Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid! Smile-smoothing,  
heart-opening cordial.

“ The Muse’s friend, tea does our fancy aid,  
Repress those vapours which the head invade.”

But, to speak soberly, as tea-lovers should do, I do plead earnestly for the establishment of Cafés, because there Rest, Refreshment and Recreation can be safely enjoyed, “ for the good of the house ” as well as of the resorters thereto, because thence are banished those drinks which so injure the drinker by turning the men and women into fiends, and filling the hospitals, gaols and asylums.

Man is a gregarious animal, and bibulous withal, and when human creatures do congregate, the male and the female, crave somewhat to drink. In Europe and America Cafés are popular and profitable. A few immorally conducted specimens are the vile exceptions, for, as a general rule, all sorts and conditions of people resort to the coffee-palace as a rendezvous, where they escape incentives to evil, which compass about the frequenters of establishments where intoxicants are on sale.

In England Cafés, Coffee-taverns, Coffee-palaces, and Coffee-cottages have proved to be counter-attractions to those haunts of vice and dissipation, which abound in London, Liverpool, Leeds, and other large towns, as well as in villages. Every mail steamer brings trustworthy tidings that more widespreading and satisfactory, morally and monetarily is the Café company organization, year after year.

In London alone, at one Coffee-tavern in Edgware-road, between May 20th and July 8th, 1877, 55,616 cups of cocoa, 25,400 of coffee, and 7,904 cups of tea were sold.

At another in Lower Thames-street, within a fortnight, 2,068 gallons of those three beverages were sold. Coffee-taverns, &c., have paid from 7 to 15 per cent., and in Liverpool and Manchester and numerous other places the police and magistrates have borne testimony to the decrease in drunkenness, traceable to the marked success of these institutions, where young men of all grades, and working men, at coffee-houses, established for their behoof, have severally, in their respective Cafés, found pleasurable recreation, genial social converse, and wholesome refreshments.

Especially I appeal for the establishing of Cafés in the interest of the two classes above specified, who much need safe retreats and harmless places of assemblage.

Besides the permanent buildings, also peripatetic Coffee-stalls,

Barrows and Temperance Cars, have supplemented the usefulness of the houses, and moreover yielded a welcome revenue.

Personally, I should prefer to co-operate in the founding and promotion of Cafés on some religious basis, such as those flourishing under the auspices of Lady Hope (*nee* Miss Cotton) and my fellow towns-folk, the Rev. J. Wightman and his wife, who have so impressively told thrilling tales of drunkards reclaimed, and sinners transformed and happiness secured, and souls cheered and rescued through the medium of the "Coffee-rooms" or "Working-men's halls," but I would refer my reader most cordially to the most interesting books, published with a vast circulation, written by those earnest-minded authors and workers of good.

I am well aware that we must adapt our schemes to surrounding circumstances, and that in this Colony we must be chary of and wary, lest we rouse the fell malice of that hydra-headed fiend, sectarian jealousy, which mars so many philanthropical projects. However, so confident am I, that indirectly the Café movement will tend to promote social, moral and spiritual progress, that I regard it as a helpmeet to true religion.

But, will it pay? This is the momentous because monetary query. And "yes" say I, if in Cape Town we make a good start on sound commercial principles, have trusted business men on our committee, make an efficient beginning, with one large attractive head centre, at least one smaller coffee house for working men, and a Coffee van drawn by mule or horse, to travel through Cape Town, visiting docks, railway and tramway stations, cabstands, regattas, races, and all the sundry haunts frequented through "the instincts of collective humanity." Furthermore, I would suggest that the Cape Café company subsidize suburban Café ventures by loans at remunerative interest.

We have a Provisional Committee with their heart in their work, and if only the general public will dip their hands in their pockets and take shares, and as loyal citizens follow the example of the Governor and inmates of Government House, who have afforded me material aid with much useful information on the topics of cafés, then when our capital of £3,000 in £1 shares is taken up, the Café Company will be a public factor of much private good as well as pecuniary profit.

Those who want shares should apply early to W. Prosser, Esq., 76, Adderley-street, our Hon. Secretary, and the post will bring them needful information.

The Good Templars Cafés are, I am glad to hear, paying speculations, and our temperance cafés must and will succeed if money and managers, enterprise and tact, are forthcoming.

The Provisional Committee's proposals are fourfold, viz. :—

1. To utilize existing lodging-houses as Cafés by furnishing the basement as Coffee and recreation rooms, on condition that the house be conducted on temperance principles,

2. The engagement of suitable persons as coffee-house managers.
3. If funds and friends multiply to erect a Central Café, with good large hall for hire, and a gymnasium.
4. Purchase and maintenance of travelling coffee wagons or carts.

I would presume to add these ultimate objects as desirable, profitable, and payable:—An attractive Temperance Hotel, with elegant accessories, moderate tariff, and well furnished private apartments, and a handsome suite of rooms for public reception, and a well booked library open in the evenings. A café for ladies open in the day hours in the vicinity of the railway station.

Small Temperance Taverns and Coffee bars in sundry frequented streets.

In conclusion, I append some pithy, practical details gleaned by me from several sources and leaves from other books.

*a* Provide cheap, wholesome, tempting food.

*b* Banish all intoxicants.

*c* Furnish the rooms with abundance of newspapers, periodicals, and games without gaming.

*d* If possible, secure a corner house, and have the café on ground floor; upstairs have conversation rooms, baths, recreation rooms, &c., &c.

*e* Fit the bar and coffee-rooms brilliantly yet untawdrily; let the walls be light coloured, with massive mirrors, cheerful curtains, and good pictures; let the lower portion of walls be a dado dark coloured, about five feet high; for the public reception room the best carpet is sawdust, the seats to be stuffed and sprung; the tables of iron or marble or enamelled slate; the waiters to be civil, cheery: *not* cheeky, and clad in some cheap, clean-looking uniform.

*f* The main material of monetary and moral momentousness is a competent manager for each establishment, and I would add an efficient, energetic Superintendent to inspect and inspirit all the institutions.

*g* Smoking should be vetoed in the public eating-rooms, and all cooking be cared for in a separate apartment from the reception hall; south-easter and Town Council permitting, out-door accommodation of chairs and tables, tea, coffee, cocoa, and ices, would allure many in suitable seasons.

In case any café promoters wish such definite details, I subjoin the names and address of tradesmen in England, experts in supply of things wanted, viz.: Ashwell & Stevenson, builders, &c., 40, Great Marylebone-street, London; H. C. Lawley, 11, Cleveland-square, Liverpool.

Making earthenware and glass: Shaw Brothers, electro platers, &c., 67, Bow-street, Liverpool.

Much perplexing search may be obviated, however, by directly applying to Mr. T. Hogben, Tunbridge Wells, who undertakes the supply of all requisites in the way of fittings and decorations, and will

furnish estimates and inventories; he also manufactures coffee vans and street stalls; the prices of these are about £35 to £40 in England, or £14 to £20 according to size, and are fitted with shutters, shelves, cupboards, and urns, &c.

They often are remunerative if used as advertising mediums, by utilizing their panels for the purpose.

In conclusion, let me tender my thanks to His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere for promised promotion of our Café endeavour, and to you, Mr. Editor, for magazine space to supply information to an inquiring public; and my earnest good hopes for the success, social, moral, and moneyed, of the Cape Café Company, and all efforts like-minded.

## *Raven Spring; the voice of Merry Waters.*

BY MRS. S. PHILLIS ATKINSON.

Water! Water! springing water, tell me where thy centre lies.  
Down in darkness, 'mid the silence unobserved by mortal eyes.  
I am springing from the hollow of a hand no eye hath seen;  
'Tis the centre of creation, God Himself the great unseen.

Water! Water! dripping water, tell me where thou droppest from,  
Through these rocks, and caves, and mountains, where no human  
help has come:  
I am dripping, ever dropping, from a fountain hid from view  
'Tis the fountain of creation, God Himself the ever new.

Water! Water! rolling water, tell me where thou rollest from;  
Round this earth in ceaseless motion with thy melancholy boom.  
I am rolling ever rolling, with my billow surge and tide.  
'Tis the balance of creation, God Himself and none beside.

Water! Water! dashing water! Tell me where thy force is born.  
Rushing over rocks of granite, laughing upon man with scorn.  
I am dashing, ever splashing, with my foam and silver spray,  
'Tis the force of my Creator, God Himself who rules my play.

Water! Water! frozen water, tell me where the secret lies,  
Of thy rime and sparkling crystals, flaking earth in magic guise.  
I am freezing, ever freezing, capping ranges, iceing rills,  
'Tis the breath of my Creator, freezing where so'er He wills.

Water ! Water ! dew drop water, tell me where thy tear beds lie ;  
Never ceasing through the darkness, falling from some unseen eye.  
I am falling, ever falling, with my tears ye call your dew.  
'Tis the night watch of my Maker, weeping, watching over you.

Water ! Water ! stagnant water, tell me where the plague can be,  
Of thy living, loathsome poison, causing death and misery.  
I am stagnant, earth has made me with its curse and with its sin  
Foul and blighted, hell benighted, agony of life within.

Once I sparkled on a rock-bed, pure and clear as angel's smile,  
Sipped by children, lapped by lambkins, holy, freshing, without guile ;  
Little dreaming that the current into which I rashly rushed,  
Would thus mar my pristine nature, leave my woeful spirit crushed.

Water ! Water ! flow on water ; cleanse once more the stagnant  
pool ;  
Bear away the taint of mortal, wash and purify the whole.  
Let the Rockstream of Creation flow in magic cresting tide,  
Streaming from the Rock Eternal, till the pool be purified.

Water ! Water ! mighty water ! Living type of higher things,  
Teaching man in his real weakness, whence his being ever springs,  
Where his strength is, where his beauty, where his life and home  
must be,  
Type of Heaven ! Type of Glory ! Type of The Eternity.

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### *Stanley's Journey Across Africa.\**

" THROUGH the Dark Continent " is the appropriate title of Stanley's new work, recording the results of his expedition to the sources of the Nile, around the great lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, and down the Livingstone (Congo) to the Atlantic Ocean. On the cover of the book a silvery streak across the gloomy darkness which envelopes Africa, typically marks the course he followed, and the track of light and knowledge which his labours have served to throw upon regions and scenes hitherto unknown. Since Livingstone published his

\* Through the Dark Continent ; or, The Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. By Henry M. Stanley. In 2 volumes. Maps and illustrations. London : Sampson Low & Co.



“Missionary Travels and Researches” twenty years ago, there have been no volumes to compare in any way with these of Mr. Stanley. They abound in the highest order of fascinating and graphic narrative, novel, romantic, and picturesque incidents, and valuable geographical and ethnological information. Attached to them there are elaborate maps and varied illustrations of people and places, so complete and excellent as to enable the reader to follow the heroic explorer in all the actions and details of his daily life and throughout every mile of his marvellous journey.

As these two volumes number over 1,000 pages, and have only come into our hands one brief week before sending this magazine to press, we cannot attempt anything like a review of them. Time and space force us at present to restrict ourselves to this very short notice, and the extract of a few of the more striking passages from the work. We strongly advise those of our readers who can spare the money, that they cannot do better than at once invest in it.

The second volume contains the most interesting and thrilling episodes of Mr. Stanley's journey. It opens with a description of life at Ujiji, recollections of Livingstone and his previous visit, and an account of Lake Tanganyika. There he makes his plans for taking up Livingstone's work and following the Lualaba River, to find the secret of its course and outlet to the ocean. In November, 1876, he started from Nyangwe (the northernmost point which Livingstone had made), and was convoyed for a portion of his way by a motley force raised by one Tippu-Tib, an Arab free lance, who had promised an escort for a distance of sixty marches for the sum of 5,000 dollars. A doleful, dreary forest, dense with undergrowth, had to be passed before the river is reached. The difficulties of travel may be imagined when a march of six miles and a half occupied the twenty-four men who were carrying the boat sections a whole day. In this forest tract there were several native villages, in one of which they found a forge and smithy with almost a dozen smiths fairly at work. In another the main street was adorned with rows of skulls said to be that of the “Sokos from the forest,” but on examination they seemed to be human; and on Professor Huxley examining two of them, which were brought to England by Mr. Stanley, they proved to be human, exhibiting all the characteristic peculiarities of the Negro tribe. Further on they came across other villages where streets were also lined with rows of bleached trophies of humanity arranged with an attempt at ghastly decoration similar to “rockery.”

Forty-one geographical miles north of Nyangwe brought the expedition to the Lualaba River, a broad and watery avenue, for the future and for all time named the “Livingstone;” and here the idea occurred to Stanley of pursuing its unknown source to the sea by boats. There were woods all round sufficient for a thousand fleet of canoes, and why not build them?

“I sprang up,” says Stanley, “and told the drummer to call to muster.

The people responded wearily to the call. Frank and the chiefs appeared. The Arabs and their escort came also until a dense mass of expectant faces surrounded me. I turned to them and said : —“Arabs ! sons of Unyamwezi ! children of Zanzibar ! listen to words. We have seen the Miamba of Uregga. We have tasted its bitterness, and have groaned in spirit. We seek a road. We seek something by which we may travel. I seek a path that shall take me to the sea. I have found it.”

“Ah ! Ah—h !” and murmurs and inquiring looks at one another.

“Yes ! El hamd ul Illah. I have found it. Regard this mighty river. From the beginning it has flowed on thus, as you see it flow to-day. It has flowed on in silence and darkness. Whither ? To the salt sea, as all rivers go. By that salt sea, on which the great ships come and go, live my friends and your friends. Do they not ?”

Cries of “Yes ! yes !”

‘ Yet my people, though this river is so great, so wide, and deep, no man has ever penetrated the distance lying between this spot on which we stand, and our white friends who live by the salt sea. Why ? Because it was left for us to do.”

“Ah, no ! no ! no ! no !” and desponding shakes of the head.

“Yes,” I continued, raising my voice, “I tell you, my friends, it has been left from the beginning of time until to-day for us to do. It is our work, and no other. It is the voice of Fate ! The ONE GOD has written that this year the river shall be known throughout its length ! We will have no more Mitambas ; we will have no more panting and groaning by the wayside ; we will have no more hideous darkness ; we will take to the river and keep to the river. To-day I shall launch my boat on that stream, and it shall never leave it until I finish my work. I swear it.”

As they advanced, they hoped to engage the wild hearts of the aborigines they met with, by the kindly interchange of gifts and ostentatious liberality. But lo ! when they searched the first village they came to, the inhabitants were gone. The fruit of the banana and plantain hung on the rocks, and the crimson palm-nuts swayed in clusters above their heads, but orders were given to the people of the expedition that nothing was to be touched on penalty of fearful punishment. It was necessary their introduction to the river tribes should be heralded by peaceful intercourse. Leaving everything untouched they floated down the river. The inhabitants, however, still persisted in their distrustful reserve, simply responding to all attempts at intercourse, by occasionally protruding their heads from the bushes, and shouting their way-cry, “Ooh, hu, ooh-hu-hu-hu.” At one point they found a specimen of a tribe of dwarfs :—

About noon of the next day, while we were busy repairing the canoe, a native was found in the bushes close to the town with a small bow and a quiver of miniature arrows in his hand, and, it being a suspicious circumstance, he was secured and brought to me. He was a most remarkable specimen for a warrior, I thought, as I looked at the trembling diminutive figure. He stood, when measured, 4 feet 6½ inches, round the chest 30

inches, and at the waist 24 inches. His head was large, his face decked with a scraggy fringe of whiskers, and his complexion light chocolate. As he was exceedingly bow-legged and thin-shanked, I at first supposed him to be a miserable abortion cast out by some tribe, and driven to wander through the forest, until he mentioned the word "Watwa." Recollecting that the Watwa were well-known to be dwarfs, I asked Bwana Abed, the guide, if this man resembled those Watwa dwarfs Muhala's people had fought with. He replied that the Watwa he had met were at least a head shorter, though the man might be a member of some tribe related to those he had seen. His complexion was similar, but the dwarfs west of Ukuna, in the West Lumani country, had very long beards and bushy whiskers. His weapons were also the same, the short bow and tiny reed arrows, a foot long, with points smeared over with a dark substance, with an odour resembling that of cantharides. Everybody seemed to be particularly careful, as they examined the arrows, not to touch the points, and, as many then were folded in leaves, it appeared to me that the native had some reason for this precaution. In order to verify this opinion I uncovered one of the leaf-guarded points, and taking hold of one of his arms I gravely pretended to be about to inoculate the muscle with the dark substance on the arrow. His loud screams, visible terror, and cries of "Mabi! mabi! (bad, bad) with a persuasive eloquence of gesture, left no doubt in my mind that the arrows were poisoned.

At Christmas-tide, 1876, the Arab free lance, Tippu-Tib, declared his intention of returning to Nyangwe, and Stanley with his Zanzibar followers, and his English companion, Frank Pocock, were left to face the enterprise of following the river—to the ocean or to death.

The previous monotony of the river navigation was soon broken by the appearance of sharp prowed canoes advancing towards them from both banks at once. They were filled with natives with their heads gaily feathered, and armed with broad black wooden shields and long spears, shouting "Meat! meat! meat! Bo-bo-bo-bo! Bo-bo-bo-bo-o-o! We shall have plenty of meat." Mr. Stanley says:—

There was a fat-bodied wretch in a canoe, whom I allowed to crawl within spear-throw of me; who, while he swayed the spear with a vigour far from assuring to one who stood within reach of it, lured with such a clever hideousness of feature that I felt, if only within arm's length of him, I could have bestowed upon him a hearty thump on the back, and cried out applaudingly, "Bravo! old boy! you do it capitally."

Yet not being able to reach him, I was rapidly being fascinated by him. The rapid movements of the swaying spear, the steady wide-mouthed grin, the big square teeth, the head poised on one side with the confident pose of a practised spear-thrower, the short brow and square face, hair short and thick. Shall I ever forget him? It appeared to me as if the spear partook of the same cruel inexorable look as the grinning savage. Finally, I saw him draw his right arm back, and his body incline backwards, with still that same grin on his face, and I felt myself begin to count one, two, three, four, and wizz! the spear flew over my back and hissed as it pierced the water. The spell was broken.

It was only five minutes' work clearing the river. We picked up several shields, and I gave orders that all shields should be henceforth religiously preserved, for the idea had entered my head that they would answer capitally as bulwarks for our canoes. An hour after this we passed close to the confluence of the Urindi, a stream 400 yards in width at the mouth, and deep with water of a light colour, and tolerably clear. We continued down river along the right bank, and at four p.m. camped in a dense low jungle, the haunt of the hippopotamus and elephant during the dry season.

Further on there are the terrible "Ja-ha-ha-has," whose war-cries ringing marvellously like a neighing chorus of several full-blooded stallions, reminds Stanley of the Houghynymys. But the white man's appearance at the bow of the boats leading the expedition down the river seems to have startled if not paralyzed them, and even while their guns were levelled, and their flint hammers were at full work, and the fingers pressing the triggers of the deadly muskets, the savages became absorbed in contemplating the silent and still form of a kind of being which to them must have appeared as strange as any being the tradition of their fathers had attempted to describe. Frank Pocock was no less a wonder to those approaching on the left flank, and the three asses which were with them shared the honour also of being wonders to the aborigines.

For miles and miles as they floated down the river they were hunted from side to side, but still they held on their way, running the gauntlet of the cannibal tribes. Sometimes they found an amicable people, who presented them with gourds of palm-wine, chickens, bananas, and potatoes, which made glad the hearts of the boats' crews. But frequently all their attempts to secure friendship and food were met with hostile gestures, and this, too, when their supplies were exhausted, and empty stomachs made their prospects in these wild regions, if anything, still more hopeless. It was on one of these critical occasions that the incident occurred, which is thus graphically narrated in Stanley's journal :—

At eight a.m., we began to observe on the right bank a long hilly ridge with cultivated slopes, and a dense population, which we later learned was called Upoto, or Mbapoto, as one man called it. I solemnly addressed my people, and while telling them to prepare every weapon, gun, spear, axe, and knife, reminded them that it was an awful thing to commence hostilities, whether for food or anything else. They groaned in spirit ; and asked me what they should do when their bowels yearned for something to satisfy its cravings ; and though there was an abundance of copper, brass, iron, shells, beads, and cloth, nobody would even sell a small piece of cassava to them, or even look at them without manifesting a thirst for their blood.

I had prepared the brightest and most showy wares close by me, and resolved to be as cunning and patient as a serpent in their intercourse. At eleven a.m., we sighted the village of Rabunga, and giving instructions to Frank not to approach nearer to me than a quarter of a mile with the canoes ; we rowed steadily down until within a few hundred yards of it, when we lay-to on our oars. Presently three canoes advanced



to meet us without the usual savage demonstrations. Not even a drum was beaten, a horn blown, or a cry uttered. This was promising. We tried the words, "Sen-nen-neh!" "Cha-re-reh!" in soft, mild, melodious strains. They ran away. Things appeared gloomy again. However, patience!

We had reserved one banana and a piece of cassava. We had our mouths and stomachs with us. An appropriate gesture with the banana to the mouth, and a gentle fondling of the puckered stomach would, we thought, be a manner of expressing extreme want, eloquent enough to penetrate the armoured body of a crocodile. We came opposite the village at thirty yards distance, and dropped our stone anchor, and I stood up with my ragged old helmet pushed back far, that they might scrutinise my face, and the lines of suasion be properly seen. With the banana in one hand, and a gleaming armlet of copper and beads of various colours in the other, I began the pantomime. I once knew an idiot in Brusa, Asia Minor, who entreated me for a para in much the same dumb strain that I implored the assembled hundreds of Rabunga to relax that sudden sternness, that uncompromising aspect, that savage front, and yield to the captivating influence of fair and honest barter. I clashed the copper bracelets together, lovingly handled the bright gold-brown of the shining armlet, exposed with all my best grace of manner long necklaces of bright and clean *Cypræa Moneta*, and allured their attention with beads of the brightest colours. Nor were the polished folds of yellow brass wire omitted, and again the banana was lifted to my open mouth. Then what suspense, what patience, what a saint-like air of resignation! Ah! yes! but I think I may be pardoned for all that degrading pantomime. I had a number of hungry, half-wild children; and through a cannibal world we had ploughed to reach these unsophisticated children of nature.

We waited, and at length an old chief came down the high bank to the lower landing near some rocks. Other elders of the people in head-dresses of leopard and civet skin joined him soon, and then all sat down. The old chief nodded with his head. We raised our anchor, and with two strokes of the oars had run our boat ashore, and snatching a string or two of cowries, I sprang on land, followed by the coxswain Uledi, and in a second I had seized the skinny hand of the old chief, and was pressing it hard for joy. Warm-hearted Uledi, who the moment before was breathing furious hate of all savages, and of the procrastinating old chief in particular, embraced him with a filial warmth. Young Saywa and Murabo, and Shumari, prompt as tinder upon all occasions, grasped the lesser chiefs' hands, and devoted themselves with smiles and jovial, frank bearing to conquer the last remnants of savage sullenness, and succeeded so well, that in an incredibly short time the blood-brotherhood ceremony, between the suddenly formed friends, was solemnly entered into, and the irrevocable pact of peace and goodwill had been accomplished.

The old chief pointed with his finger to the face of Frank, which shone white amongst the dusky bodies of his comrades, and I beckoned to him. The canoes were all at anchor 100 yards off shore, but Frank was required to respond to the chief of Rabunda's wish for friendship. We distributed presents to each native, and in return we received great bunches of mellow, ripe and green bananas, as well as of fish. It was agreed between us that we should encamp on this little islet, on



which we find ourselves to-night, with a feeling as though we were approaching home.

They came at last to the cataracts of the great river, whose ever-sounding tremendous roar is comparable only to the thunder of an express train through a rock tunnel. Here they had to drag their canoes overland, by night cutting out their road and laying down rollers, sometimes of necessity fighting their way through the forests on the banks. The swift rushing current of the stream now and again catches their boats and whirls them over the rapids to destruction. A series of such catastrophes are recorded, culminating in the loss of the gallant Frank Pocock, the story of whose death has already been given in our pages,\* and is reproduced by Mr. Stanley almost word for word. That occurrence was the saddest and darkest in his experiences. "As I looked at the empty tent and the dejected woe-stricken servants," he says, "a choking sensation of unutterable grief filled me. Now my comforter and true-hearted friend was gone. Ah! had some one then but relieved me from my cares, and satisfied me that my dark followers would see their Zanjian homes again, I would that day have gladly ended the struggle, and, crying out, "Who dies earliest dies best," have embarked in my boat and dropped calmly into eternity."

The concluding part of the narrative is of entrancing interest, especially the chapters where his followers, appalled by their misfortunes, threaten to desert and turn away from the hateful river, until, humoured and encouraged, they finally consent to accompany him—a hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt party, unspeakably miserable in aspect, trudging on mile after mile in search of the blue ocean, which they finally reach. From first to last it was in all respects a most remarkable enterprise, and worthy of all the honour rendered to the intrepid explorer.

What the practical outcome of this navigation of the Great Livingstone River may be, is still an unanswered question. But to minds like those of Mr. Stanley it presents a boundless prospect of the development of humanity and colonization in Central Africa. Like the great traveller, whose footsteps he has followed for many a mile, he seems to regard "the geographical feat to be but the beginning of the commercial and missionary enterprise." Alone with nature in the very heart of the Continent, overlooking the immense expanse of the Victoria Nyanza, he writes:—

I gazed long on the grand encircling prospect. A halcyon calm brooded on the lake eastward, northward, and southward, until the clear sky and stainless silver water met the clear bounds of both, veiled by a gauzy vapour, suggesting infinity. In a bold majestic mass to the south-east rose Alice Island, while a few miles south-east of it appeared the Bumbirch group. Opposite me, to the west, and two miles from where

I stood, was the long cliffy front of the plateau of Uzongora, its slowly rising summit gleamed with patches of evergreen banana, until it became banked in the distance by lines of hazy blue mountains.

It is a spot from which, undisturbed, the eye may rove over one of the strangest yet fairest portions of Africa—hundreds of square miles of beautiful lake scenes ; a great length of grey plateau wall, upright and steep, but indented with exquisite inlets, half surrounded by embowering plantains ; hundreds of square miles of pastoral upland, dotted thickly with villages and groves of banana. From my lofty tree I can see herds upon herds of cattle, and many minute specks, white and black, which can be nothing but flocks of sheep and goats. I can also see pale blue columns of ascending smoke from the fires, and upright thin figures moving about. Secure on my lofty throne, I can view their movements, and laugh at the ferocity of the savage hearts which beat in those thin dark figures ; for I am a part of nature now, and for the present as invulnerable as itself. As little do they know that human eyes survey their forms from the summit of this lake-girt isle as that the eyes of the Supreme in heaven are upon them. How long, I wonder, shall the people of these lands thus remain ignorant of Him who created the gorgeous sunlit world they look upon each day from their lofty upland ? How long shall their untamed ferocity be a barrier to the Gospel, and how long shall they remain uninvited by the Teacher ?

What a land they possess ! and what an inland sea ! How steamers afloat on the lake might cause Ururi to shake hands with Uzongora, and Uganda with Um-kuma, make the wild Wavuma friends with the Wazinza, and unite the Wakerewé with the Wagana. A great trading port might then spring up on the Shimeeyu, whence the coffee of Uzongora, the ivory, sheep and goats of Ugeyeya, Usoga, Uvuma, and Uganda, the cattle of Uwya, Karagwe, Usagara, Ihangiro, and Usukuma, the myrrh, cassia, and furs and hides of Ugand and Uddu, the rice of Ukerewé, and the grain of Uzinza, might be exchanged for the fabrics brought from the coast ; all the land be redeemed from wilderness, the industry and energy of the natives stimulated, the havoc of the slave trade stopped, and all the countries round about penetrated with the noble ethics of a higher humanity. But at present the hands of the people are lifted—murder in their hearts—one against another ; ferocity is kindled at sight of the wayfarer ; piracy is the acknowledged profession of the Wavuma ; the people of Ugeyeya and Wasoga go stark naked ; Mtesa impales, burns and maims his victims ; the Wirigedi lie in wait along their shores for the stranger, and the slingers of the inland practise their art against him ; the Wakara poison anew their deadly arrows at sight of a canoe ; and each tribe, with rage and hate in its heart, remains aloof from the other. “ Verily the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.”

Oh for the hour when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these beautiful lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messengers to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful lands around Lake Victoria.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## *The Modern Bayard.*

AMONG the greatest events of this eventful century few are of more surpassing interest than the American civil war, and among the greatest actors in that momentous drama, none, we think, exceeds in nobility of character the Confederate General, Robert Edward Lee.

The names of Grant, Sheridan, Longstreet, will be discussed all the world round by many a fireside for many generations to come, and above and beyond them will tower the heroic memory of Stonewall Jackson. The gaunt figure of Abe Lincoln, President of the Union, in the agonized crisis of its fate, will long lead the imagination captive and the nation whose unity and imperial splendour he preserved intact amid the most crushing assaults will ever remember the homely wisdom of his life and the dramatic circumstances of his sudden death. But amid even this cluster of great men the star of General Lee shines with unclouded brilliance.

Into the merits of the stupendous struggle we do not propose to enter. It was once held that the North fought for freedom, and the South for slavery, but history will probably record its decision that slavery was but a collateral issue; that the real contest was between federal rights and states rights; unity and centralization against local government and home rule, between the profound convictions dominating either side as to the measure of authority of the central executive when in collision with the chartered privileges of individual states. Be this as it may, we find it hard to do otherwise than rejoice at the result of the struggle, for slavery perished in the encounter, and the disruption was averted of the greatest republic that has yet been seen among men.

R. E. Lee, born in Virginia in 1807, was the descendant of an ancient English family, whose knightly achievements can be traced in mediæval history. A Lee accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the third Crusades, and for distinguished service there acquired the property of Ditchley, as immortalized by Walter Scott. Under the Edwards, Henrys, and Elizabeth, the Lees were equally conspicuous.

Richard Lee, younger brother to a Lee of Ditchley, became

Secretary to the colony of Virginia in the reign of Charles I. His grandson, Thomas Lee, was Governor of Virginia, and the latter's three sons and a nephew all played a striking part in the War of Independence. The nephew, Henry Lee, became a general officer, the friend of Washington, and ultimately, like his uncle before him, Governor of Virginia. From him sprung the subject of our memoir, the last and most illustrious of a noble line, a man whose name is a household word in two worlds, and who may justly be described as the Sidney and Bayard of America.

R. E. Lee, like all his race, was a born commander of men. The Mexican War of 1847 found him a Captain of Engineers, but left him ere its close Major, and subsequently Lieut.-Colonel of his regiment. His talents were recognized in the official despatches of General Scott, together with those of a younger man whose name and fame were destined to be brilliantly associated with his own: we allude to Lieut. Beauregard.

In 1856, Colonel Lee commanded the crack cavalry regiment in the United States service. Already were heard the first faint mutterings of that awful storm which was so soon to break upon the new world. The following quotation from one of Lee's letters to his wife, written about this time, tends to show the writer's sympathy with the abolitionist party provided they respected "states rights:"—

"There are, I believe, few—he says—in this enlightened age who will not acknowledge that slavery, as an institution, is a moral and political evil in any country. I think it a greater evil to the white than to the black."

In 1859 occurred the strange menacing outbreak of John Brown, who pillaged the Federal Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, proclaimed a servile war and threw the country into convulsions, but the revolt was crushed by Lee in a masterly manner and with but slight effusion of blood. In 1861, the election of President Lincoln and the overwhelming success of his party, created intense excitement in the States. The bond of union, then well nigh a century old, snapped asunder like thread, and in place of the Republic one and indivisible, two mighty confederations confronted one another in arms. The shock was terrific. Old associations and ties, however close, succumbed to the strain. Brother rose against brother, father against son, and the world's greatest civil war came like a cruel blow full in the face of startled humanity. The right of the Central Government to coerce seceding States was fiercely claimed on the one side, the right of secession on the other, and both sides appealed to the God of battles. Colonel Lee, who, as his father had long ago remarked, was "always good," was profoundly moved, but his decision was at once taken. His ancestors had ever been the foremost citizens of his native state, his life had been spent there, and there was his home. Much as he loved America he loved Virginia more, and he whose guiding star in life was duty, thought—wrongly as we

think—that his first duty was to his native State. Long afterwards, when under examination on this point by the committee of reconstruction, he stated his view to be “that the act of Virginia, in withdrawing herself from the United States, carried me along as a citizen of Virginia, and that her laws and acts were binding on me.” A conscientious man, holding this opinion, could not hesitate. Resigning his command in the United States army, and an offer of the virtual command in chief of her whole forces, Lee left, never to return, his beautiful residence, Arlington House. Once, and only once, when his victorious army carried him to the very gates of the capital, he is said to have caught a distant view of his home, but though the land of promise lay before him, he, like the man of God, was not permitted to enter in.

On his arrival at Richmond, Lee was offered, and accepted, the command of the Virginian forces, and shortly afterwards of the whole Confederacy. His immense responsibilities, so soon to whiten that noble head, could not altogether divert his thoughts from his wife and children. The following quotation is from a striking letter he wrote about this time to one of his sons on the subject of duty:—

“In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as ‘the dark day’—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe. It was supposed by many that the last day had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan, Davenport of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his post, doing his duty; and therefore moved that candles be brought in so that the house could proceed with its duty. . . . Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less.”

We may judge perhaps from this extract what manner of man it was who now proceeded to lead the Confederate forces.

The relative position of the combatants was, roughly speaking, as follows. The northern white population, united almost to a man, exceeded twenty-two millions, and on their side lay everything which had previously been the common heritage of the whole nation, the army, the navy, the stores, the machinery of taxation, in short Government and the seat of Government, ancient prestige, a vast preponderance of material resources, and the absolute command of the sea and the navigable rivers.

Against this compact and formidable foe, the South mustered a population of 8,700,000, of whom 3,700,000 were negroes, and about 1,000,000 were border whites, whose sympathies were chilled by the fact that their lives and properties lay all along at the mercy of the



North. Four millions remained to contend with 22,000,000 for the sovereignty. The North put forth its gigantic strength slowly and with hesitation, but with ever accumulating pressure. No less than two and a half millions of men ranged themselves during the struggle under the Federal standard, and for a time President Lincoln had more than 1,000,000 men under arms at once, exclusive of 125,000 sailors and marines serving in the 671 ships of war launched by the great Republic.

The resources of the South were glaringly inferior. Their total levies from first to last only reached 700,000 men, and their average number under arms never exceeded 165,000.

Yet with these inadequate forces they won nearly every pitched battle of the war, and at last surrendered from pure exhaustion, after inflicting on their antagonist a loss of 300,000 men. The efforts of Lee were truly heroic, and over and over again the ragged regiments of the South, unclothed unfed, unpaid, broke like an avalanche on the immense armies of the North, and shattered them into fragments.

Under the homely *soubriquet* of uncle George, Lee was adored by his troops, who worked miracles at his word of command. It was one of their foes—himself an accomplished military critic—who exclaimed with enthusiastic pride, "Who, that once looked upon it, can ever forget that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—that body of incomparable infantry, the army of Virginia."

Lee's extreme simplicity of character endeared him to his men. He never during a campaign would leave his humble tent for the shelter of a house. All luxuries and dainties anonymously received from admiring countrymen were at once handed over to the sick and wounded, and the better to set an example of how to endure privations Lee became a total abstainer and non-smoker. His guiding principle was not to fare better than the private soldier. Their welfare in camp was his constant study, and their heroic conduct in the field was his reward. That he was idolized by the men he led to victory is hardly matter for surprise. It is recorded that once, worn out and exhausted during a toilsome march, he fell down by the roadside and slept the sleep of the weary. The word was passed along the ranks, and 15,000 men with light tread and bated breath, marched past their great commander without disturbing his slumbers.

The religious feelings of Lee were profound though unobtrusive, and he repeatedly took stringent measures to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath. Some of his men, like the Puritans of old, fell on their knees to pray before entering into battle, and it was his custom when meeting such a group to dismount and uncover, all his staff doing the same. His power of inspiring even great men with affection and confidence was truly marvellous. The illustrious Stonewall Jackson repeatedly declared that Lee was the one man living whom he would follow blindfold. When Jackson fell on the field of Chancellorsville, the grief of his chief was terrible. On first hearing the news of the accident, he exclaimed with assumed composure, "Jackson has lost

his left arm, but in him I lose my right." Afterwards when the fatal result of the wound was apparent, he—to use the words of an eye-witness—"prayed for him as he never prayed for himself."

It is not our purpose, nor would it be possible within the limits of this article, to trace the brilliant rise but eventual fall of the Confederate cause. The great civil war with its Titanic struggles and dramatic close, belongs to history, and our object is rather briefly to record the achievements of a noble life. But it may be convenient here rapidly to summarise the campaigns of the war.

In 1861 the Federals opened the war by invading Virginia on four sides. The scheme was not ill planned, but on July 21, at the first battle of Manassas, better known as Bull's Run, the hopes of the North were humbled in the dust, for 55,000 of their men under MacDowell, supported by nine regiments of cavalry, were totally routed by 31,000 Confederates led by Johnston and Beauregard, who thereupon encamped within sight of Washington. In other quarters the Federals met with more success, and the year closed without decisive gain or loss to either side. 1862 was a memorable year for the young Confederacy. The South was handled by Lee as if it had been one man, and success after success rewarded his genius; of four pitched battles against overwhelming odds he won three, and the fourth was drawn. The campaign again opened with an offensive movement on the Northern side. General MacClellan advanced into the Peninsula to attack Richmond, but was checked at Seven Pines, and then almost crushed in a sanguinary seven days encounter on the Chickahominy, lasting from the 26th June to 1st July. The result was a disastrous retreat, and MacClellan was dismissed from his command. His successor, General Pope, again advanced into Virginia, but only to meet the same fate. Foiled by Jackson at Cedar Run, he was then attacked by Lee at the second battle of Manassas and utterly overthrown, losing 30,000 men in eight days and being driven to take refuge within the lines of Washington. For a time the North was prostrate, and Lee was not a man to let an opportunity slip. Assuming the offensive, he invaded Maryland early in September, capturing Harper's Ferry with 11,000 prisoners. At Sharpsbury with only 33,000 men, he met the Northern army 87,000 strong. After a fierce encounter the battle was drawn, and Lee withdrew to Winchester to rest his forces. In October, he started General Stuart on that extraordinary cavalry raid into Pennsylvania which, to this day, is almost unparalleled in the annals of war. In five days his corps of 1,800 men swept like a meteor through northern territory, under the eyes of immense hostile armies, and returned laden with valuable plunder and still more valuable information, with the loss of only five men. Irritated by this insult, President Lincoln ordered MacClellan again to advance, but superseded him by Burnside before the two armies met. On the 13th December, the latter, with 120,000 men, crossed swords with Lee, whose troops, actually engaged, did not exceed 25,000 men. The odds were overwhelming,

but the invincible infantry of the South again proved their pre-eminence, and Burnside was utterly routed, with a loss of over 12,000 men. So closed the year 1862, in a blaze of glory.

In January, 1863, Burnside pushed on by the wild cry for vengeance, now rising stern and high in the North behind him, attempted to cross the Rappahannock and continue the struggle, but met with immediate and bloody repulse. In April, his successor, General Hooker, was more successful, and crossed both that river and the Rapidan, with 132,000 men, but only to find his way barred at Chancellorsville by Lee, with 40,000 men. A three days' struggle ensued, rendered memorable by the death of Stonewall Jackson, shot by the mistake of one of his own sentries. But again the genius of the great commander rose superior to the most adverse circumstances, and, as he had served MacClellan, and Pope, and Burnside, so he now served Hooker, who was disastrously routed with the loss of 17,000 men.

Meanwhile in other states, and under other and inferior leaders, the South was losing heavily, and her numerical weakness was becoming more and more apparent. To create a diversion, President Davis induced Lee against his will to make a second attempt to invade the North. Raising his army by almost superhuman exertions to 80,000 men, the Southern commander again carried the tide of war into Maryland.

Hooker resigned in despair, and was succeeded by Meade. The two armies met at Gettysburg in Pennsylvania on 1st July, 1863, and for three days the combat lasted, and fortune wavered to and fro. The losses were about equal on each side, and 40,000 men in all were placed *hors de combat*. Lee at length withdrew unpursued and in good order, but the North was saved.

Early in 1864, the North raised immense levies and replaced Meade by Grant. The latter, as generalissimo of their forces, found himself with 1,000,000 effective troops. But the South had long been bleeding at every pore; her poverty and numerical inferiority, and the stringent blockade of her coasts, told upon her with overwhelming effect. Ultimate success had become an impossibility, and a victory was almost as bad as a defeat. But still Lee fought on, and on 6th and 7th May, Grant, like all his predecessors, was routed with immense loss in "the Wilderness." Day after day, until 4th June, the conflict continued until Grant, utterly regardless of human life, had sacrificed 60,000 men "in feeling his way to Richmond."

From this date to March, 1865, Lee, exhausted by the mere prolongation of the struggle, and with forces ever decreasing, barred the way of the victorious Northerners. Grant hammered away, as he called it, and was quite content to lose man for man, or more, knowing that the Southern army, destitute of reinforcements, was wasting from attrition. The beginning of the end was now visible. On 9th April, 1865, Lee with 5,000 bayonets, attacked and drove the

Federals before him until the pursuit brought him into the presence of 80,000 men. The absolutely desperate nature of the contest then led to an honourable capitulation, and from that moment the chances of Southern independence vanished for ever. When Lee returned heart-broken from Grant's head-quarters, his few remaining veterans, breaking their ranks, fell on their knees before him, and with indescribable emotion called God to bless and protect "Uncle Robert."

All being lost save honour, General Lee retired at once into private life. On 1st October, 1865, he became President of Washington College, Lexington, in his native state. When a conditional amnesty was proclaimed, he brought his great soul to the humiliation of requesting pardon, not for his own sake, for he admitted no fault in following the fortune of his state, but because he felt the importance of his example to the thousands of his humbler fellow-citizens whose civil rights were forfeited by law until they sought and obtained mercy.

History will record with shame that the pardon Lee stooped to procure was denied him; but he pursued, unmoved, the even tenor of his way, thoroughly accepting the verdict of the war, and on every occasion inculcating submission to the restored union. Once he recoiled with horror from a lady who brought her two sons to hear him curse the North.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "we are but one country now; make your sons *Americans*."

On another occasion he was discovered relieving the necessities of an old soldier.

"That was one of our veterans," he explained; adding in a whisper, "he was on the other side, but it doesn't signify now."

In the simple performance of civil duties, and in almost cloistral seclusion, far from the pomp and circumstance of war, and with none around him of those brilliant officers whom he had trained and led to victory, General Lee breathed his last on the 12th October, 1870. A fortnight earlier he had been struck by paralysis, and sensibility had never returned; but the last thoughts of the dying warrior were unquestionably hovering over the battle-fields, where his genius had shone with so bright a lustre, for his only articulate words during those last sad days were pregnant with martial meaning:

"Strike my tent. Send for Hill."

His death plunged the South into profound grief. The bells tolled and the State-flags were lowered over half the Continent. The Legislature of Virginia adjourned, and a public funeral was decreed, but respectfully declined.

In accordance with the General's expressed wish, he was buried in the vaults of his College Chapel, with the sublime ritual of the Church of England.

His death occurred at a time of perfect peace over the whole of America; but across the Atlantic the death grapple of France and



Germany was approaching its extreme intensity, and Europe was convulsed by the rise and fall of Empires. But great as were the achievements of the eminent men engaged in directing the destinies of those states, they pale before the consummate genius for war, the daring strategy, and the sleepless vigilance of the Confederate General. The self-inflicted wounds of civil strife are not to be healed in a generation, and on the merits of the great American struggle history has yet to record its final judgment; but the new world has already pronounced, with no faltering voice, that among the greatest and noblest of her sons few, if any, can bear comparison with the immortal name of Robert Edward Lee.

L. L. M.

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*Nellie Goodwin;*  
A STORY OF THE FOREST.

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CHAPTER XI.

IN her quiet, sunny, little parlour at Summerville, Nellie sat sewing near the window, waiting the return of Grace from the Post Office. It was a couple of days after the ball, but Nellie was still entertaining Mrs. Goodwin with little incidents, only stopping now and then to lament the loss of her ring, and wonder where it was. She rose at length, and stood at the window watching for Grace.

"Surely, Nellie, you don't expect her back yet; she has only been gone ten minutes, and it is a long distance to the Post Office?"

"But, Mamma, I am sure I shall get a letter to-day; it is so long since I heard. Arthur deserves a scolding for keeping me so long waiting, and perhaps," she continued, kneeling suddenly by her mother's side, "he may tell me he is coming for me at once, and you will have to let me go, mother dear. I am so glad you are well again, and don't want me so much;" and she laid her cheek caressingly against Mrs. Goodwin's hand.

"It will always be hard to part with you, dear," answered the mother with a slight tremble in her voice, "but, as you say, I am well now, and Grace is nearly able to be of real use to me."

In more loving talk, the minutes flew so fast that Nellie jumped up in surprise, with a burning spot on each cheek, when Grace came in, and gave her her letter. She seized it eagerly, and went and stood at the window to read it. Mrs. Goodwin opened a paper, and looked up and down the columns listlessly, for her mind was with Nellie; and when in a moment or two, a low startled cry met her ear, she was by her side immediately.



"What is it, my child; tell me, do?" she entreated, for Nellie stood immovable, with a white stony face, and fingers tightly clasped over her letter. At the renewed entreaty, the girl turned, and meeting her mother's pitying glance, suddenly threw her arms round her, and hid her face on her shoulder.

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma," she sobbed, "take me away, anywhere, only let me hide myself; it is all so dark, so dark; and I don't care what happens now."

"Is Arthur ill?" enquired her mother, never divining the real cause.

"No, worse than that. I can't tell you!" she said passionately. "Read the letter; but, first, take me away."

Mrs. Goodwin asked no more questions, but led her gently to her own room, where Nellie threw herself on her bed, begged it might be made quite dark, and she might be left alone. Her wishes were obeyed, and thinking she might be better so, her mother left her and went to read the letter. She saw at once how it had all come about, and blamed herself much for not having foreseen it, and been more careful. But the mischief was done now, and there was nothing for it but to submit quietly, and trust to time to soothe Nellie's grief, for neither she nor her daughter would stoop to plead her innocence to any one but Arthur himself, and that only in person, and she knew by the tone of his letter that he would never come to seek her again. In her distress and trouble, Nellie almost hated Mr. Gilbert as the cause of it all, and one of the hardest parts of it was the thought of how he and his family would rejoice at her freedom to marry anyone else now. For many days after she pleaded illness, which was only too real, as a reason for seeing no one but her mother and sister. Wearily the days and nights dragged on, bringing with them no glimmer of hope, but only a dull sense of desolation and misery, till she hated the bright sunshine, and the merry songs of the birds, that only seemed to mock her by their joyousness.

Soon after her recovery, she was standing in the little garden early one morning, with a bitter smile on her lip, and a cold dull look in her usually bright eyes, angry with herself and all around her, and feeling as though she had lost her way, and her very faith was slipping from her. "What had she done?" was the angry thought, "that she should be punished so. She had tried to do her duty, and this was her reward. What was the good of trying?" Poor Nellie, she was mad to rebel; but she had nursed the angry, bitter thoughts, till they made her wretched, and she could neither pray nor think aright. Clear and sharp through the fresh morning air came the sound of the church bell ringing for morning prayers, and the sound struck reproachfully on her ear, for she had been a constant attendant till within the last week. Grace came out with her hat on, ready to set out, and seeing Nellie, she turned with a pleading face, saying gently,

"Come with me, Nellie, dear. So few people go now, and it is nice and quiet in the church. You will, won't you?" she continued, as she still received no answer. "I will go and fetch your hat and gloves for you."

In a few minutes Grace returned, and finding Nellie quite passive in her hands, she put on her things for her, and drew her out of the garden. No words passed between the sisters as they walked along the quiet street, with the fresh air blowing about their cheeks, for both were busy with their own thoughts. Nellie's head was bent down, for she feared to meet the gaze of passers-by, fancying they could read her secret in her face. The church was very dark at that early hour, only round the chancel rays of sunlight streamed in through the coloured panes, like rays of hope, Nellie thought at first; but as a cloud passed, they faded too, and she took it as an ill omen. Still the old familiar words soothed and comforted her, and some of her usual trust came back. When the scanty congregation passed out, and the clergyman was gone, she still sat on, bidding the astonished Grace leave her too; and then, all alone in her Father's house, she poured out the whole tide of her love and sorrow at His feet, till her aching heart received comfort, and she knew she was not utterly desolate.

On her return, she found Mrs. Goodwin looking very anxious, for she had been absent a couple of hours, but she kissed her gently, saying in a low patient voice,

"I am better now, Mamma, and can bear whatever comes; only give me plenty to do, please."

And from that day she strove to bear her cross patiently, taking up all her usual duties and letting no impatient words escape her.

The look of triumph on the faces of both Maggie and her brother was unmistakeable when they met Nellie again, though they tried to conceal it; but she held her head up proudly and bravely, and the flash that came into her eyes at their first attempts at pitying her, made them abandon the idea for ever.

Meanwhile Arthur, utterly unconscious of the pain he had given, and thinking he alone suffered for it, was following his party far into the interior, entering into all the sport with a kind of feverish eagerness, that was far from finding any pleasure in it. It was a refuge from thought, and that was enough for him just then. Utterly reckless, he was foremost in every danger, and seemed to set no value whatever on his life, till even his companions, who knew but little of the real danger of elephant and buffalo hunting, begged him to be more careful. Ernest Wilmot alone possessed the slightest influence over him, and often the boy's voice would make him pause when he was in his most reckless moods. Over their camp fire, when the rest were buried in slumber, he would sit up watching, and tell his young friend long stories of his former life in the forest. Once when they had been sitting quiet a long while, and Ernest had

almost dropped asleep, he was roused by Arthur's voice, saying in a low whisper,

"If anything happens to me, will you do me a great favour, Wilmot?"

"What should happen to you more than to any of the rest of us?" asked Wilmot, almost fiercely, for he hated hearing Arthur speak in the desponding tone he used at times.

"I don't say anything will happen, but something might. You all care to preserve your lives, and I have no interest in mine; so I don't take care of it."

As he spoke, he heaped up another log on the fire, and sent the flames leaping up, disclosing the motionless figures around, and lighting up his own pale face with a lurid glow.

"I will do anything you wish, Ross; but I do hate to hear you speak in that way."

"If I don't return with you, will you take this locket I always wear, and give it to the person whose address you will find in this envelope, which I will give you now. It will give you some trouble, and take you out of your way; still, I ask you, as the only one I can trust now, to do this for me. Will you?"

"Certainly, I will promise; but hope most sincerely it may never have to be performed."

Arthur was playing with the locket as he spoke, and obeying a sudden impulse, showed the boy the beautiful girl-face it contained, then snapped it together again, and let it fall to its place without a word. After a long pause, Ernest tried to change the subject, by asking,

"How is your ankle that you sprained to-day? Does it pain you much?"

"Very much; it seems to be getting worse. I don't think I could stand on it."

"I am sorry for that. We had determined to find that old bull-elephant we have been on the trail of so long, and I expect it will be rather an exciting chase."

"I may be all right to-morrow; and now, do go to sleep, Wilmot, or you will be fit for nothing yourself."

The boy obeyed willingly, and soon Arthur was the only one awake in the silent night, the deep silence broken only by the occasional hooting of an owl, or the hideous roar of some wild beast.

On the morrow he appeared better, and assisted them in preparing their ammunition, and discussing their breakfast and plans for the day. Still a gloom seemed to hang over him, which he tried vainly to shake off, and at the last moment when they were ready to start, declared his inability to accompany them, and begged of them to proceed without him. There was a general demur at first; but, on his protesting how little he minded being left behind, and how useless he would be in his crippled state, they consented, agreeing to return to the spot and rejoin him in the evening. Wilmot entreated him

to let him remain, for he saw that he was suffering more than he showed, from his foot ; but Arthur rejected his proposal so roughly, that the boy turned away hurt and indignant, and rode after the rest. As they disappeared in the jungle, he turned for a last look, and saw Arthur leaning against a tree, still watching him, and his last action was to take off his hat and wave it to the lad in farewell. That last look haunted the boy for a long while, it was so sad and despairing, and yet the smile that was forced to cheer him was sweet as ever. But the excitement of the hunt soon drove everything else out of his head. They had the satisfaction of shooting their elephant, but too late in the day to return to Arthur ; so they determined to encamp where they were for the night, and rejoin him in the morning.

At dawn on the following day, Wilmot roused his companions, and while they lingered on their way, shooting a bird here and there for a specimen, and turning off for the slightest thing, he hurried on, impelled by a strange, vague fear he could in no wise account for, and soon reached the spot, but no living being was visible. The fire was cold, and no signs appeared of its having been lit that morning. The boy stood still, alarmed and anxious, and soon the name of Ross woke the echoes far and wide ; but no answer came to his call. There was a heap of brushwood that he had gathered for the fire, and a pannikin of water, and close by, the blanket whereon he had slept, but nothing else. Turning his eager eyes in that direction, Ernest saw what made him shiver, and turn sick and faint with horror ; and he hid his face and cowered on the ground, unable to move or speak until the others came up. They found his blanket and the ground around it stained with blood, and large fragments of his clothes lay about, as though torn by some wild beast ; while two or three tufts of the grey and black mane of a lion left no doubt of what the brute was. There was a trail of blood into the forest, and marks on the grass where some heavy body had been dragged along, and after diligent search, they found a pistol that he always carried in his breast-pocket, in a tuft of long grass close by. Two of the barrels were discharged. Arthur had evidently made a struggle for his life, and in the scuffle the pistol had fallen there. It was an awful death, and his companions were terribly shocked and grieved. All pleasure in their expedition was at an end, and Wilmot was heart-broken, bitterly lamenting that he had not persisted in remaining with him. They searched the dense jungle in all directions for the body, but the lion had evidently made an end of that, or else hidden it in the deep recesses of his den, so they were very reluctantly obliged to abandon the search, and return with sad hearts on their journey homeward.

By means of their guide and interpreter, enquiries were made at some of the Kafir locations in the neighbourhood, but with no result whatever, so they made their way hastily back to more civilized parts of the Colony, in order to apprise his relatives of the

sad occurrence. No one but Wilnot seemed to know much about him, so he left his companions to fulfil his mission to the young lady at Summerville, though the locket he was to have conveyed to her was not to be found. He left his companions to find their way to the nearest seaport, where they would await his coming, and pressed on to that village.

*(To be continued.)*

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*“Wanted, a Wife.”*

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CHAPTER I.

“BERTIE,” said my friend Mrs. Gay, “here is a chance for the young ladies in the Transvaal, and for yourself in particular.”

It was a scorching hot afternoon in midsummer; so hot that though large trees shaded the verandah, and Venetian blinds guarded the windows, Ida and I had found conversation too fatiguing to be continued, and silence had reigned supreme for the last half hour. She dozed on a sofa, I in an arm chair; but the rustle of a newspaper that was in her hand had commenced the work of arousing me which her speech completed.

“What is the matter?” I queried drowsily, unwilling to open my eyes, “it is quite too hot even to think of anything to my advantage.”

“It is nothing less than a proposal of marriage, my dear; are you too far gone to listen to that?”

“My dear Ida, did you say that to-day’s paper contains a proposal of marriage addressed to Miss Bertha Allen?”

I opened my eyes this time and sat upright, but only to fall back again as she replied—

“Well, I can’t in truth say that your name is to be seen, but is not this meant for you as well as for anyone else?” and she read—

“WANTED A WIFE.

“A Gentleman of good means and of prepossessing appearance, is anxious to meet with a lady who would undertake the charge of his household, and become his companion for life.—Please address X.Y.Z., office of this paper, or Royal Hotel, Potchefstroom.”

“Being only a fresh arrival here,” I commented, settling myself to go to sleep again, “I have still to find out which of these good burghers are sane and which are not.”

“No, but Bertie,” said Ida, laughing, “don’t go to sleep; who can it be that has advertised?” And she began telling off on her fingers the eligible unmarried men in the town. “No,” she finished, “I cannot think of anyone.”



"Perhaps it is a stranger," I suggested. "Mr. Gay said, this morning, that there were some staying at the Royal."

"As if strangers would come here to look for a wife! No, it is one of the residents, and the question is, which one?"

"Very likely the baker round the corner," I said soothingly; "he is a mooi man, as I heard Rachael say this morning."

"Oh, Bertie, how tiresome you are, and I do so want to know."

"Mrs. Gay," I exclaimed, with more gravity than grammar, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself; what do you, a young married woman, want, troubling yourself about other people's matrimonial affairs?"

She laughed as she answered, "All on your account, my dear; all on your account; but really Bertie, are you ready for a bit of fun?"

"When it gets cooler," I sighed, wishing most fervently that she had not seen this unlucky advertisement till the sun had set.

"By all means; but let us talk it over now, and Harry shall help us and so make all straight."

I said, "Poor Harry!" and resigned myself to the inevitable.

"Suppose we answer that advertisement, and so find out by whom it was inserted."

I looked dubious. "My dear Ida, it would be good fun, and I am sure we are in want of some; but there is more than a slight risk. Suppose it is traced to us, the letter will be shown all over town, and it strikes me the fun will be on the other side."

"I should think so," said my lively little friend, who was thus leading me astray, "but we must provide against such a turn of the tide; of course the man must not know who sent it. You must write the letter, I copy it, and Harry shall post it. And now for what to say."

We discussed the subject with much merriment till Mr. Gay came in for his five o'clock tea, quite in the dark regarding a certain little plot in which he was to be an accomplice.

## CHAPTER II.

It was five o'clock on another such an afternoon as that mentioned in the last chapter, and I was staying with another friend. We had grumbled about the weather till we were tired, when I suddenly thought of a certain letter which was still unwritten.

"Alice," I said, "I should like a piece of paper and a pen, if you please."

"On condition that you let me see to whom you are going to write," she replied, placing the writing materials before me.

Oh, horrors!

"Very likely," I answered gaily, "my love letters are not for inquisitive young ladies to read."

"Well, don't be too long about it," she laughed, going back to her book in the window, "remember we are to be at the Kent's for croquet in an hour's time."

Remember, of course I did ; but in the meanwhile this letter had to be written. Mr. Gay had promised to aid and abet us in our scheme, so I came to the conclusion that if they were right I could not be far wrong.

I nibbled the end of my pen, but finding it anything but palatable, brought it to bear upon the paper, and began—

“ To X. Y. Z.

“ DEAR SIR,—I have seen your advertisement of the 10th inst., and am sure that our union would be conducive to the happiness of both. On Wednesday afternoon, at five o'clock, I shall take a walk to the Waterfall near Ricker's Mill, where we can meet. Until then I remain,

“ Yours, &c.,

“ AN ENIGMA.

“ Friday.”

I looked at my letter, and thought I saw the word “hoax” written across it, as well I might. The letter I enclosed to Mrs. Gay, with the injunction, “for goodness sake don't let us be found out.”

“Your letter has not taken you very long,” said Alice, as I stood up and announced my work done.

“My letters never do,” I answered gravely. “I always begin by asking after my friend's health, and by describing the state of the weather, and then remain theirs affectionately and in haste.”

“And in the middle you tell them what a dull place this is !” she asked.

“Of course as a rule, my dear, but in this I have said that Mrs. Gay talks about our taking tea at the Waterfall, near Ricker's Mill, on Wednesday afternoon. What do you think of the idea ?”

“Charming,” she replied, “we want something to liven us up.”

Half an hour afterwards Alice Grant and I were crossing the grassy square on our way to croquet. Most of the players were assembled as we entered the ground.

“Late as usual !” said Dorothy Kent. “Why, Bertie, child,” she continued, holding my hand in hers as she surveyed my pink cheeks and bright eyes, “what mischief have you been up to ?”

“Why should you always suppose that I have been doing what I ought not ?” I asked, blushing still more.

“Because you always look like it,” she answered. “Here Alice, what has Bertie been up to ?”

“Writing love letters,” said Alice coolly, picking out her special mallet.

“Oh ! that accounts !” and Dorothy let me go.

“Writing what ?” asked a masculine voice from behind, and then Stephen Grant drew his lazy length to where we stood.

“Love letters,” reiterated Alice.

“Miss Allen,” said Stephen, pretending to be very serious, “I

am sorry to tell you that such an offence is considered capital in our household, and punished accordingly."

"I am very sorry," I murmured penitently, looking down.

"With that new 'Dolly Varden' shading your face 'tis very easy to make such an assertion; I should like to see a little of your regret."

I replied by one swift glance from under the objectionable hat, and then went off to my game with a light laugh.

In dewy sunlight we wended our way homeward, a large and merry party, with evening breeze wafting around us the delicious perfumes of orange and acacia trees.

### CHAPTER III.

The light tea over, we adjourned to the stoep.

The full moon tipped the trees with silver, and the faint perfumes from invisible flowers filled the air. 'Twas truly the "witching hour of night."

Stephen Grant evidently thought so, for he threw himself at full length at our feet, and remained silent from pure enjoyment.

When a rather desultory chat with Alice was concluded, I turned to find him studying my moonlit face.

Alice turned also, and exclaimed, as she touched him with her foot,

"What a lazy creature you are to be sure, Stephen. I am certain Miss Allen would rather you stretched yourself somewhere else, you keep all the fresh air from her."

He settled himself more comfortably before he answered,

"My dear sister, the majority of your sex like to be admired, and I do not suppose Miss Allen is an exception to the rule."

"How rude you are!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Am I, Bertie?"—he added my name under his breath—"I was just thinking how like a bride you look to-night in that white muslin, and with the mandevillia in your hair."

"Rather a soiled bridal robe," I answered, laughing a little nervously, as I drew the syringa stained folds through my fingers, and wishing, just for half a minute, that I had not written that note.

It seemed as if every one already knew something about the joke, for at that moment old Mr. Grant joined us, saying gaily,

"Have you young people seen the late advertisement for a wife—speaking of brides reminded me of it—who do you suppose put it in?"

"We cannot suppose at all, Mr. Grant," answered Dorothy Kent, who with her brother and sister were spending the evening with us. "We are all most anxious to know, especially myself, for if he is really eligible I think I shall answer the advertisement; I am getting quite an old maid."

"Quite so," echoed her brother; "I should strongly advise you to take old Jones, the butcher, for I hear the advertisement comes from him."

"Do you call him eligible?" asked Alice, when the laugh at Dorothy's expense had subsided.

"Of course I should, if I were Dore's age."

"Well, I don't then," said that young lady; "I heard he was a stranger, tall and fair, staying at the 'Royal.' Where did you hear your story, Willie?"

"Don't be inquisitive," he answered.

"I also heard something about a stranger," I interpolated.

"And so did I, but that he had gone to Kimberley," said Alice.

"Well, you all heard wrong then," came quietly from Stephen; "I have seen the man, and spoken to him."

"Oh! Stephen," we all cried at once, "who is he? what is he?"

"One question at a time," he conditioned.

"Is he young, Stephen?"

"Quite young."

"Rich?"

"Very."

"Does he live here?"

"Yes."

"Is he of a 'prepossessing appearance'?"

He hesitated a moment before answering me, and then said slowly, with the mischievous twinkling in his eye which I had observed before,

"Well you see, beauty is quite a matter of taste, and I don't know your style."

"Oh! Stephen, do leave off chaffing, and tell us who it is?"

"Julius Block, Esquire, who keeps the 'Negotie Winkel' down Church-street."

"Nonsense," we cried in a rage; but he laughed so heartily himself that the contagion soon spread.

"How do you know?" his father asked.

"Why, my dear sir, somebody tackled him with it and he laughed; you know he is anxious for a wife."

"But he has one already," objected Mr. Grant.

"Well she isn't living here, and he supposes he can commit bigamy," answered his son.

"Oh! Mr. Grant," I asked, bending down, feeling as much inclined to cry as to laugh, "it isn't true, is it?"

"Fact, I assure you," he rejoined, in evident amusement.

"Snuffy old creature," said Alice; "who does he suppose will have him?"

"Dorothy, of course," promptly answered Willie; "and I will do groomsman, Alice, and you bridesmaid."

"I don't believe it is old Mr. Block; Mr. Grant has been caught romancing several times lately," I said, glancing at him.

A short silence ensued, which was broken by Alice remarking,

"Stephen, Mrs. Gay talks of going to the Waterfall on Wednesday for five o'clock tea; won't it be fun?"

"The very thought," he assented, "tea for you ladies, and a cigar for us under the trees, with 'the river gliding by.' I only wonder

this sort of thing has not been thought of before. Who started the idea?"

"I did, so thank me duly."

"I do."

Alice and Willie moved away, and then I found that the others had left us also, for at that moment came Dorothy's sweet voice from the piano,

"Love me once again,  
Meet me once again;  
Old love is awaking,  
Shall it wake in vain?"

That song was finished and another commenced, and we still listened in silence.

"Bertie," said Stephen, softly.

Alice and Willie, in their slow promenade, had reached their limit and were retracing their steps.

"Bertie," he repeated; "what did I hear Alice say to-day?"

"What about?" I asked as carelessly as I could, wishing that the moonlight would not shine so full upon my face, which was getting hot.

"About a certain letter."

"Yes, well?"

"She said it was a love letter."

"Did she?"

"You know she did; was it, Bertie?"

"Perhaps so."

"To whom was it?" he asked, with a pretence at carelessness.

"I deny your right to ask me such a question, but I will answer it. I don't know."

"That is rather a strange answer, is it not?"

"You are better able to judge than I, Mr. Grant."

"I understand," he said stiffly.

"I don't think you do," I answered quietly, and then to hide a foolish trembling lip I bent my head to speak again.

"Hark! do you hear?" Through the open window came the words of the song, "What will to-morrow bring; who can tell?"

"On some to-morrow I will tell you to whom I wrote to-day."

"I look for to-morrow," he quoted, as we rose to join the others. I asked my heart: "Is it Julius Block, Esquire?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

Wednesday dawned fair and promising, and at the hour of five, that hour which has proved so fatal in this veracious little history, a merry, happy party set out for Ricker's Mill.

It was a muddy walk, but there were attentive cavaliers to help us on our way, from stone to stepping-stone.

How pleasant it was, the sun's rays tempered by a wooing breeze;



and when our party gathered on the short green grass, the willows drooped their plummy branches into "the rivers shoddon depths below."

In the foreground stood the old red brick mill, with its now silent ponderous wheel, so picturesque, so quiet.

Of course there was tea-making, but I did not assist, and preferred sitting by the water with my idle hands in it, listening to the desultory conversation which was carried on around me.

"Who will sing?" suggested Stephen.

"Suppose you do, Mr. Laziness," said I.

"Very well, what shall it be? 'I choose to be a daisy?'"

"Exactly so," said Dorothy; "but if you could possibly turn into a flower I should expect to see a 'big sunflower.'"

"For shame, you mean a delicate spray of *stephanotis*."

"Mr. Grant, we don't laugh at such atrocious jokes."

"No, but really, do somebody sing. Miss Allen, will you favour us?"

I sang the most appropriate song I could think of, "The Mill Wheel," and the words lingered on the air,

Afar there flows a river,  
Beside my childhood's home;  
A mill wheel there for ever  
Resounds thro' shining foam.

I was thanked, and the request passed round again. This time Dorothy answered it, by singing her favourite "Once again."

"The first line of the refrain ought to be altered to suit different circumstances," said Stephen. "First love is awaking, shall it wake in vain?"

"Or rather *last* love, when a man sings it," I suggested mischievously.

Cries of "Oh, how severe!" and "Quite too bad!" sounded all around; and, laughing gaily, we were going to argue the point, when Stephen said quietly,

"That old gentleman is coming to see what the row is about."

We all turned, and my heart beat fast. I looked hastily around for my accomplice, but she was nowhere to be seen. If ever guilt was written upon a human face surely it was on mine. I waited for the figure to come nearer and say, pointing a lean finger at me, "I advertised for a wife, and that young lady answered the advertisement; will some one kindly tell me her name?"

It was an odd figure, in a brown coat of obsolete cut, and buttoned to the chin; and it was an odd face that topped the figure, a wrinkled sunburnt face, with a fringe of yellow grey hair framing it, and sly grey eyes like a cat's. He came close this "old man of the sea," but instead of the dreaded exposé, he merely eyed us and said, "Good afternoon ladies;" and we answered, "Good afternoon."

"Who is he?" I whispered to Stephen, when he was passed. And

slowly, and with that old mischievous twinkle in his brown eyes, he answered, "Julius Block, Esquire."

Everyone had some remark to make, but I sat silent, thinking, asking myself what somebody would say if he knew what brought the old man to Ricker's Mill that day ; but I had no time to answer the question for our host and his wife now came up.

Ida met my look with a face that was an enigma to me ; it contained a mixture of relief and intense amusement. In a minute I slipped away and she followed.

Once out of hearing I began, "Oh, Ida, I have seen him, and he is the ugliest—". Why what is the matter?" I might well ask, for Mrs. Gay had seated herself on the grass, and for excess of merriment certainly outstripped anyone I had ever seen.

The noise of the falling waters was deafening, but I could see when her laughter had abated, and began again,

"It is Mr. Julius Block ; and he is the ugliest old man I have ever——."

No, I positively could not go on ; there was ! Ida laughing again till the tears actually stood in her eyes, but she gradually recovered and astonished me.

"Bertie, it has been a hoax in a hoax, diamond cut diamond. We were going to *sell* some one and have been *sold* ourselves instead."

"How, when, where?" I interrogated breathlessly. "What does it all mean?"

"Why it all means that Harry never sent that letter at all," she answered. "He says he never meant to send it, but thought we might as well have our pic-nic ; and the knowledge of wrong-doing to pay us out for our trick. He told me this a little while ago, and when I saw old Mr. Block go round your way I knew what you would think, and have very nearly killed myself with laughing ever since."

This information was too much for me to take in all at once, but I understood enough to give a big sigh of relief, and register a mental vow that my first love letter (?) should be my last.

Mr. Gay now joined us, and laughing forgivenesses passing round we retraced our steps.

"Wi' lightsome heart" I finished this pleasant afternoon, and felt thoroughly happy when in the glowing moonlight we went our way home.

Under the shadow of the leafy trees Stephen stayed me for a moment, as bending his tall height, he whispered softly,

"Was that the *first* or *last* love letter, my darling?"

And in my new tremulous happiness I answered him truly and satisfactorily.

BUMBLE BEE.



## Letters on Banking.

### VI.—ON CURRENT ACCOUNTS AND SECURITIES HELD AGAINST OVERDRAFTS.—PART I.

My purpose is to make this title the subject of two letters. In the present one I propose to speak of that side of current accounts which forms a liability of a bank ; and in the next, of the other side which is ranked amongst the assets.

In this letter I intend to give a brief sketch of the nature of liabilities, of securities, and of the mechanism of a current account ; and at the same time to indicate, in a general way, the system upon which they are managed.

*That* for which a banker becomes indebted is the liability of a bank, it comprehends the permanent capital of the bank : capital lodged on deposit, notes in circulation, and letters of credit in circulation.

The capital on hand, and *that* which has been received in exchange for capital-paid away constitute the assets of a bank : loans, bills discounted, investments in stock, and bank property are comprised in the assets.

A banker's liabilities, apart from the permanent capital of the bank, represents capital which has been acquired on the strength of his credit. The banker's credit was accepted in exchange for capital by different individuals under a variety of circumstances, but on conditions exactly similar. Each individual ceded his property, or ownership in the money, whenever he deposited it with the banker, and retained only a simple right of demanding repayment. A banker is bound at any time to meet a customer's demand for repayment of a sum deposited ; but in the event of his failing to do so, the customer is without recourse against the banker. He can only share in the assets of the bank along with the other creditors. The banker has therefore absolute control over the capital on which his liabilities are founded, as far as regards the manner of employing it, from the very moment in which the liability is created, until it is again paid off. There can be no breach of faith between the banker and his customer concerning the use to which the money is put, as the banker has full liberty to apply whatever capital may come into his possession in the ordinary course of banking business, in the way he thinks best suited to advance his own interest.

Deposits, notes, and the various kinds of letters of credit form the currents by which money is conveyed to the banker, and the main channel through which it is again distributed is the current accounts. By the former means he borrows money, and through the latter medium he lends it. The striking peculiarity in this operation of borrowing and lending by a banker, is that the capital which he borrows must be again repaid on demand, whilst that

which he lends returns to the bank only at certain fixed intervals. To bring back to the bank a sufficient portion of the capital on loan in time to meet demands by customers is a matter which requires careful arrangement. The banker must retain sufficient power over the capital which he lends either to recall it at pleasure, or in cases where the circumstances do not admit of a prompt return, by a certain fixed date. Having this object in view it is therefore advisable always to grant credits for short periods only, and to have particular regard to the character of the instrument of security upon which the banker's lien, or authority to recall the debt, is founded.

The term security refers to such instruments as personal bonds, deeds of mortgage, ordinary trade bills, shares in railways, or in any public company, and others of a similar nature, which a banker holds as collateral security for the repayment of a loan, or an advance, or it may be against a discount. The following is a definition of a banker's lien upon a security as given in "Smith's Law of Banking" pp. 29 and 30. "Banker's have," say Mr. Smith, "by the law merchant, what is called a *general lien* on securities, such as bills, notes, &c., put into their hands by their customers to be dealt with in the ordinary way of banking, and not merely for safe custody. A right of general lien, as distinguishable from a right of particular lien, is a right to hold, and when the case admits of it, to realize, such securities as come into his hands from his customer, or on his customer's account, to obtain payment of a general balance due to him from such customer, either at the time when the security was deposited, or at any time while it lawfully remains in the banker's hands.

"When you send your coat to your tailor to be mended, he has a particular lien for the mending only, and not for the price of the trowsers which he has just sent home. If he had by law, or by your agreement, a right to keep the coat till you paid the whole of his bill, he would have a *general lien*, which is what the banker has."

Although a credit may assume various titles according to the form in which it is granted, there are in the abstract only two methods of obtaining credit in currency from the bank, and these are either by a loan against security, or by discounting a bill. It will be observed that an ordinary trade bill may be used in either way. Now a glance at the value of an ordinary trade bill in the banker's hands as security for the repayment of a loan, as compared with a similar bill under discount, will sufficiently indicate the point of difference between the two systems.

In the first place the conditions of a simple loan can only have a binding force between two individuals: if you lend an individual a sum of money, you can only have recourse against the same individual for repayment. But when a banker discounts a bill he has not only a legal claim for repayment from his own customer who gets the money, but also on the other endorsers of the bill, as well as on the acceptor, who is first called upon to pay.



Take now an instance of a bill being deposited with a banker by his customer as security for the payment of an existing debt, or a debt which is about to be contracted, and examine the value of the bill. In such a case the banker would have to give back the bill to his customer, whenever the debt was paid; he would have no property in the bill. All the banker's interest in such a bill would be his right of lien on the security for payment of a particular debt; and in the event of the bankruptcy of the debtor, the banker would be bound to hand over the bill to the assignees of the bankrupt estate after the debt against which he holds the bill has been paid. The case is altogether different with a bill under discount. When once a bill is discounted it become the property of the banker, and is ranked amongst the assets of the bank: in other words, the banker has acquired all right and interest in the bill by purchase, and as the law fully recognizes the property of the banker in such bills, he therefore, in a legal sense, *buys* the debt of the trader when he discounts his bill.

Although, as a rule, it is not of much consequence to the individual contracting a debt, whether the credit he obtains is derived from the pledging of his bill as a *security*, or from the discounting of the bill—(the former course may be a trifle cheaper), it is of great importance that the banker should observe the distinction in granting the credit. By adopting the former course the banker deprives himself of the right to use the bill; it lies idle in the bank, and it would be a dereliction of duty to sell it, or to pay it away; but by discounting it the banker acquires an absolute right to use the bill in any way he pleases.

It is always preferable to grant a credit by discounting legitimate trade bills, rather than by lending on any other form of security. The reason of this is obvious. A bill is itself a negotiable instrument when discounted, which the banker can sell at any time, and thereby obtain a return of the money which he gave for it; it matures on a specified date, when he can reckon upon payment, if he does not require to realize it by sale beforehand; and in addition to his right of lien upon it, as against his own customer, he has a legal right to recover against the acceptor and the various endorsers.

Look now for a little at the connection between a bill under discount and a current account, which is, as already stated, the main channel through which the public receives credit from the banker. The balance standing at the credit of a customer of the bank in a drawing or current account, is the result of payments made from time to time to the banker, in coin, in various descriptions of orders payable on demand, and the proceeds of bills discounted. The demand orders are converted into cash in the course of a few days, as they are simply debts which the customer hands to his banker to collect for him; and if we leave the bills out of the account, the balance thereafter represents cash which the banker has actually received. In order to observe the peculiarities of the bills, recall the example already used in a former letter, of an individual taking



a bill for £100 to obtain a discount from the banker. It will be remembered that the proceeds derived from the discounting of this bill were placed to the credit of the individual who received the money, in his current account, and that he could draw from time to time upon the balance thus formed until it was exhausted. Now, although a new credit is hereby formed, it must be observed that the capital which went to form it was first taken from the banker's own till. There was no accession of fresh capital to the bank by the transaction. On the contrary, the banker contracted this new liability on his own capital, and whenever the amount standing at the credit of the individual is withdrawn from the bank, the banker's working capital will be £100 less than it was before the transaction. This sum again returns to the bank at the maturity of the bill.

A banker's balance sheet generally presents the balances standing at the credit of current accounts amongst the liabilities on *deposits*. It must, however, be kept in mind that where this is done, the amount of deposits will represent more capital than that which is available from deposits to be employed by the banker, as a portion of the amount is derived from the proceeds of bills discounted, and is therefore the result of a credit for which the banker has not received any capital. It is an equivalent of notes in his hands, issued on the credit of the trader at a discount. The bills from which the credit originated will be found on the other side of the balance sheet ranked as assets of the bank. These bills are always treated by the banker as assets of the bank; and although in a certain sense they bear the character of securities, it would lead to confusion to speak of them as such, as the assets of a bank constitute the property of the banker, while the securities are the property of his customers.

In order to ascertain the principle of advancing, or lending on a current account, turn now to that side of the account which forms a portion of the assets of a bank, and, in the first place, let us endeavour to trace a bare outline of the general effect which lending on current accounts may have on the sound financial position of a bank. When a banker honours his customer's cheque for a larger amount than that which is standing at the credit of his account in the bank, the amount which is paid in excess of the credit is termed an *overdraft*. The right of overdrawing an account is a matter of special arrangement between the banker and his customer. The arrangement is generally effected on the basis of the securities tendered by the customer. It is a common mistake to suppose that the banker is guided solely by a certainty of receiving back his money, or the reverse, in making an arrangement of this nature. There can be no doubt but that he would be largely influenced by having full confidence in his customer; but on the other hand, it is quite possible that all his customers may be of the most upright character, and possessed of means more than sufficient to meet all their engagements, and still the bank to be placed in a perilous

position by an excess of overdrafts. The safety of the bank must therefore be subject to consideration in allowing an overdraft, as well as the safety of the customer. Perhaps the greatest disadvantage attending overdrafts is that they cannot be called up at the precise time when the money may be required by the banker. If the capital advanced on overdrafts were employed in discounting bills, the banker would have the bills to fall back upon in the event of any commercial crisis causing a run upon the bank. The bills might be re-discounted, and the capital which was advanced upon them thereby recalled to the bank. But assuming that it has been advanced on current accounts, the banker would have to trust to his securities (which are not negotiable) to call up the overdrafts on the accounts. Before this could be accomplished it would be necessary to realize a large portion of those securities in the market. The misunderstandings and difficulties which would arise out of such a course are apparent. The banker would suddenly find himself, to his cost, involved in a share of most of the commercial transactions of the district, in addition to his own business. A careful banker, therefore, endeavours always to keep the amount of overdrafts on current accounts at a comparatively low figure, by employing only in this manner that portion of his capital which he cannot profitably use in other ways.

As a very large proportion of the losses sustained by bankers arises from overdrafts on current accounts, it will perhaps be as well to devote the subsequent portion of this letter to a consideration of that species of credit by itself.

JOHN K. GUTHRIE.

*Acrostic Sonnet.*

S tatesman well tried ! but never wanting found ;  
 I n Africa or India's distant land,  
 R uling with mildness firmly, judgment sound ;  
 B enevolent and courteous, genial, bland ;  
 A ssuaging human woe with head, heart, hand ;  
 R esolved—aye, ready—to resist the wrong,—  
 T hrough love of God, right, mercy, render'd strong—  
 L arge-hearted, able, worthy to command !  
 E steem, respect, securing everywhere.  
 F riend of all races ! whose life's noble aim,  
 R esolve,—to make man's happiness thy care—  
 E ver increase with deserved fame ;  
 R uler beloved ! fain would we keep thee here,  
 E v'n till thy dear life's term be o'er,—SIR BARTLE FRERE.

S. W. D.

July 30th, 1878.

## The Kafir War and its Lessons :

AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE QUESTION OF THE DAY—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE NATIVE TRIBES IN OUR MIDST AND AROUND OUR BORDER ?

### No. II.

THESE ever-recurring wars, who shall estimate the influence which they have had, prejudicial in every way to the natives, and if to the natives how much more to the colonist ? Until we were on this occasion engaged in actual hostilities, we had cherished the hope that we had seen the last of native outbreaks. Every additional year of peace maintained we valued as a guarantee ever increasing in value that peace would be maintained. Our disappointment that it has not is very positive. It is not alone the present mischief wrought that is to be deplored. The natives have got again familiarized with actual war. Is this to be the first of a new series of such outbursts of violence ?

Those interested in the publication of serial literature make it very prominent what the venture is made of, reviving a defunct magazine, or carrying it forward into a new series, they tell of improvements, and of increased attention and vigour to be put in requisition. Is it to be so with these wars ? Are the natives to turn to profitable account their experience, their better acquaintance and larger practice with the new arm now in their possession, and come up again, after a short interval of so-called peace, to renew the struggle, reproduce the violence and robbery, under more favourable conditions and greater probabilities of success ? Then the prosperity of the Colony is at an end.

There must be such a dealing with the native question now as will make future wars impossible. This as much for the natives' own sake as for that of the colonist. The one must have confidence that peaceful relations will be maintained, the other must have all grounds of hope taken from him that it will ever be in his power to again disturb such relations.

*The possession of arms must not be allowed.*—On the part of the natives their wishing to have arms can be only with one object : that of attacking us. Use for arms, or reason why they should possess them, they have none ; therefore, let them be kept from having them. It must be declared unlawful for them to have weapons of war. In this, then, no occasion for bluster or sentimental whining either. Infringement of liberty there is not in this. It is a first duty of every man, and of every community of men, as well to devise or adopt whatever means are requisite for personal safety, the protection of property ; the preserving of public order, in short. No civilized community can otherwise exist. There is no pretext under which it can be shown that arms are necessary to any of the natives ; it is

very easy to see how the possession of them keeps thoughts of mischief before them. We will not suffer them to use arms against each other, and we must not suffer them to have them to use against ourselves.

The very possibility of doing so must be taken away from them, even as a thing to think about. The spade and the ploughshare, the sheep shears and the wagon whip, the crowbar and the wheel-barrow, will bring them gold into their hands; and, what is better still, will form in them habits of industry, transform their character. This is the school to which they must first go, this is the education which they most need.

*Prolonged peace a security of permanent peace.*—Peace soundly established is a guarantee valuable just as it is prolonged for the continuance of peace. The war habit dies out, the art of war is forgotten, and the disposition to provoke to or engage in war becomes weakened: is less fondly cherished. The native, by long-continued peace, becomes less expert in the practice of war.

No one who knows or remembers what the past native wars were, can fail to see that the present outbreak of violence is quite a different thing from the wars of the past. The men who were the fiercest combatants twenty-six years ago were schooled in war, true veteran soldiers many of them. Such of them as are still alive are too old now for actual warfare, and with their past experience far less disposed thereto, being less hopeful of success. The young bloods now in the front want experience, their quality is that of raw recruits. With the weapons of precision now in their hands, and with the fierce temper and spirit and previous training of 1852, they would have proved them a foe greatly more dangerous than we have yet on this occasion found them. The firearms in their hands are far from being of that deadly service which they had hoped, and which we had feared. Confident in the possession of the white man's weapon they seem to have discarded that which they once knew better how to use, so that neither with gun nor assegai have they fought as they did on former occasions. Let us make sure that they shall not have further opportunity of improving upon present failures, or of learning better how to use their more deadly weapon.

*The Kafir has in him the making of a good soldier.*—With the Kafir's natural capacity for the use of arms under review, we rate his soldierly qualities high. He has singular power of endurance; he has courage; the recognition of authority is a life principle in him, and for physical symmetry and adaptation where is his equal to be found? Would that the Imperial Government were induced to consider and take advantage of this. For service in India two or three as fine regiments as are under the Crown might be raised, composed of picked young men who might be disposed to enter the service. Away from their own people there would be no reason to suspect their loyalty. They would be less expensive, and would be better adapted to a warm climate than the British soldier. The Kafir is greatly more worthy



of confidence than is the Sepoy. And an excellent civilizing school would this service be. Would that some of our military officers with genius for the task, and enthusiasm, were induced to take this matter up. Deserving well of their country, we would write against their names.

*The demoralizing influence of war.*—Loss of property, disturbed relations, apprehension of danger, these are not all the evils springing out of or connected with a state of war. Its tendency is to demoralize all within range of its influence. The war panic of five months ago, all throughout the eastern divisions of the Colony, has disappeared. Even with the rebels advanced much farther into the Colony there is much less excitement and outcry and alarm. Why is this? One reason undoubtedly is, that people are better prepared for defending their lives and their property. They have more confidence in themselves, and instead of running away when danger was yet a good way off they have now resolution to maintain their position and protect their property against heavy odds of the rebels and spoliators. This is not demoralization, it is just the reverse. If it be not genuine patriotism it is a very serviceable substitute for that virtue.

There is, however, another reason for the now state of things so different from what it was a few months ago. There is quite a crowd of men in receipt of public money now who were making nothing of the war before. That has tended to hush not a few voices. This has no reference to the burghers who, in the hour of threatening danger, turned out so loyally. To but few of them can the allowance which they receive be a very strong temptation. And the heartiness was worthy of admiration with which so many volunteered their services at first, to whom the compensation offered could be no inducement at all to take the field. Only a sense of duty it can have been with them, and a desire speedily to conquer a satisfactory peace.

That so little was made of this patriotic and praiseworthy disposition, and those services made so little use of by Government at the time, was quite inexplicable. It is better understood now. There was such a disposition then which, had it been encouraged and turned to account, any number of men that Government required would have readily gone to the front. They needed no burgher law, no penalties of a defence bill, to compel them to come out. A few weeks' experience, however, had a wonderful effect upon those who did go. They soon became convinced that their services commanded very small thanks, and were turned to as little use as possible.

When under the urgency of the crisis that soon gathered to a head, ministers woke up somewhat. It was "a kingdom for a horse" with them then. The most desirable service was not, however, to be procured now. The colonists felt as if they had been befooled, and had no liking to be so again. But men must be had. The ever-spreading rebellion must be watched, if nothing more. Men



were got. Native levies, Fingoes, Kafirs, and others—anybody—were raised. Men who had before sat still, shown no disposition to go to the front, now got appointed to be officers in these levies. The Kafir did not turn out to be such a terrible fellow to fight with after all; the danger to life or limb was not very threatening, and the pay was now enough to be an object of consideration.

The Fingoes engaged to protect their own locations, Government supplying them with arms. Soon after getting such arms they made other conditions of service, they too must have pay. At every fresh alarm additional levies were raised, till there are locations where sufficient herds for the cattle are not left, and idle men enough can no longer be got to make officers of. These, all these, have an interest in the prolongation of the war. They have little to do beyond cooking their food and eating it. They are everywhere to be met with, slouching about with a gun over their shoulders, wasting ammunition to a fearful extent, and receiving a greatly higher pay than the regular British soldier. To these men, and there are many of them, it would be certain satisfaction were they assured that the war would be drawn out for months to come. This is demoralization. When men have got to feel that they have a beneficial interest in a public calamity there is surely demoralization.

*The disposal of the forfeited lands.*—When the only authority is that of the colonial magistrate, and all the native tribes have been deprived of the means of either bringing trouble upon themselves or of alarming us by threatening danger; when it has been declared unlawful for them to possess arms, for which they have no use, has all been done to secure the future peace and prosperity of the Colony that requires to be done? How is the land vacated or forfeited to be disposed of? A matter scarcely less important this than the disposing of the people. Unoccupied the land must not remain. That would only be an occasion of trouble and mischief, and a public loss as well.

The natural result of the war, combined with the scarcity of food, will be a very extensive distribution of the native population among the colonial employers of labour, farmers, and others. This seems the only way of preventing the infatuated people from dying of starvation. Providence gave the like opportunity before, when, through the famine brought on by their own wickedness in destroying their corn and slaughtering their cattle, the mass of the population must have perished, had not the colonists come to the rescue. Thousands of families on that occasion were brought out in a state of starvation, food and employment found for them, and in a few months they were useful to their preservers, and in the enjoyment of comfort and security which few of them had before known. Then we failed to read the lesson aright, let not the mistake be repeated. There was continued employment for all who had come into the Colony, but when they had well recovered from the sad effects of famine, service was no longer a necessity for them; they were tired of

it, and we, little less foolish than they, afforded every encouragement and facility for their return to barbarism and idleness.

*Industrial population the want of the Colony.*—Every addition to our industrial population is an additional security against the inroads of neighbouring barbarism. Even if we succeed at last in converting those into honest and industrious citizens, the process will be a slow one. We want population of the right sort even to do this. In our towns and villages that conversion which we would gladly see become universal is perceptible, it has made a beginning. The reason, civilization there has numbers to give it momentum, force to make an impression. The natives are all under the control of the civilized inhabitants, who can thus insist that decent apparel shall be worn, cleanliness practised, and respectful manners observed. This cannot be done where barbarism outnumbers civilization as twenty or more to one, and the one has no direct control over the other. In such a case civilization is itself in no small danger of losing tone, suffering somewhat.

It is in every way our interest to largely increase our population by immigration. Every other colonial dependency of the empire regards the industrious immigrant from old Fatherland as the most valuable import which is set down upon its shores. He brings wealth and he makes wealth. Strange enough, we have regarded increase to our population by such means with painful jealousy. We are desirous, always desirous, to get men to work, only to work. That they should ever become masters and compete with us as employers of labour, is a thought of the matter that we utterly dislike.

In this there is very short-sighted selfishness. We are over covetous of land, and would begrudge to the industrious immigrant the grant of an acre of it. We cry, Give us more, though we are not using and cannot use profitably one-fourth of what we possess. This is a source of weakness to us as against our uncivilized neighbours, and it is a positive hindrance, obstruction to our own rising in the scale of civilization, of cultivated intelligence, and social comfort.

*Sparseness of population a serious drawback.*—Union is strength; most admit that. But with farm homesteads, the only abodes of civilization, miles apart, how can there be union or the benefits of union enjoyed? With our large farms sub-divided and let to industrious cultivators, a really reliable population might be indefinitely increased. This would in every way be advantageous. It would afford facilities for the education of our children which we do not now enjoy. This is a matter of the very highest importance. At present we must either each family engage a private teacher or our children must be sent from home to a boarding-school. Either of these modes entails an expense beyond what many families can justly and honestly provide for. Hence the schooling which the children get is of such a stinted measure as to make it well nigh valueless to them. But were ten families where one now is, all duly appreciating education, then the support of a teacher being spread

over so many shoulders, would make the thing no burden to any of them ; a man more fit for the position and its duties would be secured, and the children would get their educational term lengthened out, so that it might have much more to do in framing and moulding their characters.

This, though one of the most important, is not the only benefit that would result from a greatly increased industrial population. For every good object there would be strength added and facilities presented which cannot be now. "Iron sharpeneth iron ; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." But where men are not, there cannot be this profitable, mutually stimulating intercourse. Politically and socially we suffer much for lack of it.

*Develop the resources of the country.*—Can we do so? Not with our present population most certainly. Have the natives done anything towards this? Is there anyone who really knows them, or who has read their history of the last fifty years, that expects they ever will do anything of the kind? Where they themselves are to have the chief benefit it might surely be expected that they, sensible of the interest which the thing is of to them, would be forward to adopt whatever is suggested in the way of improvement, and eager to put the thing in practice. All that we do see, however, is just the reverse.

Do not ask them to make a water-furrow to irrigate their lands. Make it for them, and hand it over for their use and benefit ; they will not keep it clean and in repair. We can give actual cases illustrative of this as a fact. Cases where the people are now enduring the pinchings of hunger resulting from the drought of the season, and during all that drought had water all unused rolling along the side of their lands under crop ; and, what is more, with a furrow constructed by the white man which once led the water over those lands, but it has been suffered to get filled up by sand washing into it, hence is useless. Such a furrow is worth more than were sand to yield gold to the searcher ; and a few hours' work occasionally, with willing arms and a serviceable shovel, was all that was required to keep it in repair. But this was too much, and hundreds of people will rather struggle with dire hunger than exert themselves ever so little to provide against or prevent it. What can be done with such a people?

Oba and his people, about whose destitution and starvation such outcry has been made, were in this position. It suited their disposition, however, much better to live by plundering the farmers around than to lead the waters of the river over their dry lands and thus convert them into fields as fruitful as any in the Colony. In the same neighbourhood are other cases of a like nature. Under the knowledge of such facts, only the word Hopeless can be written.

The scanty population other than native races, which is so thinly scattered over the Colony, can do but little for the development of our natural resources. Many more hands, and heads as well, are wanted. Industry and intelligence combined are required for the

work. And when these are well applied we are confident that the reward will not be a stingy one. It will be found out when too late that to have expended so much upon the construction of railways has been a mistake, unless there be a large increase of industrious population in order to produce something for these railways to carry. We have throughout spoken and thought of these as re-productive works; there must be producers of what requires the service of transport far more than are now to make these works what we have called them, re-productive.

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## Adèle ;

### A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

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BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

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#### CHAPTER XV.

" All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven.

'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!

Yield up, O! love, thy crown, and hearted throne,

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!"

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the morrow after the events related in the last chapter, the Field-cornet lay tossing on his bed, feverish and restless. As the day advanced he grew worse; before the sun set he was delirious, and for days he lay in a most critical state, unconscious of everything around him, while a solitary figure, who appeared equally ready to administer medicines from a small chest and texts from an open Bible on the table, moved solemnly about the room, now closely examining the pale face of the prostrate Field-cornet and mournfully shaking his head, and then softly retiring to the voorhuis and whispering instructions to the slaves about *always* having a little morsel ready for him in case he required it to strengthen himself, that he shouldn't fail under the arduous duties required of him in the sick chamber.

When at last, after more than a week's illness, the Field-cornet recovered consciousness and looked around him, he was greatly surprised to see Oom Hans the only occupant of his room, comfortably ensconced in a chair by his bedside, his nightcap well drawn over his solemn visage, while on a table by his side stood a dish containing the savoury side of a sheep just roasted, some biscuits, and a basin of coffee.



Once himself again, Herman gradually recalled the events that had taken place previous to his illness, and soon his whole mind became concentrated upon the one subject all important to himself. Pale and agitated he leaned forward towards Oom Hans, and anxiously enquired the date of the month.

Oom Hans started violently at the sound of Stallenberg's voice speaking coherently, and hurriedly threw down the well-polished bone he held in his hand. Rising slowly he stared at his patient for some minutes in uncertainty; the latter's scared look and repeated enquiry for the date of the month puzzled the old man exceedingly, for he felt convinced, after a moment's hesitation, that his patient was in full possession of his senses, and unaware of Herman's antecedents, he concluded that the latter's great anxiety about the date of the month related to farming affairs only; this he considered illtimed and worldly, and accordingly felt greatly shocked and grieved.

"My son," said Oom Hans, solemnly approaching the bedside, "Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord."

Herman interrupted him with a groan, and closed his eyes. "This is unendurable," thought he.

"Ha!" sighed Oom Hans, as he turned towards the medicine chest, "My timely admonition has struck home like a nail in a sure place; he groaneth in the spirit, and will do well."

"Stop that cant," cried Herman, impatiently, "and be good enough to answer my question;" and he looked fiercely towards the old man.

Oom Hans nearly dropped the vial he was holding up to the light, and stared for a second time; then without further delay he satisfied his patient. The day specified for the restitution of the kidnapped cattle was passed.

Pale and faint, Herman fell back on his pillow greatly agitated. He could not hope to rise for days, and he felt but too surely that if the conditions of the treaty were not fulfilled, the consequences to himself and Meerhoff would be disastrous. He might summon the burgher to his bedside, but, in spite of his fairest promises, he was not to be depended upon.

"I can be sure of nothing," said he, to himself, as he tossed impatiently about, "until I can see the cattle restored with my own eyes."

Oom Hans, quite unable to guess the cause of Herman's agitation, came to the conclusion at last that a change for the worse had set in, and that the Field-cornet was beginning to rave again. Sympathetically he turned towards the bed and held up a vial,

"A little roede poeder now, my son, will calm you; allow me to give you some."

Herman waved him off impatiently, and with his mind still running on the all-engrossing subject, he enquired after Jephtha, and when told that he was safe, ordered that Selina should be set at liberty and brought to him at once.



At the latter request Oom Hans opened his eyes and stared in astonishment. "My son," said he, gravely, "set your affections on things above."

"Confound you with your texts and medicines," replied Herman, fairly out of temper; then glancing towards the old man, who stood appalled at his profanity, he thanked him for his past services, and prayed him not to delay his departure any longer.

Oom Hans, feeling that he had done his duty, and finding the sick chamber extremely irksome with the Field-cornet in his senses, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to be freed from all responsibility.

Without further remonstrance he shut up his medicine-chest and closed the Bible. Then approaching the bedside, he, with much solemnity, took a lengthy farewell of the Field-cornet, and concluded his good wishes by saying in a slow and impressive tone, "That the workman was worthy of his hire."

Stallenberg, anxious to be rid of him at any price, begged him to select from his stores anything he wanted; whereupon Oom Hans left the chamber with a light heart and elastic step, cast his pious eyes to the rafters of the *voorhuis*, took down some of the finest biltongs suspended from them, then visited the *kraals*, took out the fattest of the lambs and kids, and departed well pleased and well laden, adding to the slave who assisted him into the wagon "That it was more blessed to give than to receive."

Herman was still congratulating himself in having so speedily got rid of Oom Hans, his medicines and texts, when a slow hesitating step attracted his attention, and in looking up he saw Selina advance with downcast eyes and sorely chafed wrists. She was sadly altered, and looked thin and worn, a shadow of the plump, handsome mulatto of but a week ago. The fire had left her eye, and her step lagged as she approached his bedside. Her first fit of fury and jealousy over, she fell into deep melancholy, and cherished no longer any design against his life, but her own. He, tossing about anxious and impatient, chafing against the illness that held him bound to his bed, turned towards her with an irritable look and gesture as she stopped, but the instant after a pang of remorse shot through him on seeing her so sadly changed in face and mien, so silent and woe-begone. He glanced a moment at her poor bleeding wrists, then up into her face so unnaturally calm and still.

"Selina," said he, feelingly. The tears started to her eyes and her lips quivered, for at the sound of his voice, tender and sympathetic, her whole being responded, and she lifted a sorrowful, penitent, and pleading face to him.

But Herman's feverish anxiety about Hancunqua and his cattle, swallowing up every other consideration, soon erased his temporary remorse, and left no room for either sentiment or compassion. Her tears irritated him, and he exclaimed impatiently,

"Stop all this, Selina, it worries me ; I have sent for you, not to add to my discomfort, but to use your skill as of old, and to restore me to health as soon as possible. I must be well shortly," he said, falling back on his pillows, "or the consequences may prove most fatal to us all."

A sudden flash seemed to scorch up her recent tears ; she looked fixedly before her, her despairing soul growing darker every moment as she thought of his words, "He must be well shortly ; and she must restore him to health !" Her tongue appeared unable to form an answer to his appeal. He saw her frenzy, guessed the cause, and saw his own danger. Anger would not avail him now ; on the contrary, might prove his ruin. He must exert his influence over her. Little did he dream how powerful that influence was.

Softly laying his hand on hers, he looked pleadingly into her face as he said, "Selina, you will not desert me now, nor leave me to die here, will you ?"

"Never," she replied, his loving touch and gentle words firing her poor broken heart anew, and in a moment scattering every thought of vengeance against him. "No, I never will."

"Now you speak like the faithful slave that I have always believed you to be." And he threw himself back and became silent and thoughtful, his mind anxiously and unceasingly dwelling on the chief and his cattle ; while she busied herself about the room, happy and contented to be near him, one moment binding up his wounds and the next smoothing his pillow, ever faithfully watching and tending him, and cheering herself with the fond hope, poor creature, that he was once more reconciled to her.

With such care, skill, and success did she nurse him, that in a few days he was able to sit up.

It was while leaning back in his arm chair reflecting, that he looked up sharply as if a sudden and important thought struck him, and called to her.

"Selina, come here," said he, "and listen to me. You know I have always trusted you."

"And I hope have never found me wanting in fidelity," she replied, looking reproachfully at him.

"Never," he answered, earnestly. "I am going to show you now how fully I confide in you, by committing to your charge, while I am gone, the prisoner I brought with me. Go this moment and see that he is well secured, and I charge you, let him not escape. When I return I will set him at liberty, not before."

She made no reply, but instantly left the room, and walked slowly towards Jephtha's prison.

"He has no thought for me, she said bitterly to herself ; "his gentleness has deceived me. His every thought is for *her*. Every word he utters betrays his anxiety to be off and to be with *her*. To be married to *her*. My love and care are alike wasted upon him. "Ah !" sighed Selina, as she laid her hand on her heart, as

if to ease the aching void there that seemed so unendurable. "Ah! what shall comfort this breaking heart?"

She stopped a moment before the prison to recover herself, for she was deeply wounded in her most sacred and tender affections; then slowly unlocking the door, she flung it open.

"Jeptha," she cried, her voice trembling with emotion. "Where are you? Look up, you are not the only one groaning under this man's tyranny."

Perplexed and astonished, Jeptha lifted his head and answered, "Here I am." Then a momentary ray of hope brightening his poor emaciated face, he enquired what had brought her to his prison. "For," said he dejectedly, "I have not seen the light of day, nor heard a human voice since I was placed here. Through that little hole there, they put a small piece of bread and a little water for me daily."

She seated herself opposite him, but scarcely heeded him or his words; her eyes looked across into vacancy, and he noticed a stony fixedness in them that frightened him. She was silent so long that he repeated his question.

"You ask what brings me here!" she replied at last; "it is to see that you are well secured. He has committed you to my charge while he is gone."

"Gone, where?" inquired Jeptha, anxiously.

"To Cape Town, to be married to Adèle."

Jeptha started, and pulled impatiently at the thongs that confined his bleeding wrists until he could bear the pain no longer, when he leaned forward and moaned.

"Ah!" sighed Selina, "they are bad, so are mine, look at them!" And she held out her hands towards him. "But what cares he for a poor slave's sufferings or feelings. We are bought and sold like sheep and cattle, and they have come to look upon us as in no way better than, or above, the dumb animals around us. And yet I'll be bound that in my heathen breast beats a heart as passionate and as true to him as in the Christian bosom of the fine lady he has chosen to wed."

Jeptha looked up energetically. "What!" exclaimed he scornfully, "*she* love *him*. Nay! woman, I tell you, *she* *hates* him."

Selina jumped to her feet and clasped her hands fervently together, a new interest lighting up her whole being, and sparkling in her dark eye.

"Hates him!" she exclaimed, speaking to herself rather than to Jeptha, and dwelling on the word as if it brought comfort to her soul. "Hates him. Ah! cruel-hearted man; then have *you* too felt the pangs of unrequited affection! And for her sake," said Selina, after some moments' hesitation, "you fling away a heart devoted to you, and spurn from you one who would give her life for you. So be it, then; she will be a viper in your bosom."

"But," she said, after a moment's thought, and turning sharply round to Jephtha, "what authority have you for saying this? If she hates him, why, then, does she marry him?"

"She is compelled to do so by her step-father," replied Jephtha, "who is under an obligation to the Field-cornet. I know all about it, and I can tell you, woman, that she would give her life to escape from him."

"Ay, would she indeed?" replied Selina excitedly, "and I would give mine, Jephtha, could I assist her. Yea, I would peril everything to baulk that cruel man, and rob him of this his dearest desire."

"You have it in your power to procure her escape, without sacrificing your life or aught else."

"Do you mock me, Hottentot?" said Selina, gravely. "How? I pray you, how? Speak."

"Simply by setting me free," Jephtha answered.

Selina smiled. "It won't do, Jephtha. I am not so easily deceived. You have guessed my secret, and have cunningly invented this story to procure your freedom. Isn't that the case? But it won't succeed, for I don't see how your liberty can affect the girl he is going to marry."

"Why does he confine me here, do you think?" asked Jephtha. "I have done nothing that deserves imprisonment."

"How should I know," she answered.

"Come here then, and I will tell you," replied Jephtha."

Eagerly she bent forward, and listened patiently while Jephtha related to her everything. Then with burning cheeks and a heaving bosom she started erect and gasped rather than spoke. Jephtha, as he watched her, thought he had never seen anyone so insane with jealousy.

"Oh! cruel fate," she exclaimed bitterly, "that has robbed me of every past memory my great love fed upon. All these years, all these long years, has he loved another and striven so hard to possess her. And I suffered patiently and endured all things because I loved him, and believed that in spite of his cruelty his heart was wedded to the poor slave. But all is gone now, gone for ever!"

She stood motionless for some moments; at last she turned.

"Jephtha," she said earnestly, "it will cost me my life; but had I a thousand lives I would sacrifice them now to take from him this woman he has set his heart upon. Here, I remove these thongs from your wrists and ankles, and to-night, when I knock at that window, unbolt it from the inside, and I will set you at liberty." Then she secured the door again and returned home.

In mixing Stallenberg's brandy and water for him she added a soporific, quietly handed it to him, and seated herself some distance off. Patiently she waited until his heavy breathing assured her that the dose had been successful, and then eagerly she left the room.

Soon after there was a soft tap at Jephtha's prison window. The poor Hottentot had been anxiously listening for the warning knock

that was once more to set him at liberty, and now eagerly hastened towards the window, but no sooner had he drawn the sash back than he started aside aghast and cried out for mercy, for the figure of the Field-cornet stood before him. But before he had retreated many steps a strong arm caught him and dragged him back.

"Come out, Jephtha," said Selina, quietly, "don't be afraid! I was obliged to put on this disguise in order to pass the slaves at the kraals unobserved. Had they seen me coming to your prison so late they would have sounded an alarm, and we should have been discovered."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Jephtha fervently, as he alighted safely on the outside of the window.

"Here Jephtha," said she, "is a gourd of milk, and in this bag I have put a piece of meat and a little bread; hurry away, lose no time."

"And you?" inquired Jephtha, sympathetically, "I can't leave you here. Come with me," he pleaded, "I will take you to my father Chotona, where no one shall dare to hurt one hair of your head."

"I go with you and look on Adèle's fair face. Nay, Jephtha, nay; speed on yourself, but leave me here, for I have work to do that you know not of, and I must go back to the house at once."

He looked pleadingly into her face, so deadly pale and so unnaturally calm. For one moment she laid a cold trembling hand in his, and bid him begone; the next, she was speeding back to the house.

Softly she stepped into Stallenberg's chamber and seated herself at a little table where the candle burned low, filling the room with a dim uncertain light, and giving a ghostlike appearance to everything around. But Selina heeded nothing external, her whole soul was concentrated on the intense bitterness of her thoughts. There she sat silent and moody, her spirit crushed, her heart broken, everything her passionate soul cared for in life gone—bitter thought—yet was there one considerably more painful to her mind,—it never had been hers. She had been deceived from the beginning, deceived all along. This latter thought maddened her, and in a moment turned her love into the intensest hatred. Wildly at last she snatched the candle from the table and approached the bedside. Oh, for one kind Christian hand at this crisis to stay the poor heathen in her mad career, and turn her from her dread course. As she stopped before his bed, the unconscious Stallenberg moaned in his sleep and moved restlessly about. Her eyes flashed, and her hand stole hurriedly down to the hilt of the gleaming dagger by her side; one moment more and she flung it aloft and held it quivering in the air above; but she hesitates, for he murmurs in his sleep and holds out his hand beseechingly. "Ha!" thought she, her eyes dilating, "he is dreaming of *her*. Does he whisper again? Her name? Whose name?"

"Selina."

Her hand dropped powerless by her side; the woman's heart



conquered the passionate heathen soul in a moment, and Stallenberg was safe. A revulsion of feeling took place on the instant, and as she looked at his unconscious face, her own name whispered softly by him still ringing in her ears, she forgave everything and thought only of her great love for him. Softly she drew nearer, and long and bitterly she wept over him; then stooping low, she kissed him tenderly.

"It is the last time," she whispered plaintively, "the very last time!"

Starting erect, she flung the candle to one end of the room, where it sparkled and died out slowly, leaving her and her fell purpose in total darkness. Gradually a calm stole over her, and but one agonizing sigh escaped her, as for a moment she folded her hands across her broken heart and lifted her despairing eyes to heaven. Then unhesitatingly she raised the dagger on high for the second time; it descended unerringly, and with a groan that startled even Stallenberg in his sleep, Selina fell to the earth, never to rise again!

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was low in the heavens, the day after the events just related, when the Field-cornet awoke for the first time and started up in his bed, trembling violently. He had had a fearful dream, and he looked wildly about him.

"Selina," he cried; "Selina, where are you?"

No answer was returned, and the stillness and gloom of the chamber seemed to increase his terror, for a moment after he bounded out of bed, and by so doing nearly placed his two feet on the lifeless form of the unfortunate woman, whose deadly pale face and fixed lustreless eyes sent a shudder through him and made him start back in amazement.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as his eye for the first time fell on the dagger in her hand that had done the cruel deed. "She is dead."

He paced uneasily up and down once or twice, then stopped.

"Poor creature!" said he, deeply affected, "your love was greater than I believed."

Then he seated himself, and a flood of remorse rushed over him as he thought of her. How devoted and faithful she had always been. How patiently she had borne with him. How many services she had rendered to him all for love, while he, ever a worshipper at the altar of self, had never given her in return one kind look or word of encouragement. For the first time now a feeling towards her akin to love stirred in his breast, but it was soon dissipated and turned into the bitterest hatred by a slave who entered hurriedly, and in a state of great trepidation announced that Jephtha had escaped during the night.

Stallenberg's face grew livid as he thought of the consequences to himself should Jephtha succeed in reaching Adèle and Hancunqua's camp before him.

With an oath he rose, and cursed the poor creature before him.

"This is your work," he said fiercely. "Wretch, your vengeance has undone that which I have laboured and suffered for for years and perilled my very life to possess. Drag her out of my sight," he cried to the slave, "and cast her forth."

The slave obeyed instantly, but dropped the body outside the door, as his master's angry voice loudly called him back.

"Saddle my horse and bring it to the door this instant," he thundered. And soon after, feeling better and stronger after his long and peaceful sleep, he mounted and rode away, not deigning one look at the poor lifeless form by the doorway.

Fast and furiously he rode across the country, in hopes that he might still prevent Jephtha from seeing Adèle and reaching Hancunqua's camp before him.

As he approached Meerhoff's farm, anxious and agitated, he was struck with the peculiar appearance of the clouds on the horizon. Just as blood-red had they appeared to him in his dream, and he almost fancied that he saw in the clouds, as he had seen in his dream, "*A gigantic uplifted hand.*"

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## CHAPTER XVI.

I still am with thee, nor my fate would give,  
For all thy soul-felt charms dear liberty ;  
My only object, thought, hope, wish, to live  
With him I love ; with him at last to die.

Jephtha, after parting from Selina, proceeded on his way but slowly. His weak state of health, and the pain in his sorely chafed ankles, unfitted him for the fatigues of a journey on foot. He walked with difficulty, and had frequently to rest. Still he persevered bravely all through the night, and hoped to reach Langkloof Valley before the daylight revealed his whereabouts. But, alas ! poor Jephtha, when in the morning the grey dawn enabled him to view the country around, he beheld in the far distance the dim outline of the Langkloof mountains, and found to his amazement that he had wandered away in an opposite direction.

Weary, footsore, and parched with thirst, he sat down in despair and covered his face. What was to be done next ? They would surely follow him, and must overtake him before he could reach a place of safety. His doom appeared inevitable, and for a time his misfortunes seemed completely to overwhelm him, until, recalled by the bark of a dog close by, he looked up and saw the sun high in the heavens and a shepherd leading out his flock.

"Something must be done," he said, in a state of feverish anxiety. Fruitless lamentation and inaction will not solve the difficulty ; he must up, take his chance, and for Adèle's sake hurry back as fast as possible. The thought of her unhappiness and utter helplessness

inspired him with fresh courage and vigour ; he jumped to his feet, begged a little water of the shepherd, and with all possible speed limped back in the direction of Langkloof, anxiously peering about him as he went, and listening for the faintest sound that might prove a warning of approaching danger. But he laboured on patiently all day, and nothing occurred to alarm him or to rouse his suspicions until, at sundown, as he approached Meerhoff's farm, when, thoroughly worn out and ill, he glanced back suddenly, scarcely knowing why, and saw, to his consternation, two dark figures on the summit of the hill, who showed clearly against the horizon for one moment, and the next descended rapidly towards him.

At the same time Stallenberg rode up to Meerhoff's front door and dismounted. On entering the *voorhuis*, he anxiously surveyed it with one lightning glance, and was relieved to see Adèle quietly sewing by her mother's side. But, as he looked at her pensive bowed figure, he felt compunctious to see how haggard and woe-begone she looked. Eagerly he came up to greet her ; she carelessly extended her hand, without looking up.

With an angry flush he retired and seated himself beside Meerhoff.

"What is the matter ?" inquired the latter, as he observed Stallenberg's arm in a sling. "Have you had an accident ?"

"A slight one ; I have been in the wars, and have a few scratches to remind me of my share in the conflict."

"In the wars !" exclaimed the burgher, eyeing him suspiciously. "What induced you to go to war ?"

"Necessity," replied Stallenberg with decision. "I had intimation that the convict Du Plessis was hiding at Namana's. As an officer of the Government it was my duty to apprehend him."

"Of course," interrupted Meerhoff.

"I saw no means of doing so except by leading Hancunqua's men against Namana," replied Stallenberg.

"The devil !" exclaimed Meerhoff, his eyes sparkling. "I suppose now the avaricious rascal has his kraals well filled with the spoil. That is the game he likes, for the rest he spends his time in kidnapping his neighbours' cattle and fabricating lies against unoffending burghers."

"In this instance," answered the Field-cornet, "he did not get a single head."

"How was that ? Namana licked him, I'll be sworn ; serve the coward right. I hope he lost all his cattle, or rather those he lifted from his neighbours."

"It is no question of cattle," replied Stallenberg sternly ; "and I can assure you that Hancunqua acted no coward's part."

"Then I don't understand it," said Meerhoff ruminatingly, and he took out his pipe and tobacco pouch.

Stallenberg glanced across at the pale trembling little figure opposite, whose large terror-stricken eyes were fixed upon him in speechless anxiety, and hesitated in his answer. A heart of stone would have

bled for her at that moment. Their eyes met ; for a second they looked steadily at each other, then a look of triumph beamed in his. She winced as if struck, dropped her eyes, and soon felt her sight going and a faintness stealing over her, for she heard, though indistinctly, his voice and his cruel words.

"I told you," said he to Meerhoff, "that my sole purpose for leading Hancunqua against Namana was to apprehend the convict. Unfortunately he was killed in a scuffle before the fight was concluded. I therefore considered it my duty to declare the skirmish at an end, and consequently ordered Hancunqua and his men back."

An agonizing cry rang through the voorhuis, startling everyone present, and poor Adèle fell heavily forward.

Meerhoff rose, stamped his foot, and hurriedly disappeared through the open door.

Mrs. Meerhoff rose too, and in her quiet way softly approached her daughter and tenderly took her hand.

"Rise, Adèle," she said gently ; but the poor girl was quite unconscious.

Then she looked beseechingly towards the Field-cornet, who was completely lost in his own unpleasant reflections. He felt quite satisfied now that Adèle had not seen Jephtha, and therefore concluded that the Hottentot must have returned straight to Hancunqua's camp. Fear seized him, and terror blanched and distorted his face as he thought of the terrible consequences to himself and Meerhoff should the ill-used Hottentot, by relating his wrongs, add fuel to the flame and compel Hancunqua to take immediate vengeance. The enraged chief might be at their very door for aught he knew ; he must seek Meerhoff at once and speak to him. As he lifted his eyes they fell on Adèle, and he became aware for the first time that Mrs. Meerhoff was asking for assistance. With an angry gesture he rose, lifted her unconscious figure in his arms, and carried her into her chamber.

Patiently Mrs. Meerhoff laboured to restore consciousness, and after awhile was partly rewarded, for Adèle opened her eyes ; but there was a stony vacant look in them that frightened her mother. Wisely she took her daughter's hand in hers, and began to speak of Francois in a tender and pathetic strain, her tears falling fast the while. It had the desired effect ; her presence of mind saved her daughter. For Adèle, gradually subdued, was at last completely overcome ; with one plaintive cry she threw her arms round her mother's neck and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh ! mother, mother, would that I might die too. What is life without Francois ?"

"And would you deprive me of the only solace I have ?" said her mother reproachfully.

"Dear mother, forgive me," she cried affectionately. "He was my sole protector against this wicked man. Who shall save me from him now ?"

"God," answered her mother earnestly. "Put your trust in Him, Adèle."

She rose and walked about, her agitation too great to admit of her remaining quiet. Suddenly she fell on her knees before her mother, and laid her head against her parent's gentle bosom.

"It is too hard," she sobbed, "dear mother. It is too hard. Oh! to lose him for ever, and all because of his love for me. I cannot outlive it."

Long she remained in the kneeling attitude, her mother gently stroking her bright hair and talking soothingly to her. At last she rose, and hurriedly prepared to leave the room.

"Where are you going, Adèle?"

"To the garden, mother, to the thorn trees; that alone can speak to me of my Francois."

This spot was very sacred in her eyes; how powerfully it reminded her of Francois as she seated herself under the old familiar thorn tree, and indulged in tender reminiscences of the past.

Past! gone for ever. Oh! bitter thought, that he whom she loved so passionately was dead. Gone! she would never see his face again, never hear his voice again. Completely overwhelmed with grief, she sank to the earth and groaned aloud, disconnected and incoherent sentences escaping her at times as her poor broken heart cried out in its misery. Suddenly she paused and lifted her head; the stealthy approach of a footstep in the reeds attracted her attention and set her heart beating violently for a moment. With an effort she calmed herself, and sighed heavily as she laid her hand gently on her palpitating bosom, as if to stay the beating there. For the only footstep that could bring joy to her bereaved heart was silenced for ever, thought she bitterly, and then suddenly started to her feet, for the rushes before her parted, and Jephtha, trembling and footsore, stood before her.

"Spare me," she cried wildly, "spare me; I know the worst; I know all."

"Not *all*," replied Jephtha.

"What more can you tell me that could add to the bitterness of my cup? Is he not dead, my noble Francois?"

"No," answered Jephtha firmly; "he lives."

"Do you mock me?" cried Adèle, deadly pale, and taking hold of Jephtha by both hands. "Oh! can it be true?"

"*He lives*," said Jephtha again earnestly, "as surely as you and I do."

"Oh God!" exclaimed Adèle fervently, as she leaned against the nearest tree for support. "How shall I find words to express my thankfulness to Thee? It is enough, my Francois lives and I live."

She stood perfectly motionless for a while, wrapped up in her own reflections; then with flashing eyes she came forward and spoke again.



"Jeptha, if what you say is true, how dared Stallenberg, how dared he, deceive me so?"

"He told a lie," replied Jeptha unceremoniously.

"At first we all believed him dead, but before the Field-cornet left the truth had been discovered, and the chief informed him of it."

"Are you quite sure?" inquired Adèle.

"Certain," replied Jeptha unhesitatingly. "I heard what the chief said, and I heard the Field-cornet's reply: 'If that is the case,' said Stallenberg, 'you must deliver him up to me at once.'"

"Not I," answered the chief boldly. "'How about all my cattle that Meerhoff has kidnapped? The day that you restore them to me, that day I deliver up Du Plessis to you; not before.'"

"Has he restored the cattle?" inquired Adèle anxiously.

"Not that I am aware of, but I shall know soon, for I am going to Hancunqua's camp at once to see Baasie Francois, and to tell the chief how shamefully Stallenberg used me while a prisoner at his farm."

"Stop a moment," exclaimed Adèle anxiously.

"What is that rustling?"

"Heaven knows," answered Jeptha aghast. "Doubtless the Field-cornet's men in search of me."

More than one step was distinctly heard cautiously approaching, but it was too dark to distinguish an object far ahead. Adèle's quick perception warned her in an instant that there was no time for Jeptha, in his present infirm state, to escape.

"Lie down," she whispered softly.

He obeyed instantly. She had just succeeded in throwing her skirt over him when the reeds behind her parted, and she was roughly seized by the shoulder.

"We have got you at last, Hottentot."

"What do you mean, slaves?" demanded Adèle indignantly.

The men started, and scrutinized her figure carefully.

"We ask your pardon, nonnie," they replied. "We are after a Hottentot who escaped from our master's farm, and we believed that we had caught him."

"And why do you seek him here?"

"A shepherd told us that he took the road to Langekloof. We followed his footprints, and an hour ago saw him enter the reeds here."

"You had better trace his footprints further on then," said Adèle coolly.

They went back into the rushes and brought out their flambeaux, but in vain they examined the spot; the footprints led no further.

"Will nonnie rise for a moment?" asked one of them.

"Certainly not," replied Adèle firmly.

"Then we must remain here until nonnie does; for if we do not bring the Hottentot we shall be punished severely by our master."

"If it is your master you fear, he is up at the house. Go and tell him Jeptha is here, and let him come with men and torches and see if he can find him."

The slaves went.

"Quick," said Adèle to Jephtha; "come and let us run round to the other side of the bridge."

Once there she ordered him to step into the furrow and break the rushes on either side.

"Come back now," she cried, "for I hear them coming; put on my shoes and carry me round to the trees. Quick, they are approaching fast."

Poor Jephtha limped on as fast as he could with his heavy burden, and just succeeded in clearing the rush hedge leading to the thorn trees, when the first torch-bearer appeared at the entrance of the garden.

"Hurry, Jephtha," cried Adèle in a fever of excitement, for they were still some distance off the reeds, and she distinctly heard the Field-cornet's angry voice urging on his men.

"Hurry," she cried again.

Jephtha leaped rather than walked, for already they saw the reflection of the torches; one more stride, then another, and Adèle bounded out of his arms into the reed bank, and whispered in quick succession,

"Step on my dress. Take off my shoes. Jump into the water. Away, and God speed you."

Then instantly she withdrew under the thorn trees, not a moment too soon. Before she had resumed her seat, she saw the Field-cornet turn the rush hedge and come straight towards her. He appeared highly indignant, and spoke to her almost fiercely.

"Will you rise a moment?"

"Certainly, if you wish it!" replied she, rising.

He peered eagerly at the spot and all around, but in vain. Jephtha was gone.

"You know where the fellow is hiding," said he angrily. "Will you have the goodness to tell us? The consequences to you and yours may be ruinous if you allow the fellow to escape."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Adèle, "I am not afraid of any evil consequences to myself. Frankly, I don't believe he is hiding in any particular spot at this moment."

"And Herman," said Adèle, drawing herself up and looking significantly at him, "to keep his whereabouts concealed is a small kindness I do him compared with the priceless boon he has bestowed upon me this evening."

He winced a little, looked searchingly at her for a moment, then turned impatiently and ordered the slaves to trace the spoor.

The latter began to follow the footprints to the reeds on the opposite side of the bridge. The Field-cornet looked suspicious.

"Is there no spoor leading back?" inquired he. "Search well."

"None," answered the slaves. "There is only nonnie's returning."

"See whether the spoor leads into the water," cried Herman.

"Yes," replied the slaves; "and the rushes are broken on either side as he took hold of them."

"Jump in and follow the vagabond," said Herman, himself convinced that he had been baffled by Adèle, but anxious to disguise the fact from his slaves.

Adèle, when left alone, returned to her mother, threw her arms round her gentle parent's neck, and kissed her affectionately as she whispered, "Mother dear, my Francois lives, and I live."

When Stallenberg took his seat at the supper table that evening he saw Adèle sitting opposite to him looking radiant. Then he realized the full bitterness of the slavewoman's revenge, and cursed the latter inwardly; as he thought, "She knows all. I am undone; the Hottentot will escape me now; the vagabond convict will elude me, and Heaven alone knows what the consequences may be."

He pushed his plate aside and declined to touch anything, saying—as Meerhoff, with an astonished look, inquired what the matter was, for he himself had never lost his appetite upon any occasion, as far as he could remember—that he was far from well, and much fatigued with his journey. He sat silent and moody, and immediately after supper retired.

For hours he lay tossing on his bed, vainly endeavouring to sleep. His mind was troubled and anxious, his heart racked and wounded. And, as the silent hours of the night drew on, his conscience would make itself heard. Not to him did it speak in the still small voice that brings balm to a penitent soul, but rather in the whirlwind of remorse, in which he neither saw nor heard God. Unable any longer to endure the loneliness and darkness of his chamber, he rose and went into the open air. For a time the cool night breeze seemed to soothe him, and he felt better, but soon an unaccountable presentiment of evil returned and clung to him so closely that he could not shake it off. He looked carefully around him, and paused a moment as his eye fell on a column of smoke rising from a valley not far off.

"Does that mean mischief?" thought he, as for a moment he cast his eyes to the starry vault above; then feeling strangely uneasy he looked again, the smoke was still there, and certainly it came from the direction in which Hancunqua's camp was situated. "But after all it may mean nothing," he said to himself. "Hottentots and Bushmen were out at all hours of the night, and invariably surrounded themselves with fires, to roast their tortoises and keep wild beasts off."

But argue the matter as he would, he could not disguise from himself the fact that they were all in imminent peril. The injured Chief, whose wrath against Meerhoff had been smouldering for months past, would certainly not allow this opportunity to escape for revenging himself. He shuddered as he thought that the smoke he saw in the distance might be hanging over the very camp of these savages already on their way to destroy them. Then with bitter hatred his thoughts reverted to Adèle, who, through her mad indiscretion in allowing Jephtha to escape, had taken from him the last chance he had of bringing the Chief to a reasonable understanding.

"I am undone now," he said bitterly, my last chance is gone, for Chotona's son, in reaching Hancunqua's camp before me, and pouring his tale into the Chief's ears, will fan the smouldering ashes into flame, and bring the savages upon us before I have time to make arrangements for diverting the evil. And all this is to come upon us through the madness of an obstinate French girl.

"Oh ! Adèle, Adèle," he exclaimed vehemently, as he stopped for a moment opposite her window ; " my love for you has been the reality of my life, the one passionate feeling that would not perish, spite of my every effort to crush it out. I lived but to please you. I perilled my life and stained my very hands with crime to possess you, and for your sake sacrificed the only being who ever loved me. And now, oh ! unrelenting woman, yours is the cruel hand that frustrates all in a moment, and dashes to earth the cup already half way to my lips."

Herman paused ; he had never given way like this before. He must be sadly unstrung. Weak, ill, sick at heart, and unaccountably depressed, he continued his pacing, vainly trying to analyze his feeling towards Adèle, vainly endeavouring to solve the mystery of his ill-fated love for her, that, instead of bringing joy and comfort to him, had ever been the lash that scourged him.

"Poor Selina," said he aloud, as he mentally contrasted the unfortunate slave's fidelity and devotion with Adèle's coldness and cruelty. "Poor Selina !" And her image rose vividly before him, not as he had seen her in happier days, but as he had last looked upon her. In spite of his cruel, callous, and selfish nature, he could not forget her, her pale face and lustreless eyes haunted him night and day. He seated himself with a sigh. "Ah ! strange fate," he exclaimed dejectedly. "Is my ruin about to be accomplished by the only woman who ever loved me and the one I adore." Never did his utter loneliness strike him so forcibly as upon this night. "Patient, loving Selina was gone for ever," he said with compunction. "Adèle ! she was naught to him," he thought and believed in this dark moment of his life. He felt therefore that he had nothing to live for here, nothing to hope for hereafter. He had lived in vain. The true and great lesson of life he had never studied—losing himself in self-denial. On the contrary self had been his god. He had ever lived for and striven to satisfy self. At this shrine he had sacrificed everything noble and true in his nature, and he discovered now, too late, alas ! that the image was tottering and ready to drop to pieces at the mere touch of a hand mysterious, invisible, yet omnipotent.

Up and down, backwards and forwards, he paced restless and superstitious ; a presentiment of evil was hanging over him that he could not shake off. Suddenly he started and appeared rooted to the earth. A female figure draped in white advanced stealthily from the garden and crept up to the stoep, up to Adèle's window. Herman was aghast, and believed that he was in the presence of a ghost. The female knelt down under Adèle's window, wrung her hands, moaned and sobbed, and called affectionately on

"Adèle—oh! my poor Nonnie, my good kind Nonnie." "What does it mean?" thought Herman, his hair standing on end. It is not Selina's voice. Noiselessly the female raised herself, glanced anxiously towards the reeds, where a distinct rustling was heard drawing nearer, then gently she tapped at the window. Before she could repeat the knock, two dark figures rushed out from the reeds, seized hold of her and dragged her back. Herman felt somewhat relieved, but still greatly puzzled. "It is not a ghost, then, but a living woman and one, who is distressed and anxious to see Adèle. Still there is something mysterious about her stealthy midnight visit. I'll just step to the house and mention it to Meerhoff; daylight can't be far off!"

On arriving there he found the burgher, as was his custom, up, and seated in his chair, smoking his pipe. But the latter, after hearing the Field-cornetcy's story, laughed at his fears.

"Doubtless, some of our slaves," said he, "the worse for liquor." I dare say they have been ill-using the woman and she has run to Adèle for protection."

This appeared to Herman a very probable solution of the mystery. Tired, worn out, and half ashamed of himself, he retired to his chamber, and this time obtained a few hours oblivion for his troubled mind.

## Measurement of Heights.

BY DR. HARRY LEACH.

*Aneroid set at sea-level off Port Elizabeth, Barometer—30."*

CAPE COLONY.				TRANSVAAL.			
			FEET.				FEET.
Graham's Town	...	...	1,700	Christiana	...	...	4,250
Bedford	..	...	2,500	Bloemhoff	...	...	4,450
Cradock	...	...	3,000	Pretoria	...	...	4,620
Middelburg	...	...	4,200	Potchefstrom	...	...	4,780
Colesberg	...	...	4,700	Witwater Rand	...	...	4,930
ORANGE FREE STATE.				Standerton	...	...	5,200
Bethulie	...	...	4,400	Heidelberg	...	...	5,400
Phillipolis	...	...	4,600	Wakkerstroom	...	...	6,000
Fauresmith	...	...	4,800	Utrecht	...	...	4,300
Bethany	...	...	4,600	NATAL.			
Bloemfontein	...	...	4,750	Maritzburg	...	...	2,600
Fountain Valley (near				Colenso	...	...	3,320
Bloemfontein.)	...	...	4,770	Howick	...	...	3,700
Thaba Nchu	...	...	5,250	Estcourt	...	...	3,900
GRIQUALAND WEST.				Newcastle	...	...	4,100
Kimberley	...	...	4,400	The Plains (Harding's			
Pokwanè (Gasibonestown)	...	...	4,200	Store.)	...	...	5,200



## Sparks from a Kafir Anvil.

THE STORY OF HLAKANYANA.

ONCE upon a time there was a village with many women in it. All the women had children at the same time except the wife of a chief. The children grew, and again all the women gave birth to others. Only the wife of the chief had no child. Then the people said, "Let us kill an ox, perhaps the wife of the chief will then bear a child." While they were killing the ox, that woman heard a voice saying, "Bear me, mother, before the meat of my father is all finished."

The woman did not pay any attention to that, thinking it was a ringing in her ears. The voice said again, "Bear me, mother, before the meat of my father is all finished." The woman took a small piece of wood and cleaned her ears. She heard that voice again. Then she became excited. She said, "There is something in my ears; I would like to know what it is. I have just now cleaned my ears." The voice said again, "Make haste and bear me, mother, before the meat of my father is all finished." The woman said, "What is this? there was never a child that could speak before it was born." The voice said again, "Bear me, mother, as all my father's cattle are being finished, and I have not yet eaten anything of them." Then the woman gave birth to that child.

When she saw that to which she had given birth, she was very much astonished. It was a boy, but in size very little, and with a face that looked like that of an old person. He said to his mother, "Mother, give me a skin robe." His mother gave him a robe. Then he went at once to the kraal where the ox was being killed.

He asked for some meat, saying, "Father, father, give me a piece of meat." The chief was astonished to hear this child calling him father. He said, "Oh men, what thing is this that calls me father?" So he continued with the skinning of the ox. But Hlakanyana continued also in asking meat from him. The chief became very angry, and pushed him, and said, "Get away from this place." Hlakanyana answered, "I am your child, give me meat." The chief took a little stick and said, "If you trouble me again, I will strike you with this." Hlakanyana replied, "Give me meat first, and I will go away;" but the chief would not answer, because he was very angry.

Hlakanyana continued asking. Then the chief threw him outside the kraal, and went on with his work. After just a little time, the child returned, still asking. So the chief said to the men that were with him,

"What strange thing is this?" The men replied, "We don't know him at all." The chief asked of them also advice, saying, "What shall I do?" The men replied, "Give him a piece of meat." So the chief cut off a piece of meat and gave it to him. Hlakanyana ran to his mother and gave the meat to her to be cooked. Then he returned to his father, and said again, "Father, give me some meat." The chief just took him and trampled upon him, and threw him outside of the kraal, thinking that he was dead. But he rose again and returned to his father, still saying, "Father, give me some meat." Then the chief thought to get rid of him by giving him meat again. The chief gave him a piece of liver. Hlakanyana just threw it away. Fat was then given to him. He put it down on one side. Flesh was then given to him, and a bone with much marrow in it. Hlakanyana said, "I am a man to-day." He said, "This is the beginning of my father's cattle."

At this time the men were saying to each other, "Who will carry the meat to our huts?" Hlakanyana answered, "I will do it." They said, "How can such a thing as you are carry meat?" Hlakanyana replied "I am stronger than you; just see if you can lift this piece of meat." The men tried, but could not lift it. Then Hlakanyana just took that piece of meat and carried it out of the kraal. The men said, "That will do now, carry our meat for us."

Hlakanyana took the meat and carried it to the house of his mother. He took blood and put it on the eating mats at the houses of the men. The men went to their houses, and said, "Where is our meat?" They called Hlakanyana, and asked him what he had done with the meat. He replied, "Surely I put it here where the blood is. It must have been taken by the dogs. Surely the dogs have eaten it." Then those men beat the women and children because they did not watch that the dogs did not take the meat. As for Hlakanyana, he only delighted in this trick of his. He was more cunning than any of the old men.

Hlakanyana said to his mother, that she must put the meat in the pot to cook, but that it must not be eaten before the next morning. It was done. In the night this cunning little fellow rose and went to the pot. His mother heard something at the pot, and struck with a stick. Hlakanyana cried like a dog. His mother said, "Surely a dog is eating the meat." Hlakanyana returned afterward and left nothing but bones in the pot. In the morning he asked his mother for meat. His mother went to the pot, and found nothing but bones. The cunning little fellow pretended to be astonished. He said, "Where is the meat, mother?" His mother replied, "It has been eaten by a dog." Hlakanyana said, "As that is so, give me the bones, for you who are the wife of the chief will not eat from the same pot with a dog." His mother gave him the bones.

Hlakanyana went to sleep in the same house with the boys. The boys were unwilling to let him sleep with them. They laughed at him. They said, "Who are you? You are just a child of a few days." Hlakanyana answered, "I am older than you." He slept there that night. When the boys were asleep, he got up and went to the cattle kraal. He killed two cows and ate all their insides. He took blood and smeared it on one of the boys who was sleeping. In the morning the men found those two dead cows. They said, "Who has done this thing?" They found the boy with blood upon him, and killed him, because they thought he was the robber. Hlakanyana said within himself, "I told them that I was older than they are; to-day it is seen who is a child and who is a man."

Another day the father of Hlakanyana killed an ox. The head was put in a pot to be cooked. Then Hlakanyana considered in his mind, how he could get that meat. So he drove all the cattle of the village into a forest, a very thick forest, and tied them by their tails to the trees. After that he cut his arms, and legs, and breast with a sharp stone, and stood on a hill, and cried out with a loud voice "The enemy has taken our cattle; the cattle are being driven away. Come up, come up, there is an army going away with the cattle." The men ran quickly to him. He said to them, "why are you eating meat while the enemy is going away with the cattle? I was fighting with them; just look at my body." They saw he was covered with blood, and they believed it was as he said. So the men took their assegais and ran after the cattle, but they took the wrong way.

Only one old man and Hlakanyana were left behind. Then Hlakanyana said to the old man, "I am very tired with fighting, just go the river, grandfather, and get some water." The old man went, and as soon as he was alone Hlakanyana ate the meat which was in the pot. When the old man returned with the water he was very tired, for the river was far for an old man to go, therefore, he fell asleep. When he was sleeping Hlakanyana took a bone and put it beside the old man. He also took some fat and put it on the mouth of the old man. Then he ran to the forest and loosened the cattle that were tied by the tails.

At this time the men were returning from seeking the enemy. Hlakanyana was coming also from the other side with the cattle. He shouted, "I have conquered the enemy." He also said, "the meat must be eaten now." When they opened the pot they found no meat. They found only dung, for Hlakanyana had filled the pot with dung. Then the men said, "Who has done this?" Hlakanyana answered, "It must be the old man who is sleeping there." They looked, and saw the bone by the side of the old man, and the fat on his mouth. Then they said, "This is the thief." They were intending to kill that old man because he had stolen the meat of the chief.

When the children saw that the old man was to be killed, they said that he did not eat the meat of the chief. The men said, "We saw fat on his mouth and a bone beside him." The children replied, "He did not do it." The men said, "Tell us who did it." The children answered, "Hlakanyana ate the meat and put dung in the pot. We were concealed, and we saw him do it." Hlakanyana denied. He said, "Let me go and ask the women; perhaps they saw who ate the meat of the chief." The

men sent a young man with him to the women, but when they were just a short distance away, Hlakanyana escaped.

The chief sent an army after him. The army pursued and saw Hlakanyana sitting by a bush. They ran to catch him. When they came to the bush only an old woman was sitting there. They said to her, "Where is Hlakanyana?" The old woman replied, "He just went across that river. See, you must make haste to follow him, for the river is rising." The army passed over the river quickly. Then that old woman turned into Hlakanyana again. He said in himself, "I will now go on a journey, for I am wiser than the councillors of my father, I being older than they."

That little cunning fellow went to a village, where he saw an old woman sitting beside her house. He said to her, "Would you like to be made young, grandmother?" The old woman replied, "Yes my grandchild; if you could make me young I would be very glad." Hlakanyana said, "Take that pot, grandmother, and go for some water." The old woman replied, "I cannot walk." Hlakanyana said, "Just try, grandmother; the river is close by, and perhaps you will be able to reach it." The old woman limped along and got the water.

Then Hlakanyana took a large pot and set it on the fire and poured the water into it. He said to the old woman, "You must cook me a little first, and then I will cook you a little." The old woman agreed to that. Hlakanyana was the first to be put in the pot. When the water began to get hot, he said, "Take me out, grandmother, I am in long enough." The old woman took him out and went in the pot for her turn. Soon she said, "Take me out now, my grandchild, I am in long enough." Hlakanyana replied, "Not yet, grandmother, it is not yet time." So the old woman died in the pot.

Hlakanyana took all the bones of the old woman and threw them away. He left only the toes and the fingers. Then he took the clothing of the old woman and put it on. The two sons of this old woman came from hunting. They went into the hut, and said, "Whose meat is this in the pot?" Hlakanyana was lying down. He said in a voice like that of their mother, "It is yours, my sons." While they were eating, the younger one said, "Look at this, it is like the toe of mother." The elder one said, "How can you say such a thing? did not mother give us this meat to eat?" Again the younger one said, "Look at this, it is like the finger of mother." Hlakanyana said, "You are speaking evil of me, my son." Hlakanyana said in himself, "I shall be discovered; it is time for me to flee." So he slipped quietly out of the house and went on his way. When he got a little way off, he called out, "You are eating your mother. Did anyone ever see people eating their mother before?" The two young men took their assegais and ran after him with their dogs. They came to the river; it was full. The cunning little fellow changed himself into a little round stone. One of the young men picked up this stone, saying, "If I could see him I would just throw this stone at him." The young man threw the stone over the river, and it turned into Hlakanyana again. He just laughed at those young men. Hlakanyana went on his way. He was singing this song:—

Ndahlangana Nonothloya  
Sapekapekana  
Nadagwanya  
Wapekwa wada wavutwa

I met with Nonothloya.  
We cooked each other,  
I was half cooked,  
She was well cooked.



Hlakanyana met a boy tending some goats. The boy had a digging-stick with him. Hlakanyana proposed that they should pursue after birds, and the boy agreed. They pursued birds the whole day. In the evening when the sun set, Hlakanyana said, "It is time now to roast our birds." The place was on the bank of a river. Hlakanyana said, "We must go under the water and see who will come out last. They went under the water and Hlakanyana came out last. The cunning fellow said, "Let us try again." The boy agreed to that. They went under the water. Hlakanyana came out quickly and ate all the birds. He left the heads only. Then he went under the water again. The boy came out while he was still under the water. When Hlakanyana came out he said, "Let us go now and eat our birds." They found all the birds eaten. Hlakanyana said, "You have eaten them, because you came out of the water first, and you have left me the heads only." The boy denied having done so, but Hlakanyana said, "You must pay for my birds with that digging-stick." The boy gave the digging-stick, and Hlakanyana went on his way.

He saw some people making pots of clay. He said to them, "Why do you not ask me to lend you this digging-stick, instead of digging with your hands?" They said, "Lend it to us." Hlakanyana lent them that digging-stick. Just the first time they stuck it in the clay it broke. He said, "You have broken my digging-stick, the digging-stick that I received from my companion, my companion who ate my birds and left me with the heads." They gave him a pot.

Hlakanyana carried that pot till he came to some boys who were herding goats. He said to them, "You foolish boys, you only suck the goats, you don't milk them in any vessel; why don't you ask me to lend you this pot?" The boys said, "Lend it to us." Hlakanyana lent them the pot. While the boys were milking, the pot broke. Hlakanyana said, "You have broken my pot, the pot that I received from the people who make pots, the people who broke my digging-stick, the digging-stick that I received from my companion, my companion who ate my birds and left me with the heads." The boys gave him a goat.

Hlakanyana came to the keepers of calves. He said to them, "You foolish fellows, you only sit here and eat nothing. Why don't you ask me to let you suck this goat?" The keepers of calves said, "Allow us to suck this goat." Hlakanyana gave the goat into their hands. While they were sucking, the goat died. Hlakanyana said, "You have killed my goat, the goat that I received from the boys that were tending goats, the boys that broke my pot, the pot that I received from the people who make pots, the people who broke my digging-stick, the digging-stick that I received from my companion, my companion who ate my birds and left me with the heads." They gave him a calf.

Hlakanyana came to the keepers of cows. He said to them, "You only suck the cows without letting the calf suck first. Why don't you ask me to lend you this calf, that the cows may be induced to give their milk freely?" They said, "Lend us the calf." Hlakanyana permitted them to take the calf. While the calf was in their hands it died. Hlakanyana said, "You have killed my calf, the calf that I received from the keepers of calves, the keepers of calves that killed my goat, the goat that I received from the boys that were tending goats, the boys that broke my pot, the pot that I received from the people who make pots,



the people who broke my digging-stick, the digging-stick that I received from my companion, my companion who ate my birds and left me with the heads." They gave him a cow.

Hlakanyana continued on his journey. He saw a young man going the same way. He said, "Let us be companions and travel together." The young man agreed to that. They came to a forest. Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for picking up keeries." They picked up keeries there. Then they reached another place, and Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for throwing away keeries." They threw the keeries away.

Again they came to another place, and Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for throwing away spoons." The companion of Hlakanyana threw his spoon away, but the cunning little fellow only pretended to throw his away. In fact, he concealed his spoon. They went on. They came to another place, and Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for throwing knives away." It happened again as with the spoons. Hlakanyana just concealed his knife, when his companion threw his away.

They came to a certain place, and Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for throwing away isilanda" (awls used to make holes in skins when they are sewed together, and also for taking thorns out of the bare feet and legs of pedestrians). His companion threw his isilanda away, but Hlakanyana kept his. They went on and reached a place where they had to walk on thorns." Afterwards they looked at their feet and saw many thorns in them. Hlakanyana said, "Let us sit down and take out the thorns." His companion replied, "I cannot do so, because I have no isilanda." Then Hlakanyana took the thorns out of his feet, and the other was obliged to walk lame. They came to a village. The people said to them, "Tell us the news." Hlakanyana replied, "Just give us something to eat first; look at our stomachs and behold the pinchings of hunger." The people of that village brought meat. Hlakanyana said to his companion, "Now let us eat." The companion of Hlakanyana answered, "I have no knife." Hlakanyana said, "You are just a child; I shall not lend you my knife." The people of that village brought Kafir corn and put before them. Hlakanyana said to his companion, "Why do you not eat?" He answered, "I have no spoon." Hlakanyana said, "You are just a child; I shall not lend you my spoon." So Hlakanyana had all that meat and that Kafir corn just to himself.

Hlakanyana met a girl herding some goats. He said, "Where are the boys of your village that the goats are herded by a girl?" The girl answered, "There are no boys in the village." He went to the father of that girl and said, "You must give me your daughter to be my concubine, and I will herd the goats." The father of the girl agreed to that. Then Hlakanyana went with the goats, and every day he killed one and ate it till all were done. He scratched his body with thorns. The father of the girl said, "Where are all the goats?" Hlakanyana replied, "Can you not see how I have been fighting with the wild dogs? The wild dogs have eaten the goats. As for me, I will stay here no longer;" so he went on his way.

As he was going on he saw a trap for catching birds. There were some birds in it. Hlakanyana took the birds out and ate them. The owners of the trap were cannibals. They saw the footprints of Hlakanyana and said, "This is a little boy that is stealing our birds." They watched for him. Hlakanyana came again to the trap and saw a bird caught in

it. He was just going to take the bird out when the cannibals caught him. They made a big fire and put a pot on for the purpose of cooking him. Hlakanyana saw two oxen. One was white, the other was red. He said to the cannibals, "You can take which one of these oxen you like instead of me." The cannibals said, "We will take the white one because it is white inside also." Then Hlakanyana went away with the red ox. The cannibals ate the white ox, and then pursued after Hlakanyana. They came up to him by a big stone. He jumped on the stone, and sang this song —

Ndahamba ndayakuva indaba  
Zemvula ku mankazana.

I went to hear the news,  
About rain from the girls.

The cannibals began to dance when they heard him sing. Then he ran away, and the stone continued to sing that song.

As he was journeying, Hlakanyana came to a place where some baboons were feasting. He asked them for some food. The baboons replied, "If you will go for some water for us we will give you food." He agreed to that. When he returned with the water the baboons refused to give him food. Then Hlakanyana shouted loudly and said, "At my village there is a marriage of baboons to-day." When the baboons heard that they fled, old and young. So Hlakanyana remained there, and ate all the food.

As he was going along he saw a hyena building a house, having cooked some meat. Hlakanyana asked the hyena to give him some. The hyena said, "No, I will not give you any, it is too little even for me." Hlakanyana said, "Will you not have me to assist in building?" The hyena replied, "I would have you without delay if you are intending to help me." While they were fastening the thatch Hlakanyana sewed the hair of the tail of the hyena fast. Then he took the pot and sat down. The hyena said, "Let that pot alone, Hlakanyana." He replied, "I am going to eat now." The hyena wanted to come down, but he found his tail was fast. Hlakanyana ate all the meat and threw the bones at the hyena. The hyena tried to frighten him by saying there were many hyenas coming quickly to devour him. He just answered, "That is false;" and continued eating till the meat was finished. Then he went on his way.

Hlakanyana came to a river. He saw an iguana that was playing on an ugwali (a simple musical instrument). Hlakanyana said to the iguana, "Lend me your ugwali for a little, please." The iguana said, "No, you will run away with my ugwali." Hlakanyana replied, "How can I run away with a thing that is not mine?" So the iguana lent him the ugwali. When Hlakanyana saw that he could play upon that instrument nicely, he ran away with it. The iguana pursued him. Then Hlakanyana changed himself into a rush. The iguana took that rush and threw it across the river, saying, "If I could only see him I would throw him like this." Then the rush turned to be Hlakanyana again, and he went on his way playing on the ugwali of the iguana.

Hlakanyana came to the house of a leopardess. He proposed to take care of her children while the leopardess went to hunt animals. The leopardess agreed to that. There were four cubs. After the leopardess had gone to hunt, Hlakanyana took one of the cubs and ate it. At the

time for giving food, the leopardess came back and said, "Give me my children that I may suckle them." Hlakanyana gave one. The mother said, "Give all at once." Hlakanyana replied, "It is better that one should drink and then another." The leopardess agreed to that. After three had drunk he gave the first one back the second time. Then the leopardess went to hunt again.

Hlakanyana took another of the cubs and ate it. He also made the door of the house very small so that the mother of the cubs could not come in, and then he made a little hole in the ground at the back so that he could go out. The next day the leopardess came to give her children suck. There were only two left now. Hlakanyana gave them both back the second time. After that the leopardess went away as before.

Hlakanyana ate another of the cubs, so that only one was left. When the mother came he gave this one four times. When he gave it the last time the leopardess said, "Why does my child not drink to-day?" It was already full, and did not want to drink more. Hlakanyana replied, "I think this one is sick." The mother said, "You must take good care of it." Hlakanyana promised to do so, but when the leopardess was gone he ate that one also.

The next day when the leopardess came there was no cub left to give her. She tried to get in the house, but the door was too small. She just sat down in front to watch. Then Hlakanyana went out through that hole he had made in the ground behind. The leopardess saw him and ran after him. He went under a big rock, and cried out loudly for help, saying the rock was falling. The leopardess said, "What is that you are saying?" Hlakanyana replied, "Do you not see that this rock is falling? Just hold it up while I get a prop and put under it." The leopardess went to hold the rock up, and Hlakanyana did not return. He just ran away from that place.

Hlakanyana came to the village of the animals. The animals had trees that bore fruit. There was one tree that belonged to the chief of the animals only. This tree was a very good one, bearing much fruit on it. One day when all the animals were assembled, Hlakanyana asked them the name of the tree of the chief. They did not know the name of that tree. Then Hlakanyana sent a monkey to the chief to ask the name of the tree. The chief told the monkey. As the monkey was returning, he struck his foot against a stone and fell down, which caused him to forget the name of the tree.

In the night when all were sleeping Hlakanyana went up the tree of the chief and ate all the fruit of it. He took a branch of the tree, and fastened it to one of the monkeys. In the morning when the animals awoke and found that the tree of the chief was finished in the night, they asked each other, "What became of the fruit of the chief's tree? what became of the fruit of the tree of the chief?" Hlakanyana looked at the monkey with the branch on him, and said, "It is eaten by the monkey, it is eaten by the monkey, look at the branch on him." The monkey denied, and said, "I don't know anything about it. I never ate the fruit of the tree of the chief."

Hlakanyana said, "Let us make a plan to find out who ate the fruit of the tree of the chief." All the animals agreed to this. Hlakanyana said, "Let us put a rope from one rock to another, and let all go over it. He that has eaten the fruit of the tree will fall down from that rope." One

of the monkeys went over first. The next was Hlakanyana himself. He went over carefully and avoided falling. It came to the turn of that monkey with the branch on. He tried to go, but when he was just in the middle he fell down. Hlakanyana said therefore, "I have told you that it is this monkey." After that he went on his way.

Hlakanyana came to the house of a jackal. He asked for food, but the jackal said there was none. Then he made a plan. He said to the jackal, "You must climb up on the house and cry out with a loud voice, 'We are going to be fat to-day because Hlakanyana is dead.'" The jackal did so. All the animals came running to hear that news. They went inside the house, because the door was open. Then Hlakanyana shut the door, and the animals were caught. After that Hlakanyana killed the animals and ate.

Hlakanyana returned to the home of his father again. He was told that his sister was gone away for some red clay. When she was returning he shouted, "Let all the black cattle which have white teeth be killed. The daughter of my father is coming who has white teeth." The chief said, "What is the matter with you, Hlakanyana?" He just repeated the same thing. The chief said, "Let a black ox be killed, but you must not break any of its bones because it belongs to the daughter of a chief." So Hlakanyana got fat meat to eat that day.

Hlakanyana went one day to tend the calves of his father. He met a tortoise. He said, "Where are you going to, tortoise?" The tortoise answered, "To that big stone." Hlakanyana said, "Are you not tired?" The tortoise replied, "No, I am not tired." Hlakanyana took it and put it on his back. Then he went to the house of his mother. His mother said, "What have you got there, my son?" Hlakanyana answered, "Just take it off my back, mother." The tortoise held fast to Hlakanyana, and would not be pulled off. His mother then heated some fat and poured on the tortoise. The tortoise let go quickly, and the fat fell on Hlakanyana and burnt him, so that he died. That is the end of this cunning little fellow.

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## *A Ramble through Italy.*

"A land  
Which was the mightiest in its old command,  
And is the loveliest, and must ever be  
The Master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand;  
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,  
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of land and sea."

THERE is no land which for so many ages has excited a greater amount of interest among all classes of men than Italy. While Palestine and Greece have a more glorious history in the remote past, Italy, after more than two thousand centuries, still continues to exercise a world-wide influence. No poet is satisfied until he has



visited the land of Virgil, Horace, and Dante ; no sculptor or artist of any kind looks upon his education as complete before he has visited Italy and been inspired by the master-pieces of Praxitelles, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a hundred others. In short, it would be difficult to meet any person of even a moderate education who will not look upon a visit to Italy as a thing devoutly to be desired.

When some time ago I went on a first trip to Europe, I could not for a moment think of returning before I had seen Italy and Rome ; and my enthusiasm was great when on a fine morning towards the end of August I found myself at Modane, a small station on the boundary between France and Italy, and the seat of the respective custom-house authorities who examine passenger's luggage. As a rule, however, the officials are very kind and the worst they do is sometimes to turn one's portmanteau inside out before marking it with the necessary white cross as a sign for the doorkeeper to let you pass. This is often very unpleasant, as there always is a great rush out of the custom-house to secure the best seats in the railway carriages. On the morning in question I was fortunate enough to get a good seat in a carriage that was not at all crowded—a very rare thing on these railways. The first thing I noticed on taking my seat was the announcement in beautiful characters, "*Fumare è vietato*," which I understood to mean that it was forbidden to smoke. I mention this because I found that all along the line the Italians take pains even in their railway notices to show their love for the artistic and the beautiful. Also because I found that on the Continent the majority of carriages are smoking carriages, and this is especially necessary in Italy where it is not at all uncommon to see ladies smoking, to say nothing of the other sex. On leaving Modane the train takes a wide curve almost quite round the village, going slower than usual, as if to prepare one for entering the famous Mont Cenis tunnel. After passing through two short tunnels, the train suddenly enters with a loud whistle the great tunnel itself. I cannot describe my feelings when I found myself all at once in the dark, with some four thousand feet of solid rock overhead. But I was soon at perfect ease. The tunnel is twenty-six feet wide and nineteen feet high, and almost entirely lined with solid masonry. It is lighted by lanterns, placed at equal distances, and is well ventilated. In fact, it is perhaps the pleasantest as well as the largest tunnel in the world. I sat all the way with my head out of the window looking at the weird sight, and counting the marks set up like milestones on a public highway. The length of the tunnel is nearly eight miles, and the train took twenty-seven minutes to pass through. Much as I liked it I was glad to see daylight again, on the Italian side of the Alps. It is sad to think that both engineers who planned this great work, which took thirteen years in construction, died long before its completion.

The first view of Italy is indeed charming. It seemed to me that I was suddenly transported into a kind of fairy land. Behind



and towards the right, the Alps tower higher into the regions of eternal snow; the slopes and valleys are covered with beautiful woods; while in every kloof there rushes down a torrent of sparkling water. To the left a beautiful river meanders along the line; its banks studded with large clusters of chestnut trees with rich foliage. In the words of Byron, "A sea of glory streams along the Alpine heights." The first town that comes in sight is the ancient Susa, where there is a noble arch of Augustus built in the year eight after Christ. From the tunnel to Turin the distance is about sixty miles. Italian trains go rather slowly, but all along I could not for a moment keep my eyes off the ever changing views. Only two days before I had left Geneva which, "like an eastern queen sleeps above the banks of her lovely lake, her head reposing on the base of Mont Salève, her feet kissed by each advancing wave." On passing through the grand gorge of the Jura, with the Rhone flowing through it, sparkling like a mirror in the light of a full moon, I thought I would never see anything so lovely again. "La belle France" had disappointed me, and I had made up my mind that it would be the same with "fair Italy." But I was mistaken. It may be that I was particularly fortunate in getting a first view under unusually favourable circumstances, or it may be that my joy at finding the dream of so many years fulfilled at last was so great that I was no impartial judge; but for once my expectation did not come short of the reality, and I was more than charmed. It was late in the afternoon when the train reached Turin, and I felt so tired that I was glad when the omnibus from the station stopped at the hotel De la Ligurie. This hotel was formerly a palace belonging to some Italian nobleman, and has lately been renovated and enlarged. With its marble staircases, mosaic floors, and statues, it may truly be said to be one of the "finest houses in Europe." But everywhere in fact on the Continent one is struck with the magnificence of the hotels. An English officer told me at Vienna that he and his wife were staying in a room at the Victoria containing thirty-eight pieces of furniture, exclusive of bedsteads and mirrors. And yet strange to say the charges are very moderate. In Turin, for instance, I paid only 8s. 6d. per day, with a room all to myself, breakfast and dinner at the table de hote. No wonder that travelling in South Africa often makes me miserable.

Turin (or Toreno, as the Italians call it) is situated in a beautiful plain on the Po. Although of such ancient origin as to have been destroyed in the third century before Christ by Hannibal, it now has a more modern look than any other Italian town I saw. It is laid out on a plan as regular almost as a chess-board, and there is no danger of any one losing his way, as in most other places. All round the town there are broad roads and boulevards planted with trees. The population is about 200,000. And yet there are more than a hundred churches, nearly all remarkable for the splendour of their ornaments, as indeed all Italian churches are. What pleased me

more than anything was a fine new church of the Waldenses, whose famous valleys, where for a thousand years they resisted all the power of papal Rome, are in the neighbourhood of Turin. The University of Turin is now the most flourishing in Italy, with a staff of eighty-five professors, attended by 1,500 students. How many priests there are I cannot tell, but one meets them everywhere in twos and threes, and in sixes and sevens. And no wonder : Italy has 265 bishopricks, or nearly one-half as many as there are in the whole of Europe, and the number of priests and monks is over thirty thousand. Turin to the modern Italian is particularly interesting, as having been until recently the capital of Sardinia and the residence of the lamented Victor Emanuel. It is also the birthplace of Count Cavour, justly regarded as one of the greatest statesmen of the age. In one of the principal streets a modest inscription, at the corner of a large three storey house, marks the place of his birth. To him more than to any other man, not even excepting Garibaldi, Italy owes its liberation from Austrian tyranny, and its union under one king. The unification and regeneration of Italy is perhaps the most remarkable page in the political history of Europe of the last fifty years. It was in 1860, when Italy was still, in the famous words of Prince Metternich, only a "geographical expression," that Cavour spoke to the Chamber of Deputies of Turin as follows :—"During the last twelve years the fixed star of King Victor Emanuel was the aspiration after national independence. What will be this star as regards Rome ? Our star I openly declare to you is to do in such manner as, that the eternal city on which twenty-five centuries have accumulated every kind of glory, should become the splendid capital of the kingdom of Italy." At that time Cavour's words seemed visionary enough, but they have been literally fulfilled. A few more years of hopes and fears, of patient waiting and sacrifices of every kind sufficed to realize the ardent longings and the dream of many centuries. Italy now is no longer despised, but stands in the front rank of the great powers of Europe. But Cavour was not to see this day. Cut off in the prime of manhood, he died like another Moses, within sight of the Promised Land. But like Moses he will live, and does live, in the hearts of a grateful country. In Turin, as in every other city of Italy, splendid monuments are erected to his memory, and Cavour is as much a household word in Italy as in a few years hence the name of Gladstone will be in England, spite of London clubs and Hyde Park demonstrations. Cavour, as is well known, was the first statesman who tried to carry out the famous formula of a "free Church in a free State."

On leaving Turin, the train passes over the famous battlefield of Marengo, where Napoleon lost one of his bravest Generals—Desaix,

"Who turned the scale,  
Leaving his life-blood in that famous field."

The country all along to Genoa is fertile and beautiful. Asti,

famous for its wines, and as the birthplace of Alfieri, the great dramatist, is passed. Almost every town or even village in France and Italy has some great name connected with its history. Novi, another famous name in the annals of war, is also passed. For some distance the line runs through ravines and tunnels where the scenery is strikingly beautiful. At a station a few miles from Genoa my pleasant musings on Italian loveliness were sadly disturbed, however, by two peasant girls redolent of garlic, and smeared all over with oil, entering the carriage. It reminded me of some African experiences across the Kei. As a rule this class of people never enter a second class carriage, but on the day in question the train was crowded.

Genoa is called by the Italians "*la Superba*" on account of its commanding situation on the Mediterranean and its historical renown in the middle ages. But I was disappointed with the place. The houses are very high and the streets narrow and crooked. It is all up and down and very gloomy. As seen from the sea, however, and at a distance, Genoa must indeed show to great advantage. The harbour is a noble one and usually crowded with shipping. Genoa also lays claim to the title of "*city of palaces*," which to a stranger is especially misleading, for however beautiful these palaces are on the inside, and filled with famous pictures and statues, externally most of them have but a mean appearance. The churches are not very remarkable either. The Annunziata, said to be the richest in Genoa, has no architectural merit, and it was merely by chance I went inside. All the greater, therefore, was my surprise on finding the interior decked out in such profusion of wealth and ornament as to be almost bewildering. The dome is richly gilded and supported by twelve columns of red marble. In fact, were it not for pictures and crosses, with people kneeling before them, one would fancy oneself in some gorgeous theatre rather than in a church. As in all Romish churches, however, the poor, ragged, barefoot beggar can enter at any time he likes and kneel down by the side perhaps of some rich merchant or nobleman without let or hindrance. In leaving the church I passed through the *Via Nuova*, a street lined with palaces on both sides throughout its whole length, but I doubt whether I would have known this if the guide book did not state it. Genoa is the chief commercial town of Italy and is strongly fortified. Near the railway station there is a beautiful marble monument, consisting of a large statue of Columbus (born somewhere in the neighbourhood of Genoa), surrounded by several allegorical figures. Not far from this stands the noble Doria Palace, presented to him early in the sixteenth century by a grateful people. All this looks grand enough, but no sooner does one enter further into the town but he finds himself lost in a labyrinth of narrow, crooked lanes, with high gloomy houses which almost seem to meet at the top. I fairly lost my way, when a young Italian kindly went with me for about a mile up to the door of the hotel I was staying at, and where they

had given me a room so high up that I got giddy looking down into the street. There is a Tuscan proverb which says that Genoa has "a sea without fish and mountain without trees, men without honour and women without modesty." As far as my experience goes, I can only testify to the truth of the second of these items, but I have no doubt all the rest is a malicious libel. Still, with all its peculiar attractions, Genoa cannot be a very pleasant place to live in, and I believe it is not entirely accidental that George Eliot, in the last work, makes it the scene of one of the most painful tragedies in modern fiction.

On leaving Genoa the train passes through a long narrow tunnel right under the town, and through a hill behind. Unfortunately I had entered a smoking carriage full of passengers, who were smoking away as if for their lives. But I soon forgot all this in the glorious views all along the way. From Genoa to Pisa, a distance of over a hundred miles, the railway nearly all along runs within sight of the blue classic Mediterranean, sometimes so near as almost to touch the waves. There are ninety-seven tunnels and cuttings to pass through in this hundred miles, but most of them are very short, and only add to the romance of this wonderful railway. Numerous towns and villages at the foot of hills covered over with vineyards and orchards follow one and another in rapid succession, and I doubt if anywhere in the world there can be a day's railway travelling to rival this. La Spezia, famous for its magnificent harbour, and charmingly situated, lies about half way, but I had no time to linger here. Fortunately it was a slow train, stopping at every station, so that I had ample time to look and drink in the exquisite loveliness of the scenery. Further, on when the country became less interesting and tame, I almost felt relieved. At one place the white Carrara marble quarries came into sight, and at the station tremendous square blocks of marble were lying waiting for transportation. These famous mines were discovered in the time of Augustus, and still employ some six thousand workmen. Pisa, so famous in the middle ages, is now a gloomy dull place with a population of 50,000. It has four great sights, all situated in one piazza or square; the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo. The cathedral, built entirely of white marble, is in the Tuscan style, and more unlike any other cathedral I have seen. Inside hangs the bronze lamp, the swaying of which is said first to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. The Baptistery, also of marble, is a circular building of the 12th century, more noted I believe for its peculiar shape and ingenuity of design than for beauty. It contains a beautiful pulpit, however, said to be the finest in the world—by the Pisans, of course. The Leaning Marble Tower, 179 feet high and 13 feet out of the perpendicular, is too well known to be here described. The Campo Santo, or burial-ground, was founded in the 11th century by an archbishop who had fifty shiploads of earth conveyed from Mount Calvary at Jerusalem for good Catholics at Pisa to sleep in.



It contains many chaste marble monuments, sculptures and paintings. Castelar, in his book on "Old Rome and new Italy" goes into raptures about it, but as I am no poet or orator, I must own that I was not much impressed, except that it seemed to me an appropriate resting place for the dead, only too cheerless.

From Pisa to Rome, a long day's journey by rail, the scenery is tame and monotonous, and reminded me a good deal of the Koeberg district late in summer. The stations are small and insignificant, and there are no beautiful towns or villages along the line as everywhere else in Italy. In fact it was the dreariest day of railway travelling I ever had in my life, and I sadly longed for an English express to whirl us along at sixty miles an hour. A young gentleman in the same carriage tried hard to make me speak Italian, but I declined as civilly as I could. At last we were nearing Rome, but it was long after dark before the train stopped at the magnificent station of the Eternal City. I was too tired to look at anything and got cheated as a matter of course by the cab-driver. All the enthusiasm of many years seemed to have evaporated, and I felt as melancholy as if I was entering some dismal sepulchre of the dead with Byron's words ringing in my ears :

" Oh Rome, my country ! city of the soul,  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires, and control  
In their shut hearts their petty misery."

H. T. K.

### Cape Supreme Court Reports.\*

A VALUABLE legal work has recently appeared, which is deserving of more notice and commendation than it has yet received, probably on account of its more or less thoroughly professional and legal nature. To the practitioner, throughout the land, it has already become, as indeed it could not fail to be, a daily *vade mecum* for reference, but to what may be called the "outside public," it is not so well known, because there is no need of their consulting it so directly.

If the existence of learned and competent courts is a necessity to all classes of the community, their refuge when rights and liberties are threatened or injured, it is of secondary importance only that their proceedings should be carefully, conscientiously, learnedly, reported and preserved. Similar cases to previous ones constantly recur.

\* Buchanan's "Digest of Cases decided in the Supreme Court of the Cape of Good Hope," J. C. Juta. 1877.



Questions of importance often hurriedly crop up, and an easy reference to precedents is thus of the highest need.

This was forcibly felt by the late Mr. Justice Menzies, that luminary of the Cape bench. He reported a large number of cases. Next to him came Mr. Justice Watermeyer, whom, but to name, is still to honour, but circumstances prevented the issue of many parts by him. The next to issue these reports was then Mr. Advocate (now Mr. Justice) James Buchanan, who for several years, while practising at the Cape bar, reported the leading cases of the day, and also revised and edited the unpublished cases of Mr. Justice Menzies. On his promotion to the Attorney-Generalship of the Transvaal, the prosecution of this important work devolved upon Mr. Advocate E. J. Buchanan, by whom it now yet conducted.

The reported cases gradually assumed considerable dimensions, scattered over many volumes, and a "Digest" or Synopsis became necessary, some single work for ready reference. One was accordingly compiled, as the work before us states, "by Mr. Justice Buchanan, senior puisne judge of the High Court of the Free State, at the time he was practising at the bar of the Supreme Court of this Colony. At his request, these pages are now published to meet a want frequently expressed.

The book is an octavo of about 250 pages, published by that enterprising publisher, Mr. J. C. Juta, and very well printed in London. Within its covers will be found a synopsis of seven or eight hundred decided cases on every conceivable branch of law.

We do not know any work which is more calculated to be of more immediate and valuable service to the legal practitioners of the Colony, of every grade and class; and through them to the commercial and other classes of the community, who often depend on the readiness and research of the lawyers as a class.

One improvement, however, our, perhaps, unlawyer-like eye would suggest, the compression of the three indexes of cases and the three books of synopsis into one. A lawyer referring in the hurry of the moment, perhaps in the pressure of court practice, to "Bill of Exchange," for instance, has to make three references to three headings of that name before he can satisfy himself or the court. This should be, and easily could be, rectified in a future edition, which will be needed from time to time. All reported cases to date should then be added to make this "Digest" really perfect. In other respects there is nothing to criticise and everything to commend.

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# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Sir Walter Raleigh.

THERE are certain periods in the history of a nation which from a variety of causes seem particularly fertile and imaginative. In the annals of the Athenian Republic, the age of Themistocles and Pericles, and in English history the Elizabethan age, present to us, respectively, a goodly crop of statesmen, generals, poets, historians, philosophers—men of action and men of thought. The parallelism, if followed out, will be found to be not altogether a superficial one, as in both instances we witness a stern struggle going on for preserving national independence, whilst the strongest possible appeals are being constantly made to men's deepest sympathies and prejudices, and to all that they value and cherish most. The conflict, too, in each case, was not simply one of race, but involved principles, and this is the reason why we come across unusual courage and bravery. In 490-480 B.C. the Greeks fought with and overturned a gigantic Oriental despotism, and emerged from the ordeal free and able to develop as they chose, instead of being vassals of the great king. Their splendid expansion and rich intellectual attainments were the result. In the sixteenth century A.D. the English withstood the vast and unwieldy power of domineering and Catholic Spain, and were chief actors in the movement which induced men to fight for national liberty and freedom of conscience. They, too, were conquerors, and were carried along triumphantly with the tide of victory to new and wonderful developments.

The men who rose to the surface in the Elizabethan age were of such a kind and calibre as had seldom been witnessed before, and we have only to recall *inter alia* such names as Shakspeare, Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Drake, Camden, Seldon, Burleigh, to be reminded how rich and representative the age really was. The torpor and lethargy which had oppressed men's minds in the preceding centuries were now thrown aside, and a new vigour budded, matured, and ripened into action within a marvellously short space of time. It was an age, moreover, of discovery and expansion, and adventurous Englishmen who had sailed in the wake of Columbus kept continually bringing back fresh tidings of a new world with its strange races

and fabled Eldorados beyond the seas. Human knowledge at the same time was widening with a rapidly-increasing radius, and between 1543-1640 Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo had given a spur to scientific study and individual research, and a little later Francis Bacon of Verulam was beginning to earn the title of being the "father" of modern philosophy.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,"

are the words put by Shakspeare in the mouth of Hamlet, and they might be taken as a true general expression of the feelings of men of their time. M. Taine remarks: "After the hollowness and weariness of the fifteenth century, men rose up as by a second birth, as before in Greece men had risen by a first birth; and now, as then, the temptation of the outer world came combined to raise his faculties from sloth and torpor. A sort of generous warmth spread over them to ripen and make them flourish." Classical learning, also, which had almost entirely ceased in the middle ages, began to be revived, and Greek scholars, who had fled to Italy from Constantinople, were the means of introducing a study of the original. The newly-discovered art of printing helped largely in disseminating their works. Melancthon and Erasmus, working in Germany and Paris upon the ruins of an effete scholasticism, were mainly instrumental in building up a new world of thought and criticism. Protestantism in Germany, France, and the Netherlands was measuring its young strength with powerful Catholicism, and the first moanings of the blast were gradually swelling into the deep and convulsing utterances of a universal storm. Men could not be unmoved spectators of all that was going on around them, but girded their loins to take part in each burning question with intense energy and passion. A time of change and transition is always more provocative of genius than one of piping peace and plenty. In a too uniform and stereotyped way of living, men become lazy and enervated, and the springs of energetic action become as it were exhausted and dried up.

Foremost among the illustrious Englishmen of this exciting epoch, stands Sir Walter Raleigh, and in his character we shall see how he summed up, as far as an individual man could, the various impulses and the many-sidedness of the age. He is interesting as a brave sailor and ocean adventurer and founder of English colonies beyond the seas—in fact, he seems to have been the first Englishman who saw with far-sighted clearness the advantage and necessity of colonies to England—he is interesting as a conspicuous political figure in the history of his time, as a staunch supporter of Protestantism, and a determined foe to the power which arrogated to itself the control of all things spiritual and temporal. He surprises us also with his wonderful versatility of temperament and breadth of sympathy. Although pre-eminently a man of action, and of vigorous action too,

he shows an appreciation for the lighter graces of art and poetry. Spenser was his intimate friend, and introduced by him to Court, and Ben Jonson, "proud of calling other favourites his sons, honoured Raleigh by the title of his father." To his whole life there is a picturesque side which has a soft and pleasing effect, and gives to it its peculiar charm of tenderness and strength. He lived at a time which may be looked upon as evening to the day of chivalry (witness the jousts, tilting, and tournaments so graphically described in Scott's "Kenilworth"), and the polished cavalier of Queen Elizabeth's reign had still a certain spirit and gallantry which were the distinctive features of the old Troubadours.

In a practical and utilitarian age it is somewhat hard to calculate the real power of romance and imagination in an earlier age. In the present day the only trustworthy things are, according to a popular philosophy, *facts*, and men are chiefly employed in accumulating and testing these. Everything is minutely dissected and analysed, and that which is apparently useless for the purposes of inductive reasoning neglected or left out altogether. Imagination is curbed and thought imprisoned within the limits imposed by a strictly experimental philosophy.

In the Elizabethan age imagination had, if anything, too excessive an influence and too free a play. Surprises were coming upon people every day, and, amid the general cataclysm of old ideas and uprooting of cherished notions, nothing could be too wonderful to be disbelieved. Nevertheless, this wonder was productive of great results: it was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the parent of discovery. Columbus wondered when he took up his abode at Porto Santo, in the Canaries, and, looking often westward with curious and yearning gaze, formed bold resolves to sail to that distant continent, dim traditions of whose existence seem to have reached down through every age. Men believed implicitly in the imaginary island of S. Brandan, and Washington Irving narrates how in 1526 an expedition was sent in search of it from the Canaries; and, although it was of course unsuccessful, "the phantasm of the island had such a secret enchantment for all who beheld it, that the public preferred doubting the good conduct of the explorers than their own senses"—in other words, they believed more firmly in ancient report and the phantasmagoria of the evening clouds than in the actual experiences of their sailors; and so they still wondered and imagined in a manner inexplicable to us now, and fitted out a new expedition.

Men do not wonder now, and have consequently lost one of their springs of action. They have discovered the bounds of the earth, have measured and weighed it with accuracy, sounded the depths of the sea, compassed the world with telegraphs; and so science has destroyed wonder, although it may have put in its place greater illumination.

But notwithstanding that the world may be so far advanced both in its analytic and comprehensive spirit as to astonish Kepler and



Bacon, timidly beginning methods of their own, if they could arise from their graves, and notwithstanding that it has dispensed with its earlier props and is built up in a different way, still the first infant utterances of a new life are in themselves instructive, and the *cunabula gentis* with its heroic and romantic personages, reflecting in their own characters and idiosyncrasies, the influences and motives of the time, ought to merit more than a passing study.

Let us take one romantic figure from the goodly host, and briefly sketch his life and history. Biographies, if judiciously selected, may enlighten us more than volumes of dry records, and if we wish to be acquainted with the motives of action and not simply their results, we have a better chance of arriving at this knowledge by following the career of some noted man. The first period of Raleigh's life was a fitting preparation for the part which he was destined to take in his country's history. During it he must have received a great number of early impressions which biassed his mind and influenced him to take certain views which he followed consistently afterwards. He was born in the county of Devon, at the Manor House of Hayes, near Budleigh, in 1552. "Part of the house," we are told, "still remains, and is used as a farm-house—a picturesque old place with three gables, heavily-mullioned windows, and a thatched roof with deep eaves, surrounded by tall hedges and wooded hills." Devon was a very active county in those days, and boasted of a daring and adventurous brood of sailors who, issuing forth from Plymouth and Falmouth and other ports, carried the English flag to all parts of the then known world, and fought, whenever they could find them, with their natural foes, the Spaniards. It was the Devon so ably portrayed by Kingsley in "Westward Ho!" and if the strain of the Vikings and hardy Norsemen had been left anywhere it was in this western corner of England. Storms, perils, and hardships came naturally to them, and were to them as the very breath of their nostrils. They thought but little of their lives in quest of adventure, and were ready to sacrifice them freely in what seemed to them the only noble and honourable profession. The busy life which thrilled through Plymouth as these adventurers came and went was more exciting than that which pervaded London. In the neighbourhood every village inn and market-place resounded with their exploits, paraded in no measured language. Raleigh, like Amyas Leigh in "Westward Ho!" must often have listened with deeply rivetted attention to many an eventful episode and hair-breadth escape of these weather-beaten sailors. Raleigh's half-brothers also, Humphry and Adrian Gilbert, were bold sea-dogs; and so it is easy to imagine how his surroundings and the very atmosphere in which he lived must have caused him to take an interest in current events.

At a very early age Raleigh went to Oriel College, Oxford, and the only record we have of him there is a story Lord Bacon tells of him: "There was in Oxford a cowardly fellow that was a



good archer ; he was grossly abused by another, and moaned himself to Sir W. Raleigh, then a scholar, and asked his advice what he should do to repair the wrong that had been offered him. Raleigh answered, 'Why, challenge him to a match of shooting.' But here, probably for the first time, he saw Queen Elizabeth, who, on one of her progresses, paid a visit to Oxford. She was well versed in the classics—thanks to the tuition of Roger Ascham—and answered in Greek to an address of the Oxford dons, and on a subsequent occasion took an opportunity of visiting the colleges and advising the students as to their work. The study of Greek had very much advanced since Erasmus' visit about fifty years previously, and Grocyn and Linacre had done much to render it more popular. But it does not appear that Raleigh threw himself with any great zest into the new learning, much as he showed afterwards how he sympathised with its Protestant spirit and tendency in particular, and with literature and the arts in general, for he left the *Alma Mater* without taking a degree. Perhaps Raleigh's mind was too young to understand the nature of the transition period in which the jargon of the schoolmen and the limbo of a dark Scotism were being gradually cleared away to make room for the pursuit of a freer and more universal culture.

Spurred on by his active and energetic spirit, he joined the bands of gentlemen volunteers and went to fight in France for the Huguenots. His Queen was, of course, the hope and stay of Protestantism in Europe, and, whilst fighting her battles as a loyal subject, he was aiding the cause of all brave men who resented bigotry and oppression. How bitter the combatants were the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day (1572) testifies, which took place whilst Raleigh was still in France. During these first campaigns Raleigh must have drunk deeply of the hatred of the Spaniards, and sworn, Hannibal-like, eternal enmity against the foes of his Queen and religion. He had abundant opportunities for seeing what was the true relative position of contending parties on the continent, and gathered his own conclusions as to the rottenness of a fabric supported by superstition. After returning to England his next adventure was joining his half-brother Gilbert in an attempt to found a colony, and in June, 1578, a charter was given to them to take possession of any land which did not belong as yet to any Christian ruler. Unfortunately this expedition did not succeed, as it was wanting in unanimity, and Raleigh and Gilbert were both obliged to return without effecting anything. In a brush with the Spaniards they had the worst of it. There is nothing very eventful, comparatively speaking, about the first period of Raleigh's life, but he showed clearly the two predominant ideas which guided his conduct so powerfully afterwards, and, in fact, interpenetrated his very existence—hatred against the Spaniards and an ambition to found colonies as a means, directly, of great profit and glory to England, and, indirectly, of counteracting the power of Philip.

Six years' campaigning had hardened his frame and strengthened his manhood, and had made him ready for any sphere of action that might be presented to him.

From the day that he cast his rich cloke on the miry clay with wondrous skill, as Disraeli in his *Curiosities of Literature* observes, and especially attracted the attention of the great Queen, his life was a story of grander and more ambitious enterprise. From a private gentleman he sprang up at once to the lofty position of first Court favourite. The Earl of Leicester had taken Raleigh by the hand and been his patron, introducing him to the Court, but much to his chagrin he saw himself eclipsed and supplanted by his more youthful and brilliant client. In 1587 Raleigh took the place of Sir Christopher Hatton as Captain of the Queen's Guard, a post which kept him constantly in attendance and gave him opportunities of displaying his personal and other natural gifts to the full.

The fashions and manners of the Elizabethan Court were high-flown and extravagant. In dress it was the time of the introduction of ruffs and cuffs, and gentlemen were judged by the length of these ornaments and also by the length of their swords. At last both ruffs and swords became so absurdly long that grave and discreet senators, we are told, were commanded to stand at the gates of the cities and cut off every ruff exceeding a yard wanting a nail and break every sword exceeding a full yard in length. Sir Walter Raleigh fell readily into all the prevailing fashions, and out-heroded Herod in this respect. He was fond of decorating himself with jewels, and we read that his shoes were so ornamented that they were valued at more than 6,000 gold pieces. He was represented also in a painting as arrayed in a suit of silver armour covered with jewels. The current diction of the time was that of the prevailing euphuism, which had been introduced chiefly through John Lyly, and no expression could be too pompous or far-fetched. Compliments were paid in a hidden and verbose style, and the great Queen herself countenanced the custom, and allowed herself to be addressed by her courtiers in language absurdly hyperbolic. Raleigh, when in the Tower for the first time, wrote of Queen Elizabeth, then in her sixtieth year—"While she was yet nigh at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel, sometime playing like an Orpheus." And on a subsequent occasion we read of his drawing a dagger upon Sir G. Carew, who would not let him have a view, from the Tower, of his "bright Angelica," the Queen, passing down the river in the procession of the barges.

All this seems foolish and undignified to us with our sober and practical judgment, and to be a piece of superb affectation, but in

the midst of the folly of prevailing manners and public taste, there were many sterling qualities and much real greatness. These extravagant courtiers were not effeminate. Raleigh could put aside his courtly dress with silver and perfumed lace and don his armour, grapple with a huge Spanish galleon, attack a port, lead a forlorn hope, or sail his small vessel over the most tempestuous seas. Sir Philip Sydney, who had enacted before Queen Elizabeth in her honour a flattering and comic pastoral, and was "a jewel of this extravagant Court," could die like a hero at Gravelines, and when perishing of thirst could give water to a wounded soldier who needed it more. The race of men of this day have been likened to strong overgrown children, with exuberant fancy, uncurbed passions, daring energy, and a somewhat bizarre mixture of finery.

Puritanism had not become uncompromising as it was afterwards, and, living in a certain expansion and licence, these men were swift to act, emotional and impulsive. Even the grave Chancellor Burleigh is said to have often wept when treated harshly by his Queen. Her maids of honour were treated by her like children, and boxed and pinched "so that these beautiful girls could be heard crying and lamenting in a piteous manner." In this Court, in which there was at the same time so much greatness and yet levity, such genuineness and yet superficiality, Raleigh found himself installed as first favourite by a capricious turn of good fortune. It must have been a lofty position for the man who was born in the comparatively humble house at Hayes, and if Raleigh gained amongst his rivals the reputation of being proud and haughty we can scarcely wonder at it. But what we can admire especially in him during this brilliant part of his career is that, although occupied with his multifarious duties about Court as Captain of the Queen's Guard, he did not sink objects of what he considered to be of real importance. Most men in his condition would have given up mad schemes of colonisation—as they were then deemed to be—and have rested satisfied with their vantage ground of Court favour. Essex was nothing if not first favourite, and had no great or absorbing objects to fall back upon. Raleigh was, of course, well-satisfied to be a shining light in such a brilliant Court as that of his Queen, but he constantly used influence thus gained to further wide and generally patriotic schemes. In March, 1584, he again obtained a royal charter which granted him and his heirs possession of any lands not already in the hands of a Christian prince. He fitted out two ships, and gave the command of them to Amadas and Barlowe, and they discovered a very fertile tract of country, which was called Virginia "that it might bring back to men the memory of their virgin Queen." Raleigh was not content with this success, but prepared a still larger expedition, and sent it out under Sir R. Grenville and Lowe. This reached Virginia, but Grenville and Lowe disagreed, and the former turned his attention to the more lucrative employment of privateering, and captured some Spanish galleons. Lowe stayed on in America,

and described the country afterwards in a most favourable light. He was, however, especially attracted by the accounts received from the natives concerning gold, and says—"The discovery of a good mine, by the goodness of God, or a passage to the South Seas or some way to it, and nothing else, can bring this country in request to be inhabited by our nation." This remark shows that the real nature and advantage of colonisation were not sufficiently grasped even by Raleigh's most trusty and confidential captains. An important result of this venture was that one Hariot brought back a dried leaf called by the natives "uppowoc," by the Spaniards, tobacco. Little could Hariot have thought that in bringing back an insignificant leaf he was introducing a luxury and article of commerce which 300 years afterwards was to add millions of pounds to his country's revenue. From small beginnings are indeed great results. Raleigh himself took kindly to this new luxury, and indulged, we are told, in a silver pipe highly elaborated. In his subsequent captivity it was a great solace to him. The fumes of tobacco were not thought obnoxious even by the fastidious Queen, who used to allow Raleigh to sit by her side when smoking, and we can imagine how she listened with interest to his tales of adventure and romantic plans of colonisation, and the prophetic visions which Raleigh, amidst the inspiring fumes, may have formed of "the Greater Britain" beyond the seas. Together with his other accomplishments and charms of person, Raleigh was gifted with a power of facile expression and persuasive oratory. L. Creighton, in her excellent and exhaustive little work on Sir Walter Raleigh, applies to him this following quotation:—

"Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
 You would say that it hath been all-in-all his study:  
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle render'd you in music:  
 Turn him to any course of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose  
 Familiar as his garter: that when he speaks  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears  
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences."

*Henry V: Act 1, Scene 1.*

The most important historical event in Queen Elizabeth's reign was of course the attempt made by the Spaniards to invade England with their mighty Armada. The religious crisis was drawing to a climax, and Philip II. could no longer endure the many, and to him intolerable, ways in which England thwarted his plans and championed Protestantism. Hitherto an external peace had been preserved between the two nations, but there was never any rest beyond the line and on the high seas. Men like Drake and Grenville were continually worrying her merchantmen and "singeing King Philip's beard." The more nimble movements of the English ships could not be anticipated by the awkward and unwieldy Spanish galleons,



and the relative attitude of the belligerents reminds us forcibly of that of the Persians and Athenians. The latter could manœuvre, back water, dash in, strike a blow, and retire before their adversaries could turn.

Besides, the courage of our sailors was celebrated then over the whole world, and in the sixteenth century the English passed for the most warlike nation in Europe. Cellini terms them as "savages who ate great shins of beef, and were made terrible and blood-thirsty thereby." Whenever they struck a blow they struck it like the Athenians of old in the battle of Salamis, "for home, wives, country, and religion." How stubborn and real their courage was is attested by such an exploit as that of the *Revenge*, so recently celebrated by the poet-laureate. With his solitary ship, Sir R. Grenville turned to meet the Spanish fleet of fifty sail, choosing "rather to die than dishonour himself, his country, and Her Majesty." When taken prisoner, and dying of his wounds, he uttered these well-known noble words—"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country and his Queen, for honour and religion. Wherefore, my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, leaving behind it an everlasting fame as a true soldier who hath done his duty as he was bound to do." It seems as if men had, to use a cant term, a deep and lively sense of their mission, and were thus animated to do and dare things in a manner which those who live in a more calculating age can scarcely understand and would term foolhardy—but they are none the less glorious.

In all the events connected with the Armada, Sir Walter Raleigh might have said of himself "*quorum pars magna fui*." Enjoying the confidence of his Sovereign, his advice was listened to and followed, and he himself was very busy in making preparations on land, collecting levies amongst the men of the west, and fortifying Portland, of which he was then Governor. Joining the fleet at the last moment, he was foremost among such noted admirals and captains as Drake and Frobisher.

When the stirring events which followed upon the threats of the Armada had passed away, the star of Raleigh, hitherto so greatly in the ascendant, began to wax dim. He was gradually being supplanted by the Earl of Essex. When we reflect how able and at the same time patriotic a servant Raleigh was, how great the charm of his presence and character, we feel surprised that the Queen should neglect him for the stripling Essex—who was only twenty-one when favourite. But the great Queen never allowed her affections to triumph over her policy, and was careful that the influence of a single subject should never supersede her own will and better judgment. She was amused by her courtiers and favourites meriting, perhaps, the general reproach of her sex, *varium et mutabile semper, femina*—but guided by Burleigh.

Raleigh seems to have been excessively piqued at his downfall,



and retired to Ireland, where he possessed a large property. He cultivated the friendship of Edmund Spenser, and the two found great pleasure in one another's society. Spenser says:—

“He piped, I sung; when he sung, I piped:  
By change of turns, each making other merry,  
Neither envying other, nor envied:  
So piped we, untill we both were weary.”

After his severe disappointment, and whilst in exile from the gay court-life, it is a proof of the versatility of Raleigh's mind and genius that he should take part in refined and literary pleasures with such a natural poet as Spenser. The artificiality of his former manner of life and necessary conformances to Court etiquette and requirements had evidently not spoilt him by sapping true and genuine feeling and love for Nature.

In about a year's time Raleigh returned from Ireland, but he was never permitted to gain the same supremacy which he had previously possessed. His marriage with Bessy Throgmorton caused him to incur the still deeper displeasure of the Queen, and shortly afterwards he is confined to the Tower. The Queen does not seem to have wished to persecute him, although Raleigh had many enemies at Court, who held him up naturally in as odious a light as possible, but, after making him feel sufficiently the force of royal displeasure, gave him his release.

We next find him living in his home at Sherborne Castle, in Dorsetshire, and this period of his chequered career was comparatively one of rest. If he had so chosen, he had now an opportunity of settling down in his mansion, which he had taken great pains to beautify, and, in company with his devoted wife, have ended his days amidst congenial surroundings. He might have indulged his quieter and more literary tastes, and calling around him such friends as Jonson and Spenser, have calmly said “*vixi*,” shelving politics and the uncertain issues of Court and public life. An ample career of simply civic usefulness was open to him, with its rewards such

“As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

But it was contrary to the very nature of Raleigh to lead a monotonous life. The demon of unrest was upon him: he had drunk too deeply of the excitements of politics and war, which have an absorbing attraction for men of a sanguine and ambitious temperament; and besides, he was still haunted by his two ideas—hatred of the Spaniards and desire to found a colony in America. In spite of his wife's entreaties, who wrote to Cecil to implore him to dissuade her husband from his risky undertakings, Raleigh was soon busily occupied in fitting out a fresh expedition to Guiana and the mouths of the Orinoco. He conducted this venture in person, and it proved a tolerably successful one. Raleigh adopted the policy of kindness to the natives, and quite won the heart of a certain Indian chief, Topiawari by name, who gave him much valuable information,

and placed such complete confidence in him that he entrusted his only son to him to be taken to England. The Spaniards had always treated the natives with the utmost cruelty, and the conciliatory policy of Raleigh was at once wise and humane. If any proof were needed to show that Raleigh was not a mere reckless adventurer, it would be found in his well-considered attempts to found his colony, encroaching as little as possible and conciliating when most men then would have tyrannized.

Raleigh brought back enthusiastic accounts of the country. "Never saw I a more beautiful land nor more lovely prospects," are his words; "hills so raised here and there over the valleys, the river winding with divers branches, the plains all fair green grass, the deer crossing in every path, the birds towards evening singing on every tree, with a thousand several tunes, the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stooped to pick up promised either gold or silver by its composition." But nothing definite or tangible at present resulted from Raleigh's expedition. He sent his *fidus Achates*, Keymis, on another expedition to supplement the first, but the Spaniards managed to balk him. All these ventures took much from Raleigh's wealth. It was left for others to profit by his experience, and it was not till 1606 that the real colonisation of Virginia began.

The third period of Raleigh's life, dating from the accession of James I. to his own execution, is a sad one. In it he presents to us the spectacle of an able servant neglected, imprisoned, and ill-treated by the King, and made in the end a state victim of to please the Spaniards. From the first King James did not seem to have liked him, and upon his first introduction greeted him with a bad pun. "By my saul, maun," he said, "I have heard but rawly of thee." He was given to understand that he was not acceptable at Court, and he was requested to resign his post as Captain of the Guard. The England of King James was very different to the England of Queen Elizabeth. The dangerous crisis in the national history had been safely tided over, Spanish aggression was no longer to be feared, and men had relapsed into a comparatively peaceful state after the high strain to which they had been subjected. The Court of Elizabeth, with its brilliant array of patriots and statesmen, its extravagancies and gorgeous accompaniments, had given place to the more sober one of the peace-loving James. The impetuous Raleigh was scarcely understood, and his Cato-like utterances for the annihilation of Spain were looked upon as scarcely warranted by the actual situation of affairs. His was a voice speaking from a period of intense excitement, and still full of the enthusiasm of the Elizabethan heroes. Those who were content to follow a superficial line of politics rather resented Raleigh's projects and adventures, and were not far-sighted enough to see how much good might ultimately have come from them. Raleigh says somewhat bitterly in a letter to his wife in this period—"For myself, I am left of all men

that have done good to many. All my good turns are forgotten ; all my errors revived and expounded to the extremity of ill. All my services, hazards, and expenses for my country—plantings, discoveries, fights, councils, and whatever else \* \* \* malice hath now covered over.” Thus Raleigh, misunderstood and rejected, spent thirteen of the best years of his life in confinement. The ostensible reason for this harsh treatment was his alleged participation in the Cobham plot, but his complicity does not seem to have been clearly made out. But amidst his trials and misfortunes, Raleigh, like a brave and versatile man, did not abandon himself to blank despair, but devoted himself to many objects of study. The reflective and patient side of his character shows itself, and in a comparatively short time he mastered the art of chemistry, as then known, and achieved a great reputation for his skill. We are told that Queen Ann of Bohemia believed that she owed her recovery from a dangerous illness to a bottle of cordial sent her by him. We find him also instructing his favourite, young Prince Henry, in the art of ship-building—nothing being too unusual for his intellect to grapple with. His greatest work achieved at this time was his “History of the World,” which ranks high in the prose works of the age, and it is only to be regretted that he could not have written about events which happened during his own life-time. No less illustrious a person than Oliver Cromwell, when advising his son Richard in his studies, said—“Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh’s History of the World ; it is a body of history, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of history.”

In 1616 Raleigh was released from the Tower to go on that last and ill-fated voyage to Guiana ; but it was upon a desperate errand. The compact made with King James was a hard one, and was to the effect that if Raleigh found a fabled gold-mine, about the existence of which he himself was very sanguine, his pardon should follow. Raleigh was an old man of sixty-three years of age when he started, but his indomitable pluck and courage were the same as ever. He made as wise preparations as possible, spending £8,000 of his own money—a considerable sum in those days—to insure success. He was rejoiced at the thought of active life once more, although the prospect could not have been a very bright one, and the thirteen years of imprisonment had told upon his strength and constitution. Men, especially those of his own county, looked with sympathy upon the spectacle of this aged and worn-out veteran embarking on this perilous voyage, on the issue of which depended the last throw or chance of liberty. The sequel is a sad one, and the throw was against him, the voyage being a tissue of disasters from beginning to end. His only son, who accompanied him, a brave and noble young life, was miserably killed in an attack upon a Spanish village, and this was the hardest trial of all to Raleigh. When in the anguish of his mind he reproached Keymis with the failure of the expedition, that old and faithful servant, rather than bear the reproach, shot

himself. The horizon was indeed very dark for Raleigh,—his only son killed, his best friend gone, and the gold-mine undiscovered,—and he returned to England a ruined and broken-hearted man. He knew that he was coming back to receive that death which had been kept so long hanging over him, as the Spaniards were clamouring for his life, and the King was only too glad to let them have it as Raleigh had failed. He might have escaped to France, but he preferred to be true to his vow, and come back to face his accusers. His end was that of a hero, whatever weakness he may have previously shown. He was hurried out of a sick bed, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. He pleaded “in a voice grown weak by sickness and an ague he had at the instant on him” for his life, but it was in vain. Yelverton, the Attorney-General, expressed the general sentiments of his enemies when he said—“Sir Walter Raleigh hath been as a star at which the world hath gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide.” This was a hard judgment; for Raleigh at his age could scarcely have been a dangerous man. Disasters had caused the brilliancy of that star to fade, and it could no longer have the power to shine as before. When Raleigh knew that he had to die, he faced his doom with cheerfulness and serenity. He had met death in all its hideous forms and shapes, at the breach of cities, alongside the vast hulks of Spanish galleons, and amidst the tempest’s roar, and now could face it as a brave and bold man should.

On the morning of his death, we are told, he smoked as usual his favourite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, said—“As the fellow that, drinking of St. Giles’ bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, that was a good drink if a man might tarry by it.” Cheerfully addressing his friends, he felt the edge of the axe, laid his head upon the block, and bade the executioner to strike home. The Dean of Westminster, who was with him in his last moments, thought that this contempt of death proceeded from levity, but he found in him a genuine faith and hope, which had been deepened by his many trials and disasters. Raleigh had himself written:—

“Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of truth to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation;  
My gown of glory, Hope’s true gage,  
And thus I’ll take my pilgrimage.  
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,  
Travelleth towards the land of heaven.”

Thus ended this brilliant and chequered career; and the end was worthy of the life. Osborne says—“His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution as if a Roman had acted a Christian or rather a Christian a Roman.” As his head fell severed from the body, one of the spectators said—“We have not such another head to be cut off.”



It is somewhat difficult to sum up the character of Sir Walter Raleigh fully and comprehensively, because his activity was so many-sided and his genius so adaptative. He fulfilled the conditions required for greatness in the age in which he lived, for to be great under Queen Elizabeth meant to excel in a variety of ways. This universal excellence is impossible in modern times. Public characters are necessarily distinguished by their excellence in one particular branch, and are known either as able financiers, acute diplomatists, clever foreign secretaries, and so on, for the sphere of politics is far more complex and the range of knowledge and action infinitely wider.

Sir Walter Raleigh, besides being an accomplished courtier, gallant cavalier, brave sailor, was a far-seeing statesman, a poet, historian, and philosopher, and thus seems to combine all the qualities which we assign collectively to men of action and men of thought. His mind was of such a calibre that it could apply itself to small details as well as to matters of national interest. In his capacity of Warden of the Stannaries, a tin-mining district in Cornwall, and as Governor of Portland, he exerted himself to the utmost to fulfil his trust, and succeeded in so doing. His property in Ireland was improved by him in such a way as a modern English land-owner might have approved of. When in the Tower, we find him engaged in writing such an exhaustive and universal work as a History of the World, and teaching Prince Henry the best possible way to build and rig a ship, and mastering the science of chemistry as far as it was then known.

Then he always adhered consistently to his far-seeing views about colonisation, and to his statesmanlike opposition to Spain, although he fell a victim in the end to these leading ideas.

It is perhaps from the want of a distinctive mark that Gibbon has pronounced Sir Walter Raleigh's character "ambiguous," and Hume has described his as "a great but ill-regulated mind." Some have looked upon him simply from the adventurous and romantic side of his character, and have left out of sight, in the midst of seeming contradictions, the real greatness which lay under it all. Others have dubbed him as a kind of sixteenth century Alcibiades, and have judged him by his extravagant sandals and suits of silver armour. But Raleigh cannot be likened with any truth to Alcibiades. The character of this young Athenian nobleman was both superficial and irregular. He was, moreover, a purely selfish man, and when expelled from the Athenian republic for an act of impiety, revenged himself by deserting to the enemy's camp and persuading the Spartans to fortify Decelea as a thorn in the side of his country. Neither would he subsequently return unless the constitution and laws of Athens were altered to please him.

Sir Walter Raleigh would never have lightly committed an offence against the religion of his country, as his feelings on this subject were both earnest and consistent; and he was very far removed from the shifting and accommodating morality of a Chesterfield.



Neither would Raleigh have so forgotten all his patriotism as to leave England and join the Spaniards—although he was accused most unjustly by the brow-beating and vituperative Coke as having “an English face but a Spanish heart.” To the very end he was loyal to his King and country. His was, on the whole, a very unselfish career, and he died poor because he had sunk most of his property in schemes which afterwards benefited England so much. If he appears too restless and energetic, we cannot but admire that intense vigour which was united with indomitable pluck, and sufficed to carry him through all his vicissitudes and supported him in the end. Perhaps the most pleasing side of his character to dwell upon is when he lays aside the sword and takes the pen, and associates with such men as Jonson and Spenser and the learned Dr. Robert Burrell, who aided him in composing his “History of the World.”

In his private life he was an affectionate husband and loving father. The final blow which seemed to prostrate him was the death of his only son in that wretched expedition to the mouths of the Orinoco. To this subject alone, the night before his execution, he could not allude when conversing with his wife for the last time. The memory was too bitter.

His visions of a line of descendants living in his beautiful Sherborne Castle, and passing on from his brave young son, had been cruelly dispelled. The last throw had been against him. Still, after all, he bore up with Christian fortitude, put a cheerful countenance on—in the very presence of death bade the executioner strike home that he might straightway finish his pilgrimage “like a quiet Palmer,” whose soul had been “travelling towards the land of heaven.”

W. H. G.

*Rondebosch.*

~~~~~  
*Dreamland*\*

(CONCLUDED).

I ceased—upon our trembling hearts deep silence fell—

But from the woods, and o'er the plain,

A choir of birds did, answering, swell

Their song—unto our souls a funeral knell,

A sound of severance and pain.

With looks of anguish, she

Thus sadly made reply :

“To her, by whom the stern decree

Is passed, that we should part, do I

My being owe. Her lightest wish is law to me.

And, though it breaks my heart

To say ‘Farewell!’ to our dear love and thee,

Yet now we two must tear our souls apart.

\* [NOTE.—By some accident these lines, which form the conclusion of a piece appearing in the August number of the *Magazine*, were not received in time for publication at an earlier date.—ED. C. M. M.]

Thus Duty speaks, and Honour cries ! and thou  
 And I must meet no more, nor tell our love,  
 If unto her who loves me I'd be true,  
 Nor to my spoken vow a traitor prove ! ”

Then I, with all the eager haste of youth,  
 Cried out—“ Thou never loved'st me !  
 My trust is broken—and I scorn thy truth !  
 Truth ! Ah, never word of truth came forth from thee ! ”  
 I spoke in wrath, but when I, looking, saw  
 The colour leave her cheek, which bloomed so sweet before,  
 And her dear seraph eyes,  
 Intent upon my face, in sad surprise  
 At the mad words which, leaping forth,  
 Rebounded on me, in their fierce wrath,  
 Felling, at one great stroke, the rage which gave them birth,  
 Great tears burst forth—I, anguished, cried :  
 “ Nay, love ! much more than all things else on earth,  
 I love thee, and believe thy truth whatever may betide ! ”

## V.

Thus dreaming I lay, one midsummer's day,  
 On the bank of a rippling stream,  
 Till, in the west, the sun sank to rest,  
 Casting a long-lingering beam.

In the fir-wood a turtle dove coo'd  
 To his sweet listening mate ;  
 And o'er my soul, a soft stillness stole,  
 As I for my love did wait.

From dreaming I woke ; the fairy spell broke,  
 And scattered my dreamings again.  
 Oh, come forth, my love ! and to my soul prove  
 That all my sad dreamings are vain.

Sure, some tricky sprite has taken delight  
 In whispering such sad thoughts to me ;  
 For no mother, unkind, had ever a mind  
 To part me, my dear love, from thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

She comes ! I hear her. Nearer, nearer !  
 Oh, truly my love is fair !  
 Her dress gleameth white, in the day's dying light,  
 And the gold shines out in her hair.

On her sweet lips, as she daintily trips,  
 A tender smile lingering stays,  
 And in her eyes, like grey twilight skies,  
 The warm light dreamily plays.

I am hid from her sight ; the sweet loving light  
 Fades away from her eloquent face.  
 "He comes not !" she cries, and bitterly sighs,  
 And, weeping, her steps would retrace.

From Dreamland I start ; she is pressed to my heart—  
 My sweet love beyond compare !  
 I banish her fears—she smiles thro' her tears ;  
 O, truly my love is fair !

ψυχή

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## Nellie Goodwin ;

### A STORY OF THE FOREST.

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#### CHAPTER XI.

THE melancholy tidings were published in most of the leading newspapers, and found their way but too swiftly to the hearts of those that loved him. In the quiet forest home of Avcena, the broken-hearted parents wept and bewailed their only son, whose coming had been almost daily expected by them ; and Clara felt as though the bright life that was but just beginning for her in her newly found home, would be clouded for ever by the loss of her beloved brother. To Nellie alone was the news brought by one who had accompanied and loved him ; for Ernest Wilmot travelled as fast as the post, and reached Summerville at the same time. Tenderly and gently did he break the sad news to her : still the effect, saddened and disappointed as she then was, was even worse than he had anticipated. Besides the crushing out of her last hope of ever being reconciled to him again, there was added the bitter grief of feeling that she was in part the cause of his death ; for had he not had doubts of her constancy, he would never have joined the hunting party.

The shock was too great for her to bear, and for weeks her life seemed to hang in the balance 'twixt life and death ; but at length, to the infinite relief of her mother, though to her own great disappointment, she rallied, and by slow degrees recovered some of her usual strength, but all light and gladness seemed for ever gone from her life.

Ernest Wilmot lingered on in Summerville till she recovered ; and as soon as she could bear it her one consolation seemed to be to listen to the boy, while he detailed to her all that he could remember of Arthur during the time they were in company ; and she would sit for hours in the garden, with her hands folded idly on her lap, and a sad patient look on her white face, with Ernest on the grass beside her, tending and caring for

her as a brother might, and striving in vain to soothe and cheer her weary spirit. One thought alone afforded her any comfort : that now at least (if, as she firmly believed, he knew what concerned her on earth) Arthur would know how true she had been to him all the while that he doubted and mistrusted her ; and so at length, though separated on earth, they would find one another again. In the midst of her trouble she wrote to Clara, and received a long loving letter in reply, for Clara had never agreed with Arthur in his jealousy of Mr. Gilbert, and knew nothing of his having broken off his engagement with Nellie on account of it ; so she did her best to console her friend on the loss they had both sustained, stating her intention of going to Aveena, on a visit, and striving by her presence to bring some slight comfort to her bereaved parents.

Mr. Gilbert, finding that his society only vexed and saddened Nellie more, and becoming acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, showed his sense and good feeling for once, by withdrawing from Summerville, and going on a voyage to England. It was a great effort to him, but her sad downcast face was a constant reproach ; and so it was some relief to escape from it. Her aunt and cousins showed her much sympathy and kindness in her trouble, and she began to feel more drawn to them than before. When, on finding that she made but little progress to any real recovery, they proposed she should accompany them on a pleasure trip, during the Christmas holidays, she consented, from sheer carelessness as to what became of her, and want of any spirit to oppose them. Mrs. Goodwin required a deal of persuasion ere she would consent to her leaving her while so feeble and broken-hearted, but as change of scene seemed to be the only chance of rousing her to any real interest in life again, she reluctantly consented ; and one lovely summer morning Nellie drove away from her home and the village where she had suffered so much, with the same resigned, hopeless face she had worn since the news of Arthur's death, for

“ All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience,”

and all hope of ever seeing and explaining matters' to her lover had faded away ; she never knew how much she had clung to that hope, till it was dashed from her.

A few days before her departure, Grace came to her room early one morning with a tiny packet that she had found on the sitting-room table ; it was addressed to Nellie, and on opening it she discovered her long-lost engagement ring. A thrill of surprise and pleasure ran through her frame for a moment, but it was succeeded by such a passion of tears that Grace ran for her mother in a great fright, and it was long before she was restored to any degree of calmness. Still the possession of it was a slight consolation to her ; she had it made to fit her now worn finger, and never again left it off for a second.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert visited a great many different places that summer, and spared no pains in striving to cheer their niece, but though her health improved, neither the colour nor the smile came back to her face ; and after wandering about for a couple of months, they reluctantly resolved to retrace their steps, and then for the first time Nellie showed some degree of interest in the prospect of again seeing her mother and Grace, and exerted herself to collect sundry little "souvenirs" for them.

They had taken all the children with them, and were travelling in a mule wagon by very short stages, lengthening out the "outspans" as much as possible, as being the pleasantest part of the travelling. It had been an exceedingly hot day, and Nellie had been suffering from headache for a couple of days, which seemed to be increased by the jolting of the wagon ; so on her account they were most anxious to halt, but the country through which they were passing was very parched and barren, and there seemed no signs of a spring of water, which they wished to reach on account of the animals, for they always took the precaution of carrying a sufficient quantity for themselves in the wagon. At length, seeing no prospect of water, and having reached an isolated patch of bush which gave promise of shade at least, Mr. Gilbert gave orders to halt, to the great delight of all parties, but more especially of the younger children, who kept their mother always on the *qui vive* for fear of their tumbling out of the wagon in their eager haste to reach the firm ground. Nellie was too much exhausted to do anything but lie in the shade with her head on a pillow, while Maggie and her aunt prepared their midday meal, and the children scampered off, in spite of the heat, on a search for wild flowers. The brightest and best were always brought to Nellie, whom the little ones loved dearly, and one wee, fairy-like girl, who was her special favourite, sat beside her now, gently bathing her forehead with eau-de-cologne, and now and then kissing the hand she held in hers, whispering child-like words of pity, and seeming amply rewarded if Nellie gave the smile and "thank you" which were specially reserved for her. Noon was at its height, and the sun's rays beat pitilessly down, still the bush afforded some protection to the child and her companion, who, wearied out at length by pain and exhaustion, had fallen asleep. They were slightly separated from the rest of the party, who had crept under the wagon, and were either reading or slumbering in lazy attitudes ; and the little one was plaiting grass, and keeping most benignant watch over Nellie, whose hand still lay on the child's lap ; her face so thin and altered by the suffering of the last few months, that those who had known her a year ago would scarcely have recognised her, save perchance by the golden curls, which had escaped from all confinement, and were clustering round her neck and shoulders. Their shelter was close to the main road, which was visible to them, though they were themselves partly concealed by the thick foliage ; and after a while the child's quick eye observed a horseman riding slowly along, both



horse and rider apparently totally exhausted, and making for the only place of shelter anywhere to be seen. He came up to within a short distance of them, apparently without being conscious of their presence, and off-saddled his horse; then taking off his hat with a weary gesture of fatigue, he looked about him and perceived the child who was watching him with curious eyes. He was to all appearance a young man, very travel-stained and dusty, with a countenance that bore traces of recent illness and fatigue, and whose only beauty consisted in his wavy brown hair and a pair of dark eyes. His frank, gentle expression and pleasant smile inspired the little one with confidence, as he approached her, and asked softly when he perceived the sleeper,

"Will you give me a little water please; I have not had a drop to-day."

The child took up a cup containing some that stood by her, and presented it to him without moving from her position. He drank it eagerly, and in stooping to return it, glanced at the sleeping girl, and started involuntarily, while a vivid flush rose to his pale face. To hide it, he turned to the little girl and asked her name.

"Marion Gilbert," was the answer, "and this is my cousin Nellie. She had such a headache; I am so glad she is asleep," continued she, looking trustfully into the stranger's face, and at the same time lifting a heavy curl that had fallen across Nellie's cheek, and putting it gently back. The stranger turned away immediately and looked after his horse, as though wondering whether he could resume his journey at once. But the poor brute seemed thoroughly knocked up, so he gave up that project, and was contented with separating himself as far as possible from the other occupiers of the "out-span." A few moments after, Nellie smiled in her sleep, muttered something, and then awoke with a puzzled look in her eyes, as though she expected to see some one besides the child, but the blank look of disappointment that followed was piteous to behold.

"Are you better now, Nellie dear?" whispered little Marion.

"Yes, a little," she said with a sigh. "Have you been sitting here with me all the time, little one? You must be quite tired."

"No, I like sitting near you;" and the child nestled close to her and put her arms round her as she sat. "Will you tell me a story now, please, it is too hot to run about yet."

Nellie felt scarcely capable of collecting her thoughts at all, much less of inventing a story, but the child was so eager, and had been so attentive to her, that she didn't like to refuse.

"If you wait a little while I will tell you one; but what have you been doing all the while I was asleep?"

"Arranging your flowers that Robbie brought you, and plaiting this grass, and singing to myself softly. You know a gentleman came and asked me for some water."

"A gentleman!" echoed Nellie, surprised.

"I am sure he was a gentleman, though he was badly dressed,

but he spoke so nicely, and looked kind, and I told him who I was, and that you were my cousin."

"Oh! Marion, why didn't you wake me?" enquired Nellie, rather shocked, and blushing at the thought of being caught asleep.

"Why should I?" was the innocent reply, "You were so sound asleep; and he went away directly he had drank the water. I wish papa had seen him, he looked so tired!"

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. He went quickly away, but not altogether, for there is his horse."

Little Marion was lying in her cousin's arms, and playing with the locket that hung from her neck; and Nellie was so occupied with her own thoughts that she didn't heed her, till she exclaimed eagerly,

"Oh Nellie, I know how to open this, look here," and she held it open and gazed with childish curiosity at the likeness. "Who is it? do tell me."

"Hush! Marion dear, please shut it again," said Nellie, almost crying.

The child obeyed directly, and hid her face, fearing she had vexed her; but presently she looked up and said,

"The gentleman that was here to-day looks something like that, only much thinner, and as if he had been ill a long time."

Nellie was still in a very weak state, and at the child's words she burst into tears, and sobbed hysterically. Marion, surprised and frightened, only clung to her and begged her not to cry; but Mrs. Gilbert and Maggie came up and enquired what was the matter. It was difficult to make out at first, but Maggie took the child apart, and soon understood part of it, upon which she laid strict injunctions on her never again to touch Nellie's locket, or speak to her about it.

Left alone with her aunt, Nellie soon recovered, and was persuaded to take some food, and lie down again, while Maggie, who was always curious about anything concerning a stranger, and that stranger a gentleman, made many enquiries of Marion concerning him; and feeling pity for his seeming loneliness, directed her to go and invite him to partake of some refreshment with them before they made their final start.

Marion set off, but was some time before she discovered him, hidden as he was by a small clump of bush. He looked up with a smile at the bonnie wee face that accosted him so fearlessly.

"Well! little one, what do you want?"

"Papa asks if you won't please come and have some coffee with us before we go."

It was rather a tempting offer to a hungry, thirsty man, but he put it away at once.

"No thank you, Marion, it is very kind of you, but I am off in a few minutes, and don't want anything now."

"Do, please come!" pleaded the child. "Maggie wants you to come, I know," she added innocently.

"And who is Maggie?" enquired the stranger.

"My sister, and I am sure Papa would like it too, for Mamma is with Nellie, and he has no one to speak to just now, but the children, and they are always teasing him," she said, with the dignity of her eight years full upon her.

"Where is your brother?" he asked, without looking up.

"William is not here; he is England! But how did you know I had a brother?"

"The fairies told me, little one," and as he spoke a strange look of eager hope came into his face, and he asked again, "When did he go?"

"The fairies ought to have told you that too; he went long ago, while Nellie was ill, and I don't know when he is coming again. But I must go now, if you won't come."

A strong impulse to detain the child seized him then, but she ran off like a flash of light, leaving him sadly disturbed and puzzled in his mind. He was just about to get up and look for his horse, when the child reappeared, carrying a cup of coffee and some biscuits.

"There now! I brought you some coffee, but it is much nicer where we are than here alone, and you ought to have come."

"Thank you much, little Marion; sit down beside me for a while, and then I shall not be all alone."

"And then I can take back the cup," said the practical child, seating herself by his side. "Why is your horse so tired? Have you come a long way?" she enquired presently.

"A very long way, and I must try and get somewhere to-night where I can get another horse. Is your cousin better now?"

"She says her headache is better, but I don't know what is the matter with her, she just cries for everything. I told her you were like the person she has in her locket, and she just did cry; I was so sorry I told her."

Arthur, for of course it was he, started up so suddenly that he overturned nearly all the contents of his cup, to Marion's great vexation.

"Oh! why did you do that? and I know there is no more in the kettle, for Maggie poured out the last for me."

"Never mind, little one," he said kindly, "I didn't want any more, but will you do something kind for me. Go to your cousin when she is quite alone, and tell her the gentleman who is here is somebody she knew very well in Wetherley, and then give her these two little coins"—he took them from his watch-chain as he spoke—"and say if she would like to see the person she gave them to, I will come to her at once. Will you remember all that?"

"I think so, but it won't make her cry again, will it? I am afraid to go."

"If it does, I promise you, she will soon get happy again, so please go; but give me a kiss first, little Marion."

She held up her face at once, and then went off rather reluctantly,

taking the cup back to the wagon first ; and turning a deaf ear to all Maggie's enquiries about the stranger, she went to seek her cousin.

Nellie had quite recovered, and was wandering about listlessly with the younger children seeking for flowers. Marion went up to her, and slipping her hand in hers, asked softly, " You are not angry with me, are you, Nellie ? "

" Angry ! No, little fairy, of course not ; you didn't mean to make me unhappy. "

" And you won't cry again if I tell you more about that gentleman. He said you would be happy afterwards. " And she put her arms pleadingly round her waist, and looked up in her face, repeating Arthur's message.

At sight of the coins, and on hearing his words she trembled so that she could scarcely stand, and seemed on the verge of fainting, but the excitement kept her up, and catching hold of Marion, she begged her to take her to him at once, an injunction which was willingly enough obeyed ; and great was the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert to see their niece hurrying off in such an excited manner to meet a stranger.

He advanced towards her hastily. She gave one hasty glance of recognition, and then uttered a wild cry of joy, as he caught her in his arms, whispering tenderly,

" My darling ! my own Nellie ! "

But the joy was too great ; and even as he held her she fainted away, so he laid her quietly down, and proceeded to make a few hasty explanations to her uncle and aunt, who had hurried to the spot on hearing her cry.

## CHAPTER XII.

Even when consciousness returned, Nellie feared to open her eyes, lest this also might prove to be only one of those pleasant dreams from which she had so often awoke to disappointment ; but the sound of Arthur's voice reassured her, and the smile with which she greeted him was almost as bright as those he remembered of old ; but there was a patient, wistful look in her eyes that was new to him, and from which he gathered something of the kind of suffering she had endured. She seemed too weary at first to do ought else but rest in her new-found joy, and asked him no questions whatever as to how the report of his death had been circulated. It was enough for her that he was alive, and trusted her once more ; and after his first eager whisper when they were alone again for a few minutes of, " My darling, can you ever forgive me for all the needless pain I have caused you ? I was mad and foolish, and have also been sorely punished, but can never forgive myself, " and her quiet laying of her hand in his for the sole and sufficient answer, he too remained very silent.

That evening, when they got to their resting place for the



night, she begged him to tell the others his story after she had retired to bed, preferring, she said, to hear it when they were home together at Summerville, and he, though half reluctantly, consented. He had written to his parents about three weeks before he met Nellie, and Mrs. Goodwin was also telegraphed to immediately, and directed to await their coming in a few days.

Great indeed was her surprise and joy on receipt of the glad message ; and she and Grace scarcely knew how the hours went by till the eventful morning arrived, and though they knew well that it was impossible for them to arrive till late in the afternoon, still they were perpetually in attitudes of listening, and ran to the door on the slightest sound of wheels, till Grace, after a series of disappointments, declared her intention of "not going to the door again even for Nellie herself!" She ransacked the garden for every flower and bud she could lay her hands on, and distributed them about all the rooms, till they looked as if arranged for a flower show ; and twenty times did Mrs. Goodwin go into Nellie's room to give a finishing touch ; to what was already finished to perfection.

But the longest waiting times come to an end at last, and this one came when they had relaxed their watch for a few seconds, and were busily occupied in getting a hen and chickens into a box at the furthest end of the garden, so that Nellie and Arthur had alighted, and were standing quietly at the door, before their hurried footsteps brought them to her. There was a very excited meeting, and a strange mingling of tears and laughter, and many confused words, so that every one felt relieved when it was over, and they could sit together quietly again. Grace's first observation broke the strain, for she looked at Arthur attentively, and then exclaimed,

"But how did you come alive again, when the lion ate you ? It is very strange !"

They all laughed, and Arthur answered, "Suppose I wasn't quite eaten, little woman, but only half, and they managed to put me together again, how would that be ?"

She opened her eyes wonderingly, and shook her head gravely, and asked no more questions, because she fancied Arthur was laughing at her, but took Nellie forcibly away to take off her travelling things. Arthur also took his leave for a time, and went to look after the odd waiter at the hotel he so well remembered, who looked at him with an expression that would have been more natural had Arthur been a ghost instead of a very happy-looking man.

They met once more that evening in the pleasant little sitting room, when the lamp was lighted, and everything looked bright and cheery ; and the brightest thing in the room was Nellie's face, which her mother could scarcely realize to be the same one that was lifted to her's in farewell a few weeks before.

"Now, Arthur," she said, when they had settled down quietly together, "please tell us all about yourself. I can listen nicely now, and you must mind and not leave out anything."



"There is not much to tell. I wish Wilmot were here to hear the truth of it all; it will be another month before he knows that I am alive and well."

"Yes, he would just complete our party; he became so thoroughly one of us before he left. And now do go on, for my patience is worn out."

And Nellie so saying, sat down on the floor by the sofa where Mrs. Goodwin was lying, and laid her head against her with her face turned to Arthur expectantly,

"Well, let me see!" began Arthur, "you are aware that they went after an elephant, and left me to my own devices, with a sprained ankle. After they were out of sight, I lay down under a bush, thoroughly out of temper with myself and every one else in the wide world, and there I remained till my appetite told me it was time to see about eating. Having satisfied that, I went and collected a good heap of firewood, for I meant to sit up till the others returned, being fully aware of the presence in my neighbourhood of sundry lions; but, unfortunately for me, I had had but little sleep for some nights previously, and as soon as it grew late, the inclination to close my eyes totally overpowered me. I struggled hard to overcome it, but with no success. The next thing I remember was waking with a terrible pain in my arm, and the sense of some heavy weight pressing me to the earth; and saw in the faint moonlight two balls of fire glaring at me. I fought desperately for my life, and succeeded at last in shaking the brute off, while I pulled a pistol out of my pocket and fired at him. It must have wounded him, but not mortally, for he sprang on me again with a savage roar, and shook me like a cat would a mouse; still I managed to fire at him again, and this time felt his hold of me relax, and he rolled over beside me. I must have lost consciousness then, for I remember no more till one day I awoke to find myself lying on a heap of bushes in a Kafir hut, with the most witch-like old woman sitting near me. It seemed like a dream, and I couldn't recollect anything for some time, but the pain I was suffering from the numerous bites, inflicted on me by the lion, made me remember that scene well enough, and I gathered from the woman that some stray Kafirs who were trekking further into the interior and had encamped at a short distance from us, attracted by my cries for help, had come to the spot, and found both the lion and me dead, as they thought. The skin was a prize to them, so they dragged the animal to their own fire, took possession of my rifle, and thinking me only a solitary traveller—in whom at length they discovered some signs of life—took compassion on me, and carried me with them to their huts. Their wives nursed me kindly, if not very skilfully, through a long period of fever, during which I was never perfectly conscious; and much gratitude I owe them. The getting well was the worst part; it was so terribly tedious, and my impatience and anxiety, and the total want of nourishing food, retarded my recovery."

"But how was it that Ernest and the others never found out that you were with these Kafirs?" interrupted Nellie.

"Because they were a travelling party like ourselves; and as soon as the moon rose that night they tramped on about another three miles, taking me with them. As soon as I was able to walk about at all, I took leave of my kind Samaritans, giving them my gun, and what little money I had about me (not much, by-the-bye, though they had been honest enough not to touch a farthing), and started on my way back to the Colony. I was a miserable-looking object, I expect, for all my clothes were torn to rags, and my hat was gone, to say nothing of the amount of bandages about my arms and shoulders. Luckily the brute didn't touch my face, or even you wouldn't have owned me, Nellie!"

"Wouldn't I have!" answered Nellie, stealing a quiet hand into his. "I only wish I could have seen you marching along in that strange way! Didn't they take you up as a vagrant?"

"Judging only by appearances, any one would have been justified in doing so; but fortunately I always fell into kind hands; and after walking continually, as far as I was able to, for a week, sleeping under a bush at night and living on the dried meat I had brought with me from my Kafir friends, I arrived at length, totally exhausted, at an English trader's home. There I had another illness from over-fatigue, but I got through all right after a detention of some weeks; and a kind missionary, to whom I was next directed, gave me a horse and some clothes, and lent me enough money to enable me to reach a village where there was postal communication, and I could receive supplies from home!"

"Were you going straight on to Aveena when we met you?"

"Yes, dear, I should have gone to the nearest seaport, and taken ship, and gone home that way; but things have been wonderfully ordered for us, have they not?"

"Indeed they have!" she answered in low hushed tones, and then there fell a silence on the little group, which was broken at last by Nellie, who rose up from her low seat, and went to the piano.

"Come and sing with me, Arthur; it will be like old days in the forest again; only we miss Clara, don't we? Do you know I found a letter from her waiting for me, mentioning your having come back to life again. Is she still at Aveena!"

"I believe she will not go back to her dear doctor till we come and take her place, so there is another reason for my being in a hurry to carry you off."

Before they parted that evening, Arthur persuaded Mrs. Goodwin and Nellie to fix an early date for their marriage, as he was anxious to get settled again after all his desultory wandering, and cheer the hearts of his parents, who were longing for a sight of his face; so within a couple of months after their return they were married and set off at once for their forest home.

Peaceful and beautiful it looked in the gathering twilight as they

drove slowly towards it already anticipating the glad welcome that awaited them. Nellie gazed long at the scene before her, and heaved a little sigh that reached Arthur's ear at once.

"Why that sigh, my darling? Are you afraid it will be very lonely?"

"It was a sigh of relief, dear, nothing else; I have been so drifted and tossed about lately, and it seemed when I looked at the quiet home, as if I had got into a safe haven at last, and could rest, with nothing more to fear."

"I trust there will be nothing to fear, my Nellie," answered Arthur, with one of his grave loving smiles; "and whatever troubles do come we can at any rate bear together; but I think, during all my loneliness and suffering, I learnt one lesson, that the real rest was not to be gained here, and I trust you and I may go on hand in hand, each bearing the other's burden, till at length we reach it together, and can indeed rest for ever."

Nellie put her hand in his for all answer, and then the cart stopped, and they were at home.

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## *The Kafir War and its Lessons.*

### No. III.

*Give those already in the Colony a permanent stake in it.*—For a series of years we have had an immigration scheme in operation. We felt our need of workmen; we sought and found them. They have served us well, and it is our interest to retain them. Let each man who wishes to have a grant of land, call it a farm or whatever other name, but let it not swell to the dimensions of a colonial farmer's notion of what a farm ought to be. Our large farms, and consequent wide separation from each other, have been a source of weakness. In danger we cannot combine for mutual protection and support. We in faint-heartedness abandon what we ought to abide by and protect, and thus give up a wide extent of country, and the fruit of many years' improvements of fixed property, to the destructive ravages of hostile barbarians, or what is scarcely better, differing in name more than in results, to the keeping of our own people, more careless and indifferent as to what becomes of their charge than we expect even a hireling to be. We double the evils of war by this fear and fleeing. We do this to ourselves, and to the enemy give a very positive advantage.

*Object in time of danger is to secure mutual confidence.*—We have got well familiarized with the barbarian war tactics. Experience has taught the natives that attacking in large force is destructive to them. Hence marauding thieving parties is what we chiefly have to guard

against and protect ourselves from. A small party can do this. With the arms now in use, with proper vigilance, and other defensive arrangements, a small number of men with anything like becoming pluck could withstand any assault of native prowess; who, thus deprived of their means of living, could not protract any lawless outbreak. The formidable expenditure of war, both in life and money, would be done away with, and private property as well saved from loss and damage by excited moving or transport of it from place to place. Destruction and wasting are in the track of war wherever it is. Most of all is it so when plunder is the chief object of those who have provoked to it, and it is always thus when the native tribes are in hostility to us.

Such an increase of population as that for which we argue brings to us a double benefit. It would be an additional security for peace, and it would be a source of public wealth. The turbulently-disposed natives would be deterred from mischief by a large increase to the number of peace-keepers. And on the other hand they, the peace-keepers, would, from the very largeness of their number, have greater confidence in themselves and in their ability to keep in check and control the natives if they threatened to rise in lawless violence, as they have so often done. This would tend to bring about that condition of things which we hold to be so desirable—the thoughts of war even, banished from the minds of the natives by the hopelessness of success. If anything is to be made of them at all—anything in the direction of civilization and improvement of character, by which they may be made worthy of a place in the world beside men, by which they may be made worthy as citizens of the Empire which is in the van of human progress, where men are raised to privileges which are nowhere else enjoyed, and where duty is expected of them which other men cannot perform—some such condition must be brought about. Most assuredly, this desired end will never be reached through these ever-recurring wars, and so long as the barbarian may at all hope for even partial success, he will cherish thoughts of war, aye, and be ready to bring it about when he sees the opportunity favourable.

And were our civilization as confident of peace as we wish to see the barbarian hopeless of the success of war, then enterprise and manifold improvement would receive an impetus unknown in the past.

*Correct notions of immigration wanting.*—Besides increased confidence and sense of security, a larger industrial population would be a source of public wealth. We seem unwilling to view the matter under this light. Here we are quite behind the other colonial portions of the Empire. What immigrants we have brought or assisted to come here, it has been only to work. The occupation, to our profit, of waste or unproductive land, has not been at all in our thoughts.

*Ought not preference to be given to our colonial population?*—To



repeat the old process of granting farms to the younger members of those families who are already landowners would be to perpetuate an evil to which allusion has already been made. It spreads our population over too wide a surface, and so perpetuates our weakness. Beyond question, there are many of those spirited young men who at the first so promptly and so heartily volunteered their services to at once stamp out the fires of rebellion, ever widening in its range; beyond doubt, many of these are well entitled to some such recognition of their devotedness and willing service as the grant of a portion of land would be.

But with all our admiration of our brave defenders, and our desire to see full honour done them, let us vindicate a principle. The cost of the war is a public burden; its pressure will be felt for many years to come; and as this burden must be borne by the public, so all forfeitures and escheatments fall of right to the public. But with a great many of the grants made after last war floating before us, we cannot otherwise regard them than as a transferring of the benefit to private individuals which in all justice ought to have accrued to the public treasury. Within a few years, after becoming possessed of the property, many of the grantees disposed of or sold at a very satisfactory figure what they obtained for nothing. We fail to see the title, in honour or justice, which such parties had, to turn the matter to personal profit in this way, nor is the wisdom of the Government apparent to us, which thus encouraged a policy of alienation without an equivalent.

*Escheated property to be turned to best advantage.*—It is true, the most advantageous disposal of forfeited lands may not be that which produces at once or most directly the largest sum of money. We have already maintained that the burden of costs of the war ought to be made to fall very largely on those who so foolishly concocted the thought of it, and who so wantonly invaded the peace of the Colony. In the disposal of the territory which they shall be made to forfeit we have a twofold object: there is the security to be taken against the renewal of the war in either the near or the remote future, and there is the lightening as much as may be the burden of costs of this new war on the shoulders of those who are in no way responsible for having provoked it.

Of the two the former is the more important consideration. In no way can we better take security against future war than by increasing our numerical strength, adding to our civilized, peaceful, industrious population. This would not be done by largely settling our colonial population upon acquired territory. That would be a mere shifting of population, not increasing it.

*Make the most of past immigration expenditure.*—For a term of years we have been promoting immigration by grants from the public revenue. The sum appropriated to this object has not been large compared with what other colonies have been, and still are, doing in the same direction. Still we have secured a large amount of useful



labour under the operation of our scheme. There is not a town or village in the Colony that has not reaped advantage from it. Everywhere are to be found mechanics, tradesmen, and others, without whose assistance we could not have made the advance in social comfort and towards a higher civilization which we were in the way of doing. The wonder is that so many useful workmen were obtained under our conditions. We held out no inducement save employment—a certainty of that at fairly remunerative rates—nothing more.

When men begin to entertain thoughts of quitting their fatherland, and form the resolve to go forth to build up a new home in a foreign clime, it is not merely to obtain work that their hopes are raised by. They wish to better their position—quite a praiseworthy feeling. They are not ashamed of being workmen, do not for a moment think a toil-hardened hand to be degrading, and their purpose is to continue to be still honest working-men. It is this manly independence and spirit of self-reliance which has given them so marked an advantage as against what we shall call our colonial-bred. The latter will not run, hence for the most part they have fallen out of the race, and abandoned the honour and the prize to the new comers.

The principle is a sound one—"to him that hath shall be given." Let such of our immigrants as have approved themselves to be good colonists by steady industry, having thus bettered their own position, and in doing so have benefited the public also, let these be the first grantees of such lands as shall be alienated when peace shall have been established. Success deserves recognition, and success begun gives good ground of hope that success will be continued; a material stake in the country will make this all the more likely. Then these parties, having got on well and having received encouragement, will have a good report to give of the land, and will naturally wish to have more of their friends beside them. This is a mode of making known what our immigration field has to offer as inducement to those in the old land who may be contemplating a change to a foreign shore, to be preferred to the official representations of any immigration agent, however zealous. To have friends in the land of adoption is of itself a most influential consideration.

*Hold out inducement of land to all.*—It is a desire natural to man to own land. Almost all who cherish the purpose of emigrating have this as their object. Merely to work! No; that they can do in the old home; but land they cannot obtain there, unless a princely fortune have been acquired. All the other colonies bidding for immigrants hold out grants of land among the other inducements which they offer. They do this in order to turn to profitable account their unoccupied territory. It pays. What argument can withstand this?

Every consideration which weighs as a reason for their increasing their industrial population with any other Colony we have cause to

urge with quite as much force and earnestness. And this we have in addition—our safety. We have no intention whatever of making protectors, in any special sense, of those whom we would introduce into our colonial citizenship. Our object is to so enlarge our peace-maintaining, law-abiding, honest, self-relying population, that our uncivilized fellow-subjects, from whose idleness, dishonesty, and proneness to outbursts of violence we have suffered material loss, incalculable in the past, and are liable to do the same in the future, unless we can so strengthen ourselves in the manner here indicated, as that a hope of success in their barbarian lawlessness and violence shall not be left them. Then, possibly, some good might be made of them, not otherwise.

*Our own arms our most reliable defence.*—We are not thankless recipients of benefits. If it were nothing more than the confidence which their presence inspires, we owe much to the Imperial troops. The policy was good which in the earlier stages of the present struggle kept them rather as a reserve, and threw the more active hostile operations upon the colonists themselves. It gave our levies, volunteers, and others, confidence when they found that they were able to stand their own ground against vastly larger numbers of the enemy, at once wily and reckless. It gave them a lesson, too, that we were disposed and able as well to fight our own battles.

To disparage the British soldier would be amongst the last of our thoughts. But for the peculiar sort of warfare required to cope with our native tribes in arms, we may be excused if we say that the formalities to which regularly-drilled troops are taught to conform their operations rather mar than add to their efficiency with such a foe and such a battle-ground as we have. The hardy colonist, acquainted with native ways and with the field—the tangled rocky bush rather—in which hostile operations must be carried on, who has adroitness in managing his horse and in using his rifle, is as serviceable, perhaps more so, than is the trained soldier in our native wars. It would require more, much more, than what has yet been presented to us, to do away with the conviction, that had the services so readily proffered of the colonists been taken advantage of, and permission given them when in the field to act with all the energy and decision which desire to conquer a speedy peace inspired them with, that had this been done when Government first admitted that after all a necessity for drawing the sword did exist, the lawless violence which now stalks over the land had not been allowed to gather head as it has done. What interruption to peaceful comforts—what crushing loss to many families—what sacrifice of valuable life—might all have been spared or prevented!

*Is a separate protecting force our best policy?*—We sometimes speculate as to whether we be near to that point in the world's history when standing armies will be got rid of. It does not seem as if it were quite at hand. It is, as we look at it, a monstrous incongruity that that power which arrogates to itself the champion-

ship of the Christians should have nothing to use in vindication of their rights but the largest assortment of weapons of war and the largest number of hands to use them, of all other nations. Surely, a better time is coming, when official professions of regard for the Christian religion and for those who have embraced it, shall not leave room for suspicion that they are meant to serve rather as a veil, too thin, however, to conceal ambition, dynastic or political.

Whether the standing army is of a million or of a thousand men only, it is an evil. Necessary, we admit, in the present condition of the world, but as essentially an evil, its abatement cannot be too soon set about. We are a young state; let us take after the ways of the young states than of the old—America rather than France be our model. Industrious hands are of more account in the young state than in the old. Very specially have we use for all that we can command. The experience which we have had of our special separate defensive force has not been encouraging. For a number of years we have persevered in an endeavour to transform a once highly useful body of men, the Armed Mounted Police, into a specially defensive force. When the hour to prove it came, what was surmised at the time is now acknowledged in the highest quarters to have been true; the force utterly failed in what was expected of it. It has, therefore, been resolved to re-organize it. But was it the organization that was the cause of failure?

When that force was used simply as police, tracing the spoor of stolen cattle and apprehending the thieves, the men did really good service; losers of stock readily availed themselves of their assistance, heartily rendered when called for. Had the same quality of men constituted the force now as were found in it some fifteen years ago, and had they been kept to the same duties, the turbulent spirit of the Kafir had not gathered head and become uncontrollable as we have seen it do. But a style of gentleman soldiers was assumed; calls were made occasionally at the several farms, and the question politely asked, "Any complaints?" Why, most farmers who had cause would just as soon have made their complaint to a young lady out a-shopping, and would have got as much assistance as the parties before them showed either disposition or ability to give.

A vigilant, active police, to trace out stolen property and to catch the thieves, is what we require. This duty so attended to as to make escape of the culprit difficult, if not impossible, and were an adequate punishment to follow, a wholesome fear would make itself a place among the dishonest natives. It is from impunity in crime that their boldness to rebel has sprung. From a long course of successful evasion of the law they have grown to defy it.

*That is best done which a man does for himself.*—Call it right or call it duty, that a man defend himself is an obligation of primary importance. It was this feeling that prompted the enthusiastic readiness to volunteer service for the front, that showed itself in all our exposed frontier communities, at the beginning of this present

outbreak of violence. And by whom have we been better served, throughout the protracted hostilities, than by our own arms? The soldier's services we do not undervalue; he does from sense of duty what he is ordered to do. But it cannot be expected that he should have the same interest in anything affecting the common weal of the Colony that we have.

We think it wiser, in every way better, to expend freely in promoting immigration, rather than in maintaining a body of men in unproductive idleness, that we may have them at hand and in readiness to check any indications of disturbance of the peace at its first showing itself. The men would not be less at hand or less in readiness if a portion of land, call it farm or whatever else, were theirs, in one or other of the more exposed frontier divisions, on which they might profitably use their industry, when their police or military services were not required. There surely is absurdity in keeping a large number of men in idleness because their services may be occasionally needed at intervals—it may be of months or years between. We are convinced, moreover, that that non-industrial employment of the hands, that life hardly better than one long lounge, that mere kill-time sort of existence, has a most enervating effect upon a man's fighting powers; it tones them down rather than keeps them in tension. The arm whose muscles and sinews are well exercised with honest toil will deal, when occasion calls for it, a more telling blow than that which knows only the use of the bridle rein, a light walking-stick, or, at most, the currycomb and brush. Give a man, too, a property interest in the soil of the Colony; he will fight, should necessity for it exist, in an entirely different spirit than if he had no such stake. No hireling temper with him. He defends his home, protects those whom it shelters. A patriot he may be.

Protection we must have; an effectual curb must be put upon the lawlessness, the thievishness, of the native races—Kafir and Fingo alike. This we are convinced cannot be done so long as they outnumber us, as they do by such a fearful odds. But introduce honest working-men in a well-regulated stream of immigration; put them in occupation of all unoccupied territory, giving them, not such an extent of land that they cannot use it, and hence must have natives to occupy it, but a manageable portion which they can occupy and improve, find easy employment upon, and have a means of comfortable living from. These properties should be so laid out that several homesteads may be near to each other, so that in the event of a disturbance of peaceful relations there might be mutual support and confidence, and no necessity of, no excuse for, that abandoning of the country throughout extensive districts, which give the wily enemy so positive an advantage. He can roam over the country at his will, none to check him or even take note where he is.

At our first coming to the Colony, thirty years ago, we rode over the upper Kabousie territory, and our one wish then was that we could have filled up those wide unoccupied tracts with thousands



of men, industrious and honest, whose only complaint in the old land was that employment was not to be had. All our experience of those intervening thirty years has gone to confirm that early conclusion, as to the desirableness of having those lands thus filled up—necessity of it we would say now. A like favourable opportunity exists now as then; thousands of unemployed in the old country would rejoice in finding an outlet and a field for their labour.

It is not capital we want, but men with industrious hands and steady, temperate habits. These men will make capital for themselves. In the field-cornetcy in which we write—and it is a small one—within a radius of less than five miles, we can put our finger upon four farmers, immigrants. They may be described as not having a shilling, less than twenty-five years ago. Their aggregate accumulations now may be some fifteen thousand pounds. Is not this a public gain, enrichment, as well as successful private enterprise? Such men do more than merely acquire property. They teach our born colonists, if they only would be taught the lesson, that honest work with a man's own hands is really a manly thing, not a degradation.

Christian effort has long been at work with the object, and in the hope, of transforming our degraded native races into the highest type of man—the Christian believer. Of late years agents and means to effect this object have been multiplied and increased more than any other portion of the heathen world can show. Money has been ungrudgingly supplied by all the parties to whom appeal has been made—the Christian people of the Fatherland, the benevolent-hearted colonist, and the open-handed Colonial Government. Has the result been encouraging, or what might have been expected? Certainly it has not. The Christian must be an honest man and a loyal subject. Here, however, those who have had the fullest opportunities and means of instruction, Christian instruction, are found with weapons in their hands, fighting in order to subvert civilized government, to which they owe all the benefits which for years they have enjoyed. The endeavour to convert these people, to make of them a Christian nation, has been a failure.

We humbly avow it as our conviction, formed under our knowledge and experience of what the people are, that those who flatter themselves that they only of all men are carrying out Heaven's behest, do in mistaken zeal aim at what is beyond Heaven's purposes and counsels. It has been the ambition and object of those workers whom the Churches of Britain have sent forth to labour for the upraising of Africa's degraded native races, to so form and direct their efforts and teaching, as that these natives should be formed a separate, distinct, Christian state or community. This, we humbly think, there is no promise of.

We do not for one moment doubt the Divine assurance that "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord." This shall be brought about, if we read aright the prophetic record, and latter-day illustrations of it by Divine Providence, chiefly by the dispersion



of the Japhethian race over the habitable globe ; those families of that race especially, who have become most really subjects of the Christian faith, and in whom the Christian life, temper, spirit, is most fully developed. These honestly held convictions intensify our interest in promoting immigration such as that for which we have argued.

In writing our last paragraph, we use no language of apology. We have faith in the soundness of the views which we have advanced. They have been written not to catch the eye of a self-seeking, not-to-be-troubled superficiality, content always with the easiest way of doing things. The subject discussed is one which concerns us much, everyone, to give earnest heed to. It is not complacent ignorance that we look for aught from, or would care to address ourselves to. The intelligent and thoughtful may possibly find in the foregoing pages something to exercise thought upon. It is chiefly such that we are desirous of having to coincide with us ; and if our views, when thought over, commend themselves to and are embraced by readers of this stamp, we shall be much gratified, our work abundantly recompensed.

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## Adèle ;

### A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

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BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

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#### CHAPTER XVII.

We will be revenged ;—revenge : about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Jephtha, in obedience to Adèle's command, jumped into the stream the night after his escape from the Field-cornet's farm, he concealed himself among the rushes until he heard Stallenberg and his men move off ; then, noiselessly rising out of his hiding place, he cautiously continued his journey, frequently looking back in fear lest he should see the Field-cornet, and eagerly listening for stealthy footsteps that might be following him. Should they discover the direction he had taken, and pursue him in his present infirm state, he felt that escape would be impossible.

Wearily and anxiously he trudged along, his every sense strained to catch the slightest sound that might prove a warning to him, but nothing occurred to alarm him until he neared the end of the rushes, when suddenly his attention was attracted by the neighing of a horse quite close to him. He started violently, and drew back in fear, for he believed that the Field-cornet was upon him. Anxiously

he waited and listened, until suspense became unendurable, then gently parting the reeds in front of him, he peered through the opening and saw, not the person of the dreaded Field-cornet, but a number of horses quietly grazing in the valley below. Eagerly he made his way up to them; half-a-dozen scampered away wildly—two, however, appeared to move with difficulty, and he soon discovered that they were hobbled, and wisely concluded that they were saddle-horses. Catching one of them by the mane, he unfastened the riem from the fore-feet, threw it round the animal's neck, and mounting hastily, galloped off with all speed in the direction of Hancunqua's camp, where, without further adventure, he arrived an hour before dawn. Dismounting at a short distance from the location, he fastened the horse to a thorn-tree, and without delay hastened to the camp and entered the enclosure, but, at sight of the tumult within, he hesitated and drew back. The men were about in all directions, busily engaged in repairing their shields, sharpening their assegais, and filling their quivers, while the women ran about excitedly executing the tasks their lords imposed upon them, and in the midst stood the chief, gesticulating wildly and talking loudly and rapidly. One glance at the scene before him, and Jephtha understood all: they were preparing to attack an enemy. What enemy? he asked himself, and his soul sickened as he thought of the only enemy Hancunqua would be likely to attack. Hoping that he might still be in time, he advanced hastily to make himself known to the chief.

"Who are you?" demanded Hancunqua, angrily. "And where do you come from?"

"I am Jephtha, the son of Chotona, mighty chief," replied Jephtha, bowing low, "and I come from the Field-cornet's farm."

"Ha!" ejaculated Hancunqua, furiously, his visage changing in a moment, and assuming an expression so sinister and savage, that the mild Jephtha retreated a few paces, awe-stricken. "Ha! the traitor, the false-hearted villain; he shall feel the fury of my vengeance now."

"Mighty chief!" interceded gentle-hearted Jephtha.

"Son of Chotona, interrupt me not," exclaimed the chief, haughtily. "He promised to restore my stolen cattle to me last week. Has he done so? I say, has he done so?" cried he in a voice of thunder. "Is he not making merry at Meerhoff's farm? Are his wagons not there well loaded? Is he not on his way to Cape Town to sell his goods and marry Meerhoff's daughter? Do I speak truly, son of Chotona?"

He paused a moment and looked around him, but receiving no answer, he continued, his eyes wildly uplifted to the starry vault above him, and his grasp tightening on his assegai as he exclaimed, fiercely,

"May the lions devour Hancunqua, and all who are his, if he allow them to stir one step on their journey. Nay, they shall perish, every one of them. They thought to escape my importunity by going to Cape Town; but go where they will, they shall feel the

undying vengeance of Hancunqua. Yea, I swear it by the ashes of my fathers. I will be cajoled and betrayed no more."

Jeptha, who had been reared by noble, tender-hearted Christians, and who, naturally of a good and faithful disposition, had profited by their example, felt the scene he had just witnessed awful beyond description. He could have fled from the spot, but a life he dearly prized was in danger. For her sake and for the sake of his unfortunate young master he must stay on—however painful to him the ravings of the enraged chief might be—and plead unceasingly.

A long and uninterrupted silence followed the conclusion of Hancunqua's speech. Jeptha lifted his sad face hopefully, and determined, if possible, to turn him from his bloodthirsty purpose. He advanced fearlessly towards the spot where the proud chief stood, but midway he hesitated, and looked long and wonderingly at him. A change had come over him. His assegai was flung carelessly aside, his haughty form hung dejectedly over his staff, while a gloomy sadness overshadowed his countenance, and his melancholy eyes were pensively fixed on the eastern horizon, where the "roseate hues of early dawn" were faintly discernible.

Thus stood Hancunqua, the proud and terribly enraged savage of but a minute ago, bowed and crushed beneath the contemplation of the impending fate that he foresaw slowly but surely stealing over his land and people. And oh! intelligent, thoughtful reader, who can understand what the poor savage in his heathen ignorance could not, that the opening up of the country by these brave, energetic pioneers of civilization, was to them an inestimable blessing in disguise, the first harbinger of the great day of Christianity that was beginning to dawn upon this benighted, heathen land, pause a moment and sympathize with the unfortunate chief at this crisis in his existence, for dark though the skin and savage the breast, a patriotic human heart was throbbing within, and noble instincts common to humanity that long ages of heathen darkness had not quite obliterated, asserted themselves, as he silently reviewed the past and present, and sought to pierce the dark veil of the future. Mark the death-like pallor that steals across his swarthy countenance and dulls the black lustre of his eye, as he scans the desolate wild around, dear to him from his childhood; and again, as he folds his face in his hands and thinks of home and kindred, great human emotions swell in his breast as though they would choke him. It was after a long silence that, with a heartrending sob, he at last burst forth again.

Jeptha's quick sympathies were aroused when he marked how low the chief's head sank and heard his plaintive words,

"Ay, they are a cruel race," said Hancunqua, sadly; "yea, a cruel race, these white children of Christ. The land of my fathers have they taken from me. My home of ages is become the inheritance of strangers. My green wilds, my pasturage and water, my stock—where are they? Those towering mountains in the distance, where in our pride and youth we hunted the lion—these fruitful valleys,

where we have coursed the deer, where our cattle luxuriated, and where our daughters sowed and reaped—are passing from us for ever.”

A deep sigh escaped the chief as he concluded this sad soliloquy, and he leaned more heavily on his staff; but soon a change stole over him, his face flushed, and he raised his head energetically as he exclaimed,

“Shall we lie still, then, and see the white man advance, until he plants his cruel foot on our very hearth, and not lift a hand to stay his encroachments?”

Jeptha drew back, appalled, as he saw the chief suddenly start erect, his noble form towering above every one present, and his eyes flashing with enthusiasm. Proudly he grasped his assegai, brandished it aloft, and looked wildly around him, as, with a stride forward, he cried aloud,

“Free-born sons of the desert, bold Hancunquas! How long will ye tarry? Up, and advance! If we cannot drive the white man back, let us crush him where he is.”

A shout of applause greeted him on all sides, and a prolonged clanging of assegais against shields proclaimed the approval of his followers.

But Jeptha, awe-stricken and bewildered, hastened forward, and, bowing himself to the earth, raised his voice once more earnestly to plead for mercy.

“Mighty chief,” said he, beseechingly, “let me entreat you to think better of this, and, oh! visit not your wrath on the innocent women, I implore you.”

Then, after a moment’s pause, during which he anxiously watched the chief’s implacable countenance, he cried with increased vehemence, his mild black eyes remaining fixed in mute despair on the savage warrior,

“Relent, oh! chief. Relent, and spare the women; spare the inoffensive women, I pray you!”

But Hancunqua, in his present mood, was deaf to all entreaties. Without a moment’s hesitation, he replied, haughtily and sternly,

“Son of Chotona, say no more. Not your mighty father himself will stay me now. Stallenberg broke the condition of the treaty; let him answer for the innocent blood, and accept the penalty of his perfidy. The time for mercy is past; yea, I have sworn it; they shall feel the fury of my wrath and of my vengeance now.”

Unsuccessful in his kind effort to soften the stern chief, Jeptha retired with a sinking heart, and took up his position near a fire, round which some of the women were congregated. Anxious, tired, and ill, he bowed his head on his hands, gazed dreamily into the fire before him, and was soon lost in his sad reflections. It was clear to him that, under the circumstances, there was not a moment to lose, for, should any evil befall Adèle, Francois would never recover the blow; yet, how to accomplish the liberation of his young master—the object for which he had come—while all the women were about, he failed to see.



His reverie was at this point abruptly interrupted by the voice of the chief quite close to him, who, in stern tones, ordered the women to keep Du Plessis safe. "Let him on no account escape, I charge you," he concluded as he turned, and in a commanding voice gave the order to his men to march. Then, placing himself at their head, he proceeded in all the panoply of savage warfare, instilling enthusiasm and courage into his warriors' breasts by his own daring and valour.

Poor Jephtha's blood ran cold as he saw the long file of savages leave the enclosure and shortly after disappear across the rise ahead. Anxiously he glanced around; no means for effecting his much-desired purpose presented itself; the women were still around the fires, smoking and chattering like monkeys, and giving no sign that they intended to disperse. The little hut in which Francois was imprisoned stood somewhat apart from the rest, but was well secured and enclosed. In despair he rose, and impatiently paced to and fro, his mind perplexed and agitated. As he anxiously glanced at the sun—partly enveloped in dark lowering clouds—slowly ascending the eastern sky, he saw the opportunity of saving Adèle from a terrible fate slipping by; yet his heart yearned to free his poor young master from the stifling hole that must be so unendurable to him, and where he had suffered confinement so long, for he feared that an opportunity like the present for liberating Francois would not occur again. Never was poor Jephtha so puzzled or did he find it so hard to come to a decision.

"I must dare it," he exclaimed at last, with sudden resolution, as he boldly walked up to Francois' hut and peered over the enclosure.

"What is it you seek near the white man's hut, son of Chotona?" enquired a stern voice, and Hancunqua's chief wife looked searchingly at him.

Jephtha started and hesitated. His first impulse was to knock the old creature down, but when he saw her slowly rise, draw her tall, lean figure to its full height, towering far above his own, and calmly adjust her leopard-skin kaross across her shrivelled shoulders, he experienced a feeling of humiliation, and his second impulse was to escape somewhere, anywhere. And, finally, as she with a majestic sweep of her arm, told him he was on forbidden ground, and ordered him off at once, in a tone accompanied by a look that would have done justice to Hancunqua himself, he obeyed instantly and shrunk away from her presence with feelings of awe and repugnance. Then he decided that he would waste no more time in fruitless attempts to save Francois, but, without delay, would mount the horse, hasten back with all speed to Meerhoff's farm, and use his every effort to save at least Adèle. As he prepared to leave the enclosure, in order to put this last decision into execution, he cast one last lingering look at the little prison opposite; then, suddenly, he stopped, a ray of hope illumining his worn, anxious face, as he saw the drowsy women one after another drop off. Anxiously he watched their movements, and



patiently he waited until the last should go,—seconds appearing ages to him in his excited state ; but after a while a shadow of disappointment crossed his countenance, and he heaved a deep sigh as he observed a solitary figure remain stationary, slowly renew the fire, and complacently light her pipe, thereby evincing her intention of remaining where she was. For a moment he looked fiercely at her, his dislike towards the old sentinel deepening every moment as he noticed her stern, unrelenting countenance, and cold, watchful eye, for he felt convinced that, though feigning indifference to what was going on around, she was keenly observing him, and intended to keep awake for that purpose. A feeling of despair seized him, and he was once more thrown into a state of doubt and perplexity as he watched her lean hand persistently replenish the smouldering fire. But this time his Hottentot wit came to his assistance. Humour twinkled in his black eye, and a rather roguish expression flitted across his face as he exclaimed, mentally,

“I will outwit you yet, you old hag.”

With apparent indifference and with a languid, weary step, he walked up to a neighbouring hut, gaped loudly and frequently, took down a kaross from the side of the roof, wrapped himself up in it, and lay down to sleep. “‘This will lull her suspicions,” thought Jephtha, as he anxiously scrutinized her movements through a small hole in the kaross. He was pleased to observe, in spite of her every effort to keep awake, that she nodded frequently, and shortly after noticed with immense satisfaction how eagerly she lifted her weary head and turned her drowsy eyes in his direction, as he gave loud and prolonged evidence of his apparent state of oblivion. “A most hopeful sign,” thought Jephtha again, as he inwardly congratulated himself upon the success of his stratagem ; but the wary old Hottentot was one too many for him : she gave no sign that she intended to desert her post—on the contrary, she piled on more wood, drew nearer to the fire, firmly planted her sharp elbows on her knees, and supported her sleepy head on her hands.

“Most awfully exasperating,” muttered Jephtha, with an impatient gesture, half inclined to abandon his ruse and to adhere to his original intention of going to Meerhoff’s farm at once. But the fates were propitious to him just at this moment. Another peep, and he saw that sleep had fairly mastered the herculean old woman. A heavy nod, and she hung over the smouldering coals in a perilous position ; her pipe dropped into the ashes ; she heeded it not. Jephtha’s heart bounded with joy and he partly lifted himself. Another peep,—another nod, and she fell heavily forward into the dying embers, and with a cry of pain, started to her feet, rubbed her eyes, and looked sharply in his direction. Not another moment did she hesitate ; hastily gathering up her karosses, she retired towards Francois’ prison, pausing a moment on her way thither, near Jephtha, whose nasal music appeared to grow louder and deeper as she listened. Then, gladly casting aside her suspicions as unfounded, she proceeded

on her way and lay down before the door of the enclosure that surrounded the prison. No sooner did her loud snoring proclaim to Jephtha that the time of liberating Francois had at last come, than, eagerly jumping to his feet, he crept stealthily along at the back of the huts, soon gained the enclosure, mounted the fence with agility, and softly alighted inside. A moment more, and his eager, hopeful steps had brought him to the low aperture that served as an entrance into the hut ; here, however, an unlooked-for obstacle barred his further progress : one instant he cast a penetrating glance at the aperture, a mingled look of disappointment and surprise rapidly chasing all hopeful expectations from his countenance, the next he started back in alarm, for a crouching female figure was on the ground before him —her head and face tied up, her arms and shoulders terribly bruised, and the fastenings of the door in her hand. “ Baffled again,” exclaimed Jephtha, mournfully, as he rapidly retraced his steps, uncertain as to his next movement, for he believed that the woman had been stationed there to guard the door, and feared that she had perceived him and would alarm the camp. But, before he had retreated many steps, a faint voice called him back. “ Stay,” cried she, imploringly. “ Are not you the kind Hottentot who pleaded so earnestly for the nonnie this morning ? ”

“ I am,” replied Jephtha, relieved, eagerly coming forward, and this time earnestly looking into her face.

“ Come here, then, and assist me to give liberty to her lover, for I am feeble, and can’t undo these fastenings.”

“ Who are you, who take such an interest in the nonnie ? ” inquired Jephtha, in a tone of astonishment, as he took out his knife to cut the fastenings asunder.

“ I am Marie, the unfortunate wife of the Chief Malkana. My story is a sad one, son of Chotona ; but stay not to listen to it ; the time is passing ; release the baasie, and hasten to the nonnie’s rescue.”

Jephtha’s curiosity, however, was excited. “ Pray, tell me,” he persisted, “ how you became acquainted with the nonnie, for I, too, know her and love her.”

“ Ay, so do many,” answered Marie, with conviction. “ I heard of her goodness and kindness at this location, and, when I was a broken-hearted refugee, I sought protection with her ; she took me in, sheltered me from Hancunqua’s fury, dressed my wounds, and nursed me until I was well again.”

“ Ay ! ” said Jephtha, loyally, “ that I believe ; it is so like her.”

“ When I told her my story,” continued Marie, “ hot tears rolled down her noble face, and she pressed my black hand warmly, and sympathized with me as though I had been her sister.”

Jephtha looked grave, but made no reply.

“ How I loved her, and still love her ! ” said Marie, fervently. “ My bruised heart was so touched by her tenderness and pity, that I vowed to her, there and then, that if ever the disaffection against

her father at Hancunqua's camp should assume a threatening aspect, I would go through fire and water to warn her of the danger in time."

"Ah, Marie," sighed Jephtha, "that you had been able to do so! I am afraid the poor nonnie's life is in great peril."

Marie covered her face with her hands, and wept sadly for some moments; then, lifting her eyes in mute despair, she pointed to her arms and shoulders, and enquired, sorrowfully, speaking in her native language,

"What mean these scars, think you, Jephtha?"

Getting no answer from him, she continued:

"They were inflicted upon me, oh! son of Chotona, because I tried my utmost to save her."

Jephtha's quick sympathies were aroused when he learned the cause of her sufferings, and saw that the wounds had been inflicted quite recently; he sighed, and glanced compassionately and enquiringly at her, for he was anxious to hear more, yet scrupled to ask for information it might cause her pain to give.

She, however, interpreted his look aright, and soon continued her story in a sad and subdued tone:

"Yes, Jephtha," she said, plaintively, "I tried my very best to warn the nonnie, but I failed; and I will tell you how. The moment he openly avowed his intention of attacking the farm, I pleaded for her unceasingly, but he rejected my entreaties with scorn, and threatened to scourge me if I should broach the subject again. Then I watched my opportunity, but none occurred until yesterday morning, while I was out fetching wood; eagerly I seized it, made my escape unobserved, and hastened with all speed to Meerhoff's farm. In the afternoon, however, my absence was discovered, and Hancunqua, aware how I loved Adèle, concluded rightly that I had gone to Langekloof to warn her of the contemplated attack; then he rose up in a rage, cursed me, and immediately dispatched two men on horseback after me, to bring me back, dead or alive." "And, oh! Jephtha," continued Marie, a sob interrupting her for a moment, "they caught me beneath her window, while my hand was uplifted to open it, before I had time to say a word of warning to her."

Completely overwhelmed with grief, she wept long and bitterly, and moaned, rather than articulated, the following words:

"Oh! son of Chotona, gladly and proudly would I bear these scars, could I have succeeded in my mission, but, after all I have suffered and risked, to think of her falling a victim to Hancunqua's ferocity is too dreadful. Poor nonnie! she may never know that I perilled my own life to save hers."

Her last words roused Jephtha to immediate action.

"Marie," said he, tenderly, "retire; don't expose yourself to more ill-treatment. I will take the risk of setting the baasie free. We must lose no more time."

She obeyed instantly, and only turned once, with a quick gesture,

as if a sudden and important thought struck her ; it was to warn him that men had been left behind to guard the location, who were at the present time with the cattle on the hills, but might return to the camp at any moment.

Without another word he cut the fastenings.

Francois, bound hand and foot, was lying at one end of the hut in darkness tangible. He had been aroused from his disturbed slumber by the voices outside, but, as they spoke in their native tongue, he remained ignorant of the subject of their conversation, though he wondered much what it meant. Suddenly, a gleam of light penetrated the darkness. He put forth his hand, as usual, to receive his accustomed fare, but instantly withdrew it as he saw the head of a Hottentot appear in the aperture, followed by his two hands, in one of which was an open clasp knife. Francois started, and partly raised himself, an extremely uncomfortable sensation, somewhat allied to alarm, creeping over him.

"Who are you?" he cried, closely watching the approach of the savage.

Not a moment was he left in suspense. The reply came promptly,—

"Jeptha, baasie, come to set his 'klein baas' free, and that without a moment's delay."

"Morbleu!" exclaimed Francois, immensely relieved. "You most faithful of black skins, is it by order of the chief you come, that I may exchange one prison for another, or has he been persuaded to grant me my liberty?"

"Neither," answered Jeptha, gravely, "I have taken the matter into my own hands. The chief left the camp hours ago, and we must follow hard upon his footsteps."

"Where has he gone?" inquired Francois anxiously.

"To Meerhoff's farm," replied the Hottentot. "God only knows what the consequence may be to the unfortunate inhabitants before another sun illumines this 'vale of tears,'" concluded Jeptha, quoting Francois' oft-repeated words.

"You amaze me, Jeptha," said Francois, growing very pale. "Is his purpose hostile?"

"Undoubtedly," answered Jeptha. "Rise, and let us be off."

"Come hither and undo these bonds; I am bound hand and foot," said Francois, trembling visibly.

Jeptha cut them asunder, and Francois leapt to his feet. Preceded by Jeptha he crept through the aperture, and both soon emerged into the open air, Francois instantly covering his eyes—long accustomed to black darkness—as the powerful rays of the sun struck them. The faithful attendant noticed with inward misgiving that his young master looked haggard and very pale, and that he staggered as he walked. He feared greatly any delay at this critical moment, yet saw the necessity of a little rest for him, and urged him earnestly to sit down awhile. But Francois, eager and

anxious to be off, tottered on half-a-dozen steps, and then was compelled to take Jephtha's advice.

Flinging himself down, he leaned his back against the side of a hut and sighed heavily as he wiped his brow.

"I shall be better soon," he exclaimed, as he noticed Jephtha's grave face and concerned look. "The air is a little too much for me after being confined so long in that close hole.

At this moment Marie appeared on the scene, bringing a warm draught of milk with her. "Drink this, baasie," she said, soothingly; "it is want of nourishment that makes you so feeble."

Francois put the gourd to his lips and emptied it.

"Very refreshing," said he, returning it to her. "Many thanks; it is not the first time you have supplied me with milk, Marie."

She made no reply.

"Surely," continued Francois, looking up at her, "it was your kind hand that put the extra milk and boiled corn into my hut every night?"

Still no reply came, but he noticed a tremor in her face.

"Ah! Marie;" exclaimed Francois, warmly shaking her hand, "but for that charitable act I should not have been alive now."

"I did it for the nonnie's sake," said she, plaintively, "for the dear nonnie's sake, because she was so gentle and kind to me when I was homeless and in distress."

At the mention of Adèle both Francois and Jephtha started up. Marie disappeared in the direction of the huts, and Jephtha through the opening of the enclosure. A moment after the latter returned, leading Meerhoff's horse, and Marie appeared carrying a large gourd of fresh milk and some boiled corn.

"Speed on, baasie," she cried, as she saw Francois safely mounted on Meerhoff's powerful steed. "Speed on, and may the great good spirit the nonnie told me of this day guide and protect you, and take you to her side before it be too late." Then getting behind the horse, she caught Jephtha's eye and directed him to the hills, where a faint dust was plainly perceptible. Eagerly catching up the rein he led the horse forth, and, once clear of the camp, bravely trotted by the side of the animal, his wonderful endurance calling forth frequent admiration from Francois. On, on, faster and faster they went, and soon the good-natured Hottentot was cheered and encouraged by his master's improved looks, the fresh air exhilarating him, and his concern about Adèle's safety completely absorbing every personal interest.

They had barely lost sight of the camp, when the chief's head wife, with a loud snore, awoke, started up, and, slowly collecting her thoughts, cast a lightning glance in the direction where Jephtha had been. To her dismay, she found the place empty. Fearing the truth she proceeded hastily to Francois' prison, and, on examination, found her suspicions verified; the bird had flown. With clenched hand, and a deathly pallor on her wrinkled countenance, she stalked



out of the inclosure, and rapidly cast her eyes about in every direction ; not a trace of the fugitives could be seen anywhere ; nothing to indicate the direction they had taken. In a towering rage she retraced her steps to the camp, exclaiming bitterly as she went that she had been outwitted by the falsehearted Hottentot, and what answer should she make to Hancunqua. An attempt to rouse the heavy sleepers around her proving vain, she cast aside all considerations of rank and dignity, and stepped out bravely towards the hills to call the men back. After ten minutes' brisk walk she met them returning. Briefly relating her story she dispatched them in all haste after the fugitives. They began by examining the spoor, soon found that it led in the direction of Meerhoff's farm, and four men instantly followed in hot pursuit.

Francois, unaware that he was pursued, pushed on with a hopeful heart, hourly growing stronger and better under the cheering influence of the lovely scenery around, so congenial to his ardent nature, and happier too at the thought of a possible re-union with his beloved Adèle before many hours had passed. But Jephtha, who was no lover of nature or admirer of the beautiful, felt the stern realities of his position extremely trying, and frequently with an uneasy look scanned the hills in their rear, but as nothing occurred to alarm him, he considerably concealed his fears from Francois.

The sun culminated and, breaking through the clouds for a moment, poured its almost vertical rays with great power on the weary two we have just described. Jephtha wiped his brow more frequently, but otherwise did not appear to be inconvenienced by the great heat. Francois, on the contrary, was completely overpowered by it. He uttered no more rapturous exclamations about the surrounding scenery, his well-battered hat was drawn over his face, his head drooped, and his arms dangled languidly at his sides. The horse too seemed to partake of his rider's weariness, the head hanging down so low that the nose appeared to touch the earth, and, after continuing a shuffling canter for a few minutes, he stopped.

"Jephtha," said Francois, "This heat is stifling, let us seek shelter under that tree, we need not delay long."

Jephtha consented, assisted him to dismount, and, holding the riem in his hand, allowed the horse to graze about. Meanwhile Francois threw himself under the grateful shade of the giant thorn-tree, and feeling comfortable again, feasted his eyes on the waving fields of grass around, bathed in the noonday glory that undulated almost to the horizon. "How delightful," he exclaimed, lost in admiration. "How one appreciates this lovely earth, after being shut up in a dark hole for weeks."

Jephtha placing the gourd before him, reminded him that a little refreshment would not be amiss. He took it up and helped himself to half its contents.

"Here, Jephtha," he cried, "come and take a little too, you must need it sadly," but, to his surprise, he saw the Hottentot mounted

on an ant-heap, shading his eyes, and completely engrossed in observing some object at a distance. Curious to know what it was, he rose to enquire, but seated himself again as he observed Jeptha jump down and hurriedly approach him.

"Here is some milk for you," said Francois, holding out the gourd. "What were you looking at just now?"

"Mount," cried Jeptha, strangely pale and excited. "Mount."

Another moment and Francois was in his seat. Flinging himself on the horse behind his master, he urged the steed on, and soon they were on their way again, going at a rapid canter. The horse, though powerful, could not keep up this pace for long with the double burden on his back, and soon began to slacken his speed. Jeptha perceived this with a sinking heart, and looking back more frequently, saw to his dismay that the pursuers were gaining upon them rapidly. Instantly jumping down, he urged the animal on vigorously, and ran by his side until fatigue compelled him to mount again. Then down again to ease the horse, then up again to rest himself. This he continued to do, meanwhile keeping the horse up to a brisk pace, until at last his patience was rewarded, for he saw the distance between himself and his pursuers increase, and finally lost sight of them altogether. Fondly hoping that, finding the pursuit irksome and useless, they had given it up, he allowed the tired steed to walk for some distance. A glance or two back confirmed him in his conjectures, and on Francois enquiring what the cause of his anxiety in the direction they had come was, he merely remarked, "We will look forward now." They continued their journey at an easier pace, and without further adventure reached the last hill but one overlooking Meerhoff's farm just as the sun dipped below the horizon. Here they dismounted to reconnoitre. Jeptha proceeded to the brow of the hill overlooking the gully, but Francois' attention was immediately riveted by the magnificent glory of the sky; the dark lowering clouds having been transformed as if by magic into a canopy of the richest crimson, gradually shading off into a halo of the purest burnished gold, immediately surrounding the sinking orb.

"How glorious!" exclaimed Francois, turning to Jeptha, "you Hottentots have no eye for the beautiful."

"No!" replied Jeptha, "We have an eye for things vastly more important. Come and see." In a moment Francois was at Jeptha's side, peering over the edge of the cliff.

There, in the gully below, stood the chief surrounded by his men, plotting the destruction of the unfortunate family at the farm, busily preparing for the attack, and showing by his excited gestures that his wrath had not abated one whit. No fire was kindled for fear that the smoke might reveal their whereabouts. Everything was arranged in a secret and stealthy manner. Francois' blood ran cold when he saw with what alacrity they strung their bows, and noticed the hideous grin on their countenances as they examined their spears.

"The Lord be praised!" said Francois fervently; "that we are in such good time. Let us try to circumvent them now and alarm the farm; they may all have time to escape before these savages reach the place."

"I quite agree with you, baasie, and I know a short cut that would take us there at least half an hour before they could reach it, but to gain the road we must cross the gully—that is impossible just at present."

"What do you advise then?" said Francois.

"That we keep quiet and wait until the darkness deepens. They will not attack the farm until after dark, and a false step now would be certain death to us, for they have their scouts out in every direction." As he concluded he pulled Francois' sleeve and pointed to two figures skulking away in the dusk.

Concealing themselves among the brushwood at the back of the cliff, they quietly watched the movements of the Hottentots below. As in these high latitudes the shades of night closed rapidly around them, the full moon rose high in the heavens. Still the savages below remained stationary. Jephtha glancing up at the sky, saw the moon slowly gliding behind an inky mass of clouds. "Now is our time," said he, eagerly jumping to his feet; "rise and follow me." It had never occurred to Francois that the Field-cornet was a guest at Meerhoff's farm, and that he was running into danger in order to save the unfortunate family." Without a word he rose and prepared to follow Jephtha. The latter turned to give him a few instructions, but his words were arrested suddenly by a rustling in the brushwood on their left, the horse reared, broke the riem and wildly scampered away.

"Morbleu! what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Francois, seizing his gun.

Jephtha had his fears, but said nothing.

The answer soon came in the shape of two arrows; one missed its aim, the other struck the fleshy part of Francois' arm.

The latter immediately levelled his gun at the bushes before him, but Jephtha, laying his hand on his arm, pointed to the gully and warned him to desist.

With a yell the savages rushed upon them. Aware that there was a precipice behind them, they rushed forward, Francois slipping unobserved past a Hottentot, who, in his headlong career, tripped over the cliff and was instantly precipitated into the gully below. Believing that a host of savages was upon them, he turned round, and in sheer despair pointed his gun at them; it had the effect of suspending the attack for a moment, but soon the moon emerged from behind the clouds and, bathing the plain in light, showed him a few yards off the grinning face of a savage, his assegai poised ready to hurl. Bounding up to his side with incredible rapidity, he dealt him a blow on the temple with his knobkerrie that felled him, then, as his glance fell on a Hottentot coming to the rescue, he rushed towards him, and brought his kerrie with crushing force down on his

pate ; it rebounded without leaving the slightest injury. Before he could try the effect of another blow, the savage, who appeared to be a fine, powerful fellow, seized him round the waist and tightened his grasp, as he endeavoured with all his force to bring him down. But Francois wrestled vigorously, and, by dealing heavy blows on his adversary's head and neck, soon succeeded in freeing himself. The Hottentot ran back a few paces so as more effectually to hurl his spear, but Francois, suspecting his intention, caught him by the throat and drew forth his hunting knife ; still, as he looked into the man's face, where a mingled look of fear and supplication was plainly legible, he hesitated to make use of this extreme measure, and a groan in the direction of Jephtha at that moment distracting his attention, he turned his head aside to ascertain the cause ; well for him he did so, the instant after an arrow whizzed past uncomfortably close to his ear, it was quickly followed by an assegai which struck his shoulder, and immediately after he was seized round the waist from behind. Taken by surprise, he relinquished his grasp of the fellow before him ; and began a vigorous struggle with the one at his back, dealing heavy blows across his shoulder in the direction of his adversary's head, and gaining upon him every moment, until the freed Hottentot, perceiving his advantage, rushed upon the unfortunate Frenchman with a yell. Francois continued to struggle valiantly, but his moments seemed numbered ; the two stout fellows were fast dragging him down, and he was sinking to the earth with a groan when unlooked-for help came to his relief. The groan that had attracted Francois' attention was the last Jephtha's adversary uttered, as he rolled over dead, stabbed from below with a hunting knife. Finding himself free, Jephtha, who had had the worst of the struggle up to this moment, jumped to his feet, and in an instant perceived Francois' critical position. To seize his gun was the act of a second ; kneeling down, he took steady aim and fired at the fellow in his master's rear, who had already drawn forth a spear wherewith to dispatch his victim. The ball, well aimed, entered the temple, and the savage fell back a corpse. Francois jumped to his feet, and made a dash at the Hottentot before him ; but the savage, seeing his disadvantage, eluded the gripe, and, rapidly retreating towards some bushes, cleared them with a bound, and stooped down.

"He has bolted," said Francois. "Let him go ; we have killed enough."

Before Jephtha could return an answer, the Hottentot appeared suddenly above the bushes, and hurled an assegai with such precision, that it struck the battered hat off Francois' head and fastened it in the sand beyond.

"What a determined villain this is," said Francois. "I spared his life not an hour since."

"He won't throw another spear," replied Jephtha, as with a steady aim he fired at the retreating figure of the Hottentot, and dropped him.

Hearing a groan from him soon after, they ran towards the spot ; and, with the film of death already on his eyes, he hurled another spear, the random shot, however, taking no effect.

"This is horrible work," said Francois, trying, with a handkerchief, to staunch the blood on his shoulder.

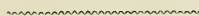
"So it is," replied Jephtha ; "but what are we to do? we must defend ourselves."

"Where did these fellows come from?" enquired Francois.

"They have been pursuing us all day," answered Jephtha. "I lost sight of them, and hoped that they had gone back, but they must have left the main road and taken a short cut."

Soon after this, they hastened back to the brow of the hill, and leaned over the cliff. The bright moonlight, falling like a silver sheet over the earth, revealed clearly every nook and crevice in the gully, as well as the steep rugged sides of the hills on either side.

The stillness of death reigned below and around ; not a living soul was there. Jephtha rose speechless with horror. Francois, maddened with grief, wrung his hands and sent up a bitter cry, "Oh ! God help her and help us ; we are too late."



### Green Point.

The rising wave, the bursting foam  
And land winds warn the fisher home,  
Where midst the rocks that frown above,  
Rest waits him, with the smiles of love.  
The clanging sea-fowl leave the deep,  
The damp fogs near and closer creep—  
Till all the evening leaves to me  
Is this rude rock and surging sea.

Yet far away  
My thoughts must stray,  
E'er I loved evening own thy sway.

Thy soft approach in summer hours,  
With steps all music, breath all flowers,—  
Thy many voices soft and still  
From streamy vale and purple hill,  
While here and there a sparkling star  
Dropp'd down the deep'ning blue afar ;



I've watched, when eyes, 'twas joy to see,  
Gazed on the tender scene with me.

Now far away  
My thoughts must stray,  
E'er I loved evening own thy sway.

Ah ! land of gentle hearts and mind,  
" Pure, energetic, soft, refin'd "—  
Friends of my heart that made more bright  
The dearest land that loves the light—  
*Marion*, sharer of my youth,  
Transparent shrine of love and truth,  
To you, to you my spirit flies,  
O'er bounding floods, through stormy skies.

Yes far away  
My thoughts must stray,  
E'er I loved evening own thy sway.

F. N.

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### *Ice and Ice Action.*

#### I.

" A cold and somewhat uninviting subject—that of ice ! " I fancy I hear some one say as he glances at the title of this lecture.\* " A subject too which can have no direct bearing either on ourselves or on our island country. Why not choose a theme more immediately interesting to us English—one which will teach us something of the history of our nation or of our own country ? " If there be any among you who have indulged in some such thoughts as these, I am heartily glad of it. For I too believe that while the aim and object of a lecturer should be to teach his hearers such things as, from his special education, advantages, or mode of thought, he is likely to know somewhat more about than the generality of his neighbours and fellow-townsmen, he should also, in so far as is possible, connect his subject with the lives or the past history of his people or their country. " But what connection is there between ice-action and England ? " you will ask, " If we were Greenlanders, or Norwegians, or even Swiss, the connection would indeed be clear enough. We should then have only to raise our eyes to our own mountains, where the snow-pall above passes into the glacier below. But here, in England, our mountains have no perpetual snow-cap—nourish no glaciers. Ice action can have no immediate interest for us. " If you will grant me your attention I hope to show you not only that

\* Delivered in England in May, 1878.

English mountains have given birth to glaciers, but that the whole of Scotland and the north of England has been literally smothered beneath snow and ice ; and therefore that ice-action *has* an immediate interest for us.

You know that there are a certain number of our countrymen who devote their whole time and energy to the difficult task of interpreting to us, who have other work on hand, the past history of our nation from the earliest times, when history passes into tradition, to the age in which we live. 'They tell us of strange changes ; of times of peace, succeeded by cruel and disastrous wars ; of tyrannies and revolutions, of cruelty, meanness, lying, immorality ; and, thank God, here and there of true and noble men, often, alas ! too great for the age in which they lived. You know too that there are others who spend their lives in reading for us the history of the earth on which we dwell. Of their work many of us see and hear little—for it has not, hitherto, been the fashion to teach boys or girls geology or the history of the earth—and fashion rules us all. Still the changes of which geologists tell us are certainly not less striking than the changes of which historians tell us. There was a time, for instance, when, within a few degrees of the North Pole, where now there is a waste of ice, there flourished hazels, poplars, alders, beeches, and other trees which tell of a comparatively warm climate. There was a time, too, when the spot on which London now stands enjoyed a subtropical climate ; producing its cocoanut trees, its screw pines, its custard apples, such as we see in the hot-houses at Kew ; giving life to its nautilus', its crocodiles, its turtles. On the other hand there was a time when North Britain was buried beneath snow and ice, and Swiss glaciers were a hundred miles long. There was a time when huge awkward monsters with huge awkward names, such as iguanodon and bothrospondylus, waddled over that part of Britain which is now the Isle of Wight. 'There was a time too when lions, hyænas, and cave-bears, elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotomi, roamed over our island, then part of the continent, and took shelter in our limestone caves. Where there is now a continent, there was, in ages gone by, a waste of waters. Where there is now deep sea, there may once have been dry land. The Alps have been raised up from the level country, and are day by day crumbling into dust. Well then may our poet sing :—

“ There rolls the deep where grew the tree.  
Oh ! earth, what changes hast thou seen,  
There where the long street roars hath been  
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.”

It is a chapter of this earth history which I shall do my best to interpret to you. But first I must point out what method we must

follow, if we wish our results to be of any value. Let us see how the historian carries on his work. His first business is to collect all the old documents, that he can lay hands on, which may in any way illustrate the particular period which he is studying. Having done this he has to interpret them. He has to compare one with another, and see where there are any real or apparent differences and contradictions. And not only this; he has to find out all he can about the authors of the documents; whether they were strictly truthful, or were given to exaggeration; whether they were likely to be influenced by any special *bias*, arising from friendship or hatred, or from party or religious feeling. And there is only one way of finding out under what conditions a man's judgment is warped and his opinions biassed. And that way is to study the men around us; to see how *their* conduct and writings are influenced; and then making allowances for differences between the social, religious, and political life of our times and that of the period under consideration, to read the past through and by means of the present. Without an accurate knowledge of human nature the historian can hope to do little.

It is much the same in the study of the history of the earth. The geologist has, however, this advantage over the historian; his documents are, and must be truthful; Nature never lies. If the geologist is wrong in his interpretation, it is because he has misread the documents, or perhaps only looked at them at second hand. They cannot be false; still in the main his method is the same as that of the scientific historian. He compares his documents together, and then applies himself to the task of ascertaining under what conditions they were written. "But," you will perhaps ask, "what documents are those of which you speak? They cannot have been written by the hand of man." No, they have been written by the hand of nature. In the series of rocks of which the earth's crust is built up, nature has written for us a grand poem. The geologist has but to learn the symbols and read the poem, an epic in stone. The symbols are fossil shells, and plants, and bones, minerals and markings on the rocks.

Let me now draw your attention to some of the documents and symbols by means of which we may read the chapter of England's history which I have chosen as my theme. I. In many parts of Scotland and Northern England may be found a material which goes by the name of the *Till*. It is composed of a stiff tenacious clay, stuck full of blocks and boulders of rock varying in size from that of a mere pebble to that of an American lady's travelling box. I can think of nothing much larger for comparison. The clayey material generally resembles in colour the rocks on which it lies; it contains no shells and is not arranged in layers. The majority of the stones belong to the immediate neighbourhood, and many of them bear a number of peculiar and characteristic marks, resembling grooves and fine striations. II. Another material, by no means uncommon, has been called the *Boulder Clay*. It differs from

the Till in several respects. It contains the remains of arctic shells ; the blocks are more angular, and comparatively few bear scratches ; the clay is less dense ; and the materials are arranged in rude layers or beds, which are sometimes bent into strange and complicated curves. III. Somewhat similar to Till and Boulder Clay, but still differing markedly from both, are certain curved mounds which are found to stretch across many northern valleys. They are called *Moraines*. The material is less clayey and far less dense than either the Till or the Boulder Clay ; it is not arranged in layers ; and the sand, stones, and blocks are jumbled together pell-mell without regard to size, shape, or weight. Most of the blocks are sharp and angular ; few bear scratches. IV. Fourthly, a material formed of very fine mud, containing sometimes northern shells, and perhaps a few angular blocks of rock are sometimes met with in the flatter parts of the valleys, where small lakes would seem to have been filled up with this deposit. V. On the sides of the valleys and on the tops of the smaller hills may often be seen great angular blocks called *Erratics*. From their composition it can in many cases be proved that they have come from great distances. VI. Another peculiar feature of these valleys is that, viewed from above, the rocks have a rounded, somewhat dome-shaped appearance (*roches moutonnées*). This peculiarity of form does not usually extend to the lower side, which faces down the valley. All the lower hills, too, partake of the rounded form. VII. Wherever the dome-shaped rock has recently been exposed to view (from the removal of turf or other matter), it is found to be marked with great grooves, smaller scratches, and fine striations. The main set as a rule run in one direction, those in Lancashire, for example, roughly N. and S. In valleys, however, the scratches show a tendency to run parallel with the valley.

"Rather a formidable list of symbols and documents to start with," you will say. I fear it is so ; formidable, but necessary, if you are to learn anything about ice-action in England. And now let us turn to their interpretation. We have to find out, if possible, how these various Tills, Moraines, Boulder Clays, and Erratics have been formed long ages ago. And there is only one way of doing so. We must find out where and how such materials are being formed to-day. We must interpret the past by a study of the present. For this purpose I must ask you to travel with me in thought to Switzerland. Let us make Zermatt, a little village that nestles in the heart of the grandest scenery of the Alps, our head-quarters. Above us towers the Matterhorn, a mighty pyramid sprinkled with snow and scored by avalanches. From its base a white snow-pall, pierced here and there by a pinnacle of dark rock, stretches away to the summit of Monte Rosa. We are in the midst of ice and ice-action. That mighty Matterhorn pyramid itself is, in part at least, a product of ice-action.

For many years mountaineers in vain attempted to scale this Matterhorn. They had two main difficulties to contend against.



The rock was covered with a glaze of ices and fearful stone avalanches swept the sides of the mountain with terrible fury. It was not until 1865 that Messrs. Whymper, Haddow, Hudson, and Lord Francis Douglas were enabled, by climbing along the narrow edge which separates two sides of the mountain, to reach the summit, hitherto deemed inaccessible. The sad end of this ascent is well-known. The four mountaineers and three Swiss guides, all roped together, were descending a steep face of rock, when suddenly Mr. Haddow slipped. He fell onto one of the guides, knocking him over. They clutched at the steep bare rock, but could not save themselves. In their fall they dragged Mr. Hudson and Lord Francis Douglas after them. Here the rope broke. The four fell sheer down on to the glacier, 4,000 feet below them. The three stood terror-stricken on the mountain.

In the little church-yard at Zermatt, there are three graves, often decked with mountain flowers. Here lie Haddow, Hudson, and the guide, Michael Croz. But the body of Lord Francis Douglas was not found. Over him man has erected no tomb,

“ His winding sheet, the glacier bright,  
His monument, the Matterhorn.”

It was just ten years after the accident that I ascended the mountain. Even after that lapse of time it was impossible to repress a thrill of horror when my guides pointed out where the fatal slip had occurred.

The two dangers which are met with on the Matterhorn, the ice-glaze and the stone avalanches, are both effects of a common cause—frost. And the frost is brought about by the dryness of the air. It is a matter of common experience that a damp moist atmosphere is unfavourable to sharp frosts; whereas, if the air is dry, and crisp, and clear, the nights are sure to be cold. In Thibet and the Sahara, where the air is very dry, the hot summer's day is followed by a very cold night. Damp air, on the other hand, is like a blanket, which keeps the earth warm, for it has the peculiar property of allowing the sun's heat to pass through it readily, while it prevents the warmth from escaping rapidly from the surface heated by the sun's rays. Take away this moist air-blanket to-night, and ice will be formed on our ponds.

At the top of the Matterhorn the air, partly from its little density, is extremely dry, and day by day the snow-water which has been melted by the heat of the midday sun is frozen by the chill of the night air. Where it freezes on the surface it forms the ice-glaze. Where it freezes in the small cracks of the rock, it gives rise to the stone avalanches. For water, when it freezes, expands with well-nigh resistless force. If an iron shell, with sides half an inch thick, be filled with water and exposed to a night's hard frost, a wooden peg having first been driven tightly into the fuse hole, it will burst, and ice will be forced through the crack which its own expansion has formed. As the water freezes in the cracks of the rock on the



Matterhorn, it expands in exactly the same way, and cracks off huge flakes which, when the sun again melts the ice, fall as the terrible stone avalanches. And just as an obelisk is formed from a rude block of stone, chip by chip, flake by flake, under the hands of a skilful statuary; so too has the Matterhorn been carved out, chip by chip, flake by flake, from the long and lofty ridge which probably once joined M. Blanc to Monte Rosa. This, then, is some of the work of ice.

Let us now turn our attention to the snowy pall which covers Monte Rosa. This question will perhaps occur to you, "Is this sheet of snow increasing year by year as fresh layers are continually added?" To which I answer, No. "Then does the amount melted by the sun exactly equal the amount which falls?" Again I answer, No. "Then tell us what becomes of the surplus amount of snow." There is a gradual sliding flow of snow on all sides from the central dome to the "snow line," a certain level, in Switzerland some 8,000 feet above the sea, where the air is sufficiently warm in the summer to cause the snow to melt. But wherever there is a trough or valley, a special line of flow follows this course, and constitutes a glacier descending far below the snow-line. It is by glaciers that the mountains are relieved of their glistening freight. Glaciers are, in fact, the rivers of ice which flow down from the main mass of snow and ice; the tongues which protrude into the valley and, melting at their extremities, equalize the supply and the loss. For, just as in England the rain which falls on the hills flows down and collects into rivers, so does the snow which falls on the mountains of Switzerland collect into rivers of ice, which are called glaciers.

But, it may be asked, what is meant by the *flow* of a glacier? Is a glacier made up of powdery snow, and does this flow like so much sand? or has the snow become compacted, and if so, to what extent? Those who have seen such an ice-grotto as that of Rosenlavi or Grindelwald, can best answer this question; they can tell us, as no one who has not seen for himself can tell, of the hard blue transparent ice of which a glacier at its lower end is composed. "How then is the pure white snow of the mountain top converted into the transparent blue ice of the glacier?"

If we take a large transparent crystal of alum and crush it, we shall obtain a pure white powder; we shall not have altered the alum in composition, we shall merely have allowed air to get in amongst the little particles. The light will not now be able to pass directly through the substance, but will be bent and reflected in all directions as it passes through the thousand transparent particles. The mass will be no longer transparent. Now let us take the particles which we have so effectually separated, and dissolve them in water, and by careful evaporation we shall be able to obtain another crystal as pure and translucent as the one we crushed. By solution in water the air is expelled, by the force of crystallization

the particles are drawn together, the light is no longer refracted and reflected by numerous separate particles, and the transparent crystal is the result.

Snow is nothing else than ice in the condition of powder—a powder made up of the most beautiful transparent six-rayed crystals. But, from the amount of air enclosed in the mass, it appears, as does the alum powder, white. What force, then, is there at work in the glacier world, which can expel the air and draw the particles together into a transparent mass? In the case of the alum, the force was crystallization after solution; in the case of the conversion of snow into ice, it is pressure aided by the infiltration of water. The lower layers of snow in the upper part of a glacier are subject to great pressure from the weight of all the snow above. This pressure, aided doubtless by the percolation of water formed by the melting of snow at the surface, by the direct rays of the midday sun, converts these lower layers into a comparatively hard white mass; white, because the air is not thoroughly expelled. This is the ice which is met with at high elevations in ice-slopes, in ice-precipices, and in that upper part of a glacier which is called by the French, *nevé*. By a continuation of the same process the lowest layers are converted into hard blue ice from which all the air has escaped. Near the lower end of the glacier, this transparent ice is, from the wasting away of the upper layers of white ice, at length exposed to view.

Let us now try and understand what is meant by the *flow* of a glacier. That glaciers are in motion has long been known, alike to Swiss peasants and English poets, for Byron wrote:—

“The glacier’s cold and restless mass,  
Moves onward day by day.”

But it was not until more recent times that the motion was examined scientifically, and accurately measured.

The fact that a glacier moves onward may be roughly observed in many ways, such as by watching the motion of the larger blocks which have fallen from a mountain side onto a glacier. Thus Hugi left marks on such blocks in 1827, and on returning nine years afterwards found that they had moved more than 2,000 feet. On the same glacier (the Unter Aar) M. Agassiz erected a hut, which, though only twelve feet long by six feet broad, was dignified with the title of the “Hotel de Neuchatelois.” The ruins of that hut still exist, thousands of feet below the spot on which it was built.

That a glacier does move forward is therefore incontestable. Professor J. D. Forbes, however, was the first accurately to measure this motion. On the glacier itself, he put definite questions to nature, and nature was not slow to reply. Subsequently Professor Tyndall has admirably continued the investigations thus ably begun. A row of stakes was placed in an accurate straight line across the glacier, and there left for twenty-four hours; the stakes were

then found to have moved forward, showing that the glacier was in motion. More than this, the stakes were found to have moved unequally, those in the centre more than twice as fast as those at the sides, showing that the centre of a glacier has a swifter motion than the sides, just as, in a river, the water flows most rapidly in mid-stream. But the resemblance is still closer. In a river, where there is a bend in its course, the main current is carried across towards the concave bank. That the same is true of a glacier has been shown by Professor Tyndall. In a river the surface water moves more rapidly than that near the bottom. That this also is true of glacier motion has been experimentally proved.

You will now, I doubt not, wish to know the cause of glacier motion ; a difficult subject and one, on which I shall touch but lightly. Many causes combine to make the solid ice of a glacier flow as if it were a plastic material like thick tar. Perhaps the best way to give you an idea of the way in which glacier motion is brought about, will be to describe one or two experiments which may be made on ice, and to point out their application to this subject. Take a thick bar of ice and support it at either end, say, on two chairs. Tie at each end of a piece of thin wire a heavy weight. Hang the weights by means of the wire over the bar of ice, one on each side. After a while the weights will drop to the ground. The wire will have passed through the ice, and yet the bar will be still perfectly solid. A truly wonderful experiment. The explanation is as follows :—Pressure causes ice to melt. The pressure of the wire melts the ice immediately beneath it. The water thus formed rises and covers the wire, but it is now relieved of all pressure, and, being in contact with the cold ice, itself again becomes frozen. Meanwhile the wire has melted its way further into the ice, the water solidifying above it as it sinks ; and so on, until the wire has passed through the ice. Now, saw the bar in half ; gently press the two clean surfaces together ; they will unite perfectly, and the bar will be once more quite whole. When the two surfaces of the slowly melting ice are brought in contact, the film of water which separates them has cold ice on either side, and therefore freezes, cementing the surfaces together. Pounded ice can be moulded into transparent statuettes, the particles all uniting together by regelation. Thirdly, it is found that ice is a conductor of heat, that is to say, that if we place on one side of a piece of ice a hot body, and on the other side a very delicate instrument for measuring temperature, we find that some of the heat passes through the ice and affects the instrument. Now it is highly probable that the heat, as it passes through the ice, causes the particles to assume, just for the moment of passage, a fluid state. Finally, ice expands on freezing, as we have seen on the Matterhorn. Now let us see the bearing of these facts on glacier motion.

The glacier rests on the inclined bed of the valley in which it lies, and it has a tendency to slide downwards on this bed ; but it would

be quite unable to do so on account of the obstacles afforded by the great masses of rock which now and again jut out from the valley sides, so as at times to reduce its width by half, were it not for the fact that the ice melts on being subjected to pressure. For, just as the weighted wire passes through the solid bar of ice in the laboratory, so do these rock masses pass through the solid glacier which is flowing past them. At the same time heat is continually being conducted through the glacier mass, and as it does so, in the moment of its passage, it melts the ice particles. The water formed in that moment tends immediately to flow downwards through an exceedingly small space. The imperceptible flow of a multitude of these particles make up the perceptible flow of the glacier as a whole. But when the wave of heat has passed, the water particle solidifies in the interstices of the glacier, then exerts its expansive force, and *perhaps* in this way, uniting its efforts with those of countless other particles, tends to force the mass, in the direction of least resistance, down the valley. While this action is going on—while the particles are melting for a moment—the glacier mass is rendered for that moment weaker, and therefore yields more readily to a moulding force somewhat similar to that by which statuettes may be moulded in the laboratory. Thus several causes combine to produce that glacier motion about which there has been so much controversy.

Among the most marked of glacier features are the crevasses or great cracks by which the ice is intersected. They are of three kinds : first, those which run across a glacier or are *transverse* ; secondly, those near the sides which are *marginal* ; and thirdly, those which are more or less parallel with the axis of the stream, and are called *longitudinal* crevasses. The former are found wherever the slope of a glacier suddenly changes from a less to a greater inclination. The ice flowing down the rapid fall tends to slip away from the ice that is flowing more slowly above, and the result is that the ice is subject to a strain in the direction of its flow. Now, if the ice were a viscous material, such as thick honey, it would stretch ; but being brittle it cracks, and a transverse crevasse running at right angles to the direction of the strain is the result. Wherever a strong pull is exerted on the ice the glacier cracks at right angles to the line of that pull. Thus all round many of the Swiss snow peaks is a great gaping crevasse known as the *bergschrand*. The snow above, which clings to the rocks, flows more slowly than the snow below, which has greater depth. The strain becomes too great, and a deep *bergschrand* separates the upper and lower snow fields.

Where, as is sometimes the case, the glacier descends so rapidly as to form an ice-cascade—analogous to a cascade of water, the crevasses are always wide and gaping, and are so numerous that the glacier is broken up into spires and minarets, lofty walls and tottering towers of ice, giving rise to a scene unsurpassed in the world for grandeur. The mighty pinnacles are separated by deep clefts in the blue-green ice, often partially bridged over with snow, from which depend huge



icicles causing the chamber to assume the appearance of some fairy grotto.

I well remember spending seven hours in the midst of such a scene during the ascent of the cascade Du Geant. Seven glorious hours were they, spent in the very heart of the ice world.

Marginal crevasses are formed in a different manner. Since in all experiments on the motion of glaciers the straight line of stakes is found to become a curve, there must be a strain along the line of this curve. This is at once made obvious by stretching a piece of elastic across a table, to represent the line of stakes, and then pulling it forward to represent the curve formed by those stakes during the flow of a glacier. The line of strain will clearly be along the length of the elastic which, if the strain be carried too far, will tend to snap at right angles to that line. It is to this cause that marginal crevasses owe their origin, while their mode of formation explains a fact which at first sight cannot fail to appear puzzling, that these marginal crevasses invariably point upwards towards the source of the glacier.

Lastly, the fissures known as the longitudinal crevasses are formed when a glacier, which has been flowing through a narrow and compressed defile, enters a more open part of the valley which it occupies, as in the case of the beautiful glacier from which the Rhone takes its rise. Here, as the glacier spreads out, the flow of ice is from the centre towards the edges; the line of strain is, therefore, towards the sides of the glacier, and the crevasses are formed at right angles to this line of strain. This may be imitated on a small scale. If a cylinder of ice be placed in an iron mould, at the bottom of which is an aperture with a diameter of about two-thirds of that of the cylinder, and be forced through this aperture by hydraulic pressure, the ice that passes out will expand on leaving the opening, and as it does so will be fissured with longitudinal cracks.

Not less striking features of the glacier world are the moraines. The power of frost in splitting larger or smaller fragments from the mountain sides has already been illustrated. Now, when these fragments fall upon the edge of a glacier, they form a great heap of rocky *débris*, called a *lateral moraine*, which is carried along by the flow of the ice. When two tributary glaciers unite to form one main or trunk glacier, these lateral moraines come together and flow side by side down the centre of a glacier, thus uniting to form a *medial moraine*. Many such may be seen on the Gorner glacier. To an observer who is walking across a glacier, this moraine appears to be a ridge some forty feet high, composed entirely of this *débris*. But five minutes' careful study will show that this is an entirely erroneous idea. It is one of those hasty generalizations to which the human mind is so prone, but which should be carefully guarded against by the man of science. On close inspection it is found that there is only a thin coating of moraine matter which covers a ridge



of ice. This ridge is formed by the protection afforded to the ice, by the rocky matter which covers it, from the influence of the sun's rays. As the general surface of the glacier thus wastes away, the protected portion stands out as an elevated ridge. In the same way large flat blocks of stone, affording protection to the ice immediately beneath them, become raised on pillars of ice, and thus form the so-called glacier tables, while heaps of sand give rise in the same manner to glacier cones.

Thus, on the cold bosom of the glacier, blocks, great and small, which have been riven from the mountain side by the action of frost, float downward, and are at last shot into the fertile valley. There they form at the termination of the glacier a *curved mound*, which is known as the *terminal moraine*.

Now since the whole surface of the glacier is intersected by great cracks, it must happen that many blocks of rock fall from the moraines into these crevasses, and becoming embedded in the ice, grind along the rocky bed, making long smooth furrows in it, and becoming themselves grooved and polished. Other blocks may be torn out of the bed itself. From this grinding action, a great amount of rocky power is formed, which is carried away by the stream which flows from the end of a glacier. Hence it is that every glacier stream is milky and turbid with impalpable mud, which the French call "*fleur des roches*." It is this grinding, smoothing, and polishing power of ice which enables us to recognize any rocks over which a glacier may have passed. Under its influence, the rocks tend to assume a rounded, dome-shaped appearance. Such rounded rocks, to which, from a fancied resemblance I suppose to the backs of sheep that are lying down, the Swiss have given the name "*roches moutonnées*," may be seen in abundance in the neighbourhood of any of the large Swiss glaciers, such as, for instance, the Gorner glacier, close to Zermatt.

Let me beg you to notice what signs of their presence these glaciers leave behind them. I. A curved heap of various-sized blocks called the terminal moraine. II. Rounded rocks called *roches moutonnées*. III. A number of grooves, scratches, and striations on the rocks.

It is a well-known fact that Swiss glaciers vary somewhat in size. For example, the Gorner glacier, of which mention has more than once been made, was in 1854 increasing in length down the valley, and that so rapidly, that the turf was turned up before the advancing ice as before a huge ploughshare. On the other hand, in 1874, the same glacier had shrunk in size, and the ice had retreated so that rounded rocks lately polished and striated by the ice were then found at some distance from the end of the glacier. The fact, however, that the rocks were thus rounded and polished, gave plain evidence that the ice had once passed over that part of the valley.

If now we were to find far down a Swiss valley, many miles from any existing glacier, dome-shaped rocks, closely resembling

those which have lately been polished by the Gorner glacier, and bearing similar furrows and striæ, should we not be forced to the conclusion that they, too, assumed their peculiar form by glacier-action, and that an ice-river once flowed along that part of the valley in which they are found? But this alone may not be conclusive. Suppose then we were to find, far down the valley, huge blocks, such as could not by any means have been transported thither by water, but could readily have been borne along by a glacier, the giants of a moraine of old, would not these additional witnesses satisfy our scepticism? But, suppose again we found plain evidences of a terminal moraine far down the valley. Surely this would be conclusive.

It is such facts as these which have led geologists to the conclusion that the glaciers of Switzerland are now but shadows of their former selves; shrunken pigmies which illrepresent the giants of an older time. If we make an excursion from Zermatt into the Rhone valley we shall find that all down that valley "from the end of the Rhone glacier to the Lake of Geneva, mammillated rocks, moraine mounds, and great erratic blocks, are of frequent occurrence, a notable case occurring on the slopes behind Monthey, some sixty miles below the source of the river where the 'blocs of Monthey' have long been celebrated. Fifty miles beyond that, the same great glacier that filled the valley of the Rhone, spread across the area now filled by the Lake of Geneva, and all the lowlands of Switzerland, in a vast fan-like form, a hundred and twenty-five miles in width from below Geneva to the neighbourhood of Aarau, and deposited part of its terminal moraine on the slopes of the Jura behind Neuchatel, 2,200 feet above the level of the lake. The famous Pierre à Bot, fifty feet long by twenty feet wide, and forty feet in height, forms one of a great belt of moraine blocks at a height of about 800 feet above the level of the Lake of Neuchatel."

Nor was it only on the northern side of the Alps that there were, in those days, monster glaciers. From the southern slopes of Monte Rosa a vast ice river stretched away towards the plains of Italy, filling the beautiful Val d'Aosta, and leaving on the plains of Ivria a colossal terminal moraine, the Dora Baltea, which "encloses a circuit of about sixty miles, and rises above the plain more than 1,600 feet in height, being altogether formed of mere accumulations of moraine rubbish. Its width in places averages about seven miles."

How enormous must have been the glacier to produce such a moraine. How different at that time must have been the appearance of the Val d'Aosta, now so fertile with walnut trees, with flax, and with vines. How different, indeed, must have been the appearance of the whole of Switzerland, when only here and there did the cold bare rock rise out of the masses of cold white snow; when the rocky basins in which to-day the beautiful Lakes of Geneva, Constance, Lucerne, Neuchatel, Thun, Brienz, and many others lie, were buried beneath some thousands of feet of glacier ice. It

is, indeed, believed by an increasing number of geologists that these basins themselves owe their origin to the eroding power of these vast glaciers. When we consider how insignificant is the depth of these lakes when compared with their length—so insignificant that if we make a model of Geneva, forty-five feet long, the depth on the same scale will be no more than two inches and a half—we shall not feel much difficulty in believing that this may well be the true cause of their being. Many little lakelets, formed probably in this way, have in Switzerland been filled up with fine glacial mud deposited from the streams which, as I have before mentioned, are always thick and turbid with the “*fleur des roches*.”

We are now in a position to interpret some of our English symbols and documents. The curved moraine mounds, the fine mud filling up small lake basins, the erratic blocks, the rounded domes (*roches moutonnées*), and the grooves and striations, are all the products of glaciers which once flowed down our English valleys. There is no room for doubt. And if any one who has studied ice-action, first in Switzerland and then in England, remain an unbeliever, I fear his scepticism will, like that of other men in other matters, partake somewhat of stubbornness and obstinacy. Let him, however, manfully search throughout nature for the cause which has produced these effects. Let him go to the seashore and see whether marine action can produce similar results; let him observe closely the effects produced by rivers, or follow the sad tracks of some disastrous flood, for his forefathers appealed with confidence to the Deluge as the originator of the signs of glacial action. If all these fail him, perhaps he may be conservative enough to argue with some old writers, by whom “the polish and striation of the rocks in mountain valleys were attributed to cart-wheels, hobnailed boots, and the nether integuments of Welshmen sliding down the hills,” and dislike, as do many others in other things, to give up a cherished fancy for a truer view, whatever proofs may be brought forward in its favour. He must not expect, however, that geologists will follow him in his conservative views. They will rather prefer to be followers of Agassiz who, in 1840, announced to the world that England showed marks of glaciation wellnigh as plain as those of his own country, Switzerland.

C. LLOYD MORGAN.

Rondebosch.

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## Memory.

BY THE LATE JOHN FAIRBAIRN.

The muse in solitude was nurst,  
 In solitude her songs began ;  
 From some lone burning bosom burst  
 The tide of song, that as it ran  
 In glory o'er the golden sands  
 Of memory back to childhood's prime  
 Revived the drooping shadowy bands  
 Of feelings, tender or sublime.  
 Thoughts, images, beloved or feared,  
 Tears, smiles, regrets, whate'er the wing  
 Of Time had scattered first, then seared,  
 Or left in darkness withering:—  
 All were renewed in that blest hour  
 Of boundless passion, boundless power.

The Past—no more a dreary waste,  
 Which the sad spirit feared to roam—  
 Now charmed the wanderer from her haste  
 To seek with hope a distant home.  
 She now beheld in Fancy's light  
 Serene, eternal, ever new,  
 Bowers, skies, more beautiful and bright  
 Than her aspiring ardour drew  
 In dreams, for coming years of bliss,  
 And all her own. No mortal power,  
 Nor chance, nor change, can snatch from this  
 Clear mirror one enchanted flower ;  
 No fears disturb, no sorrows wait  
 In this fair world redeemed from fate.

## Thou hast His Care.

Look up, sad soul ! Forget not how  
     The Master toil'd,  
 When on this earth. His sacred brow  
     Was often soil'd  
 With labour's sweat. Then labour thou,  
     Tho' joy-despoiled.

Nor think to find thy rest on earth !  
     Here is no sound  
 Of peace—but discord from our birth,  
     Until we've found  
 The grave. Life's, at its utmost worth,  
     A weary round

Of toil and care ! Doth trial sore,  
     Or cruel scorn,  
 O'erwhelm thee ? Remember Him who wore  
     A crown of thorn !  
 How patiently His cross He bore  
     On shoulders worn.

And aching 'neath the load, which press'd,  
     Most heavily !  
 Ah, soul ! by every little cross distress'd,  
     Ah ! think how He  
 Was mock'd, and scorn'd, and sore oppress'd  
     With grief—for thee !

Take up thy burden, cheerfully ;  
     Thou hast His care !  
 He will not let it heavier be  
     Than thou canst bear.  
 So follow Him, and thro' eternity,  
     His glory share !



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Cape of Good Hope Blue-book, 1877.\*

MR. TROLLOPE, in his work on South Africa, expressed the greatest possible respect for the Cape Blue-book, and ventured in only one instance to question the accuracy of the 969 folio pages which the volume of 1876 contained. He objected to the statement of the average rate of wages for house servants as given in the Blue-book for that year, and appealed to Captain Mills to have the figures corrected, at the same time expressing his own opinion that European servants could not be obtained for double the money. The returns to which he so strongly objected were as follows:—

“Male domestic servants,—Europeans, £2 10s. a month, with board and lodging; coloured, £1 8s. Female domestic servants,—European, £1 7s.; coloured, 16s.”

We trust that Mr. Trollope has not lost all interest in the Cape, and that he still finds delightful reading in our Colonial Blue-books. If such be the case he will be rather startled to find, upon examining the Blue-book for 1877, that the compilers have answered his challenge by reducing, instead of increasing, the amounts, and that the average rate of wages is now quoted as being:—

“Domestic servants,—European, males, £2 2s. a month, with board and lodging; females, £1 5s. Coloured males, £1 4s. 6d.; females, 14s. 3d.”

We confess to some hesitation in accepting these figures as affording correct information as to the state of the labour market. They have been calculated from returns received from different Civil Commissioners, but we rather imagine that in this case two and two do not make four. For while the figures show a decrease in the average rate of wages, the reports, from the same Civil Commissioners, with but very few exceptions, speak of an increased rate. From our own experience we feel inclined to think that domestic servants command higher wages than they have ever done before, and we cannot account for the conclusion arrived at by the compilers of the Blue-book, unless, as is most

probable, they had not sufficient data before them upon which to base their calculations.

The detailed statement of the rate of wages in each division is, we presume, sufficiently accurate to enable us to make a rough comparison between the several parts of the Colony. Housekeepers who have been sighing over the difficulty of obtaining servants in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, will feel a melancholy pleasure in comparing their lot with that of their friends in other parts of the Colony. They will find from this interesting table that the good people at Port Elizabeth, for instance, have to pay double the Cape Town wages for both men and women servants, while on the other hand the fortunate inhabitants of the Paarl obtain all their servants at a rate less than one-half of that paid in Cape Town. For the most part we find the proportion between the wages of male and female servants pretty much the same throughout the Colony, but at Richmond male servants appear to be in far greater demand than females. In that division European male servants receive £3 per month, and European females £1, whilst a coloured male servant receives £2, and a coloured female only 7s. 6d. The lowest average rate in any one division for coloured farm labourers, herds, &c., is 7s. 6d. In most of the divisions the average is between 10s. and 15s., and in only four divisions does it reach 30s. The Paarl is as fortunate in its supply of day labourers as it is in that of domestic servants, the average pay, whether European or coloured, being only one shilling per diem.

The best paid class are the farm overseers, head shepherds, &c., their wages ranging from £2 to £7 10s., the highest wages being paid in the divisions of Clanwilliam, Beaufort West, and Colesberg. Of tradesmen, the bookbinders, printers, and brickmakers appear to be the worst off, the saddlers and stonecutters receiving the highest remuneration. The monthly rent ranges from 7s. 6d. for a labourer's cottage, and 10s. for a town lodging for a mechanic's family, which is the rate at Bredasdorp, to 80s. for the former, and 100s. for the latter at King William's Town. The remarks of the Civil Commissioners on rates of wages are interesting. In the division of George we find that labourers and agricultural servants receive one shilling per day; that there is a tendency to fall in rate of wages; and that good labourers of every description are scarce. As the neighbouring divisions give 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a day, we fear that if the tendency "to fall in the rate of wages" at George continues, good labourers will continue to make themselves scarce.

In comparing the average prices over the whole Colony in 1877 with those of 1876, we find that all the necessities of life had risen in price during the year, and so also had articles of clothing with the exception, however, of straw bonnets, which must have suddenly gone out of fashion, as their average value fell from 7s. to 3s.

The Blue-book commences with a statistical summary for the Colony, showing the annual revenue, expenditure, and public debt,

imports and exports, &c., from the year 1850. A comparison between these two years may interest some of our readers :—

1850.—Revenue, £245,785 ; expenditure, £245,655 ; expenditure on public works, £43,530 ; public debt, nil.

1876-77.—Revenue, £2,931,692 ; expenditure, £3,428,392 ; expenditure on public works, £2,283,614 ; public debt, £5,028,959.

1850.—Shipping inwards, 816 ; tonnage 224,126 ; imports, £1,277,045 ; exports, £637,253.

1877.—Shipping inwards, 1,615 ; tonnage, 1,262,557 ; imports, £5,158,348 ; exports, £3,634,073.

The return of the banks are complete only from 1868 :—

1868.—Paid-up capital, £1,898,246 ; reserve fund, £152,938 ; circulation, £222,349.

1877.—Paid-up capital, £2,456,801 ; reserve fund, £871,458 ; circulation, £518,918.

From the education returns we find that the number of scholars have increased from 18,757 in 1860 to 61,601 in 1876-77.

We do not intend to give a summary of the contents of this Blue-book, and we are well aware that it has for some time been in the hands of a few connected with public affairs. But it has for the first time been resolved, and we think wisely, to give the public an opportunity of obtaining copies for private use. Looking at it in this light we desire to draw attention to this work as one which we may fairly consider to have been only lately published. It contains a mass of useful and interesting information, and the reader has indexes of every conceivable kind to assist him in finding the particular item of information he is in search of. The names of all the civil servants appear with full description of length of service, salary, &c., &c. The pension list, which takes up fourteen pages, will repay perusal. It commences with the name of a gentleman who retired from the service in 1834, on account of the abolition of his office, who is followed by another gentleman who retired in 1837, on account of ill health, and it is brought down to November, 1877, when the latest pensioner retired on account of departmental arrangements. Full information as to the Expenditure on Frontier Defence is given, and also a complete list of all military posts and works, together with a return of the Strength and Equipment of Volunteers. From the latter return it appears that on 31st December, 1877, there were 3,504 volunteers in the Colony, armed with 2,048 rifles, and having seven guns.

From the Return of Local Revenues, we find that the total revenues of municipalities amounted to £111,994, and the receipts of the Divisional Councils were £144,153, exclusive of £56,128 raised under Act 10. The revenues therefore of these local bodies exceed the total revenue of the Colony raised in 1850. But not only do these local bodies raise and spend more than the whole Colony did about twenty-five years ago, but they have also borrowed in a manner which would have startled many of the members of our first

Colonial Parliament. The Blue-book does not give, what we imagine could easily be ascertained, the total amount borrowed by these different bodies under various Acts of Parliament, but we find that the loans raised for Public Works under the management of corporate bodies, under guarantee of the general revenue, amount to the respectable sum of £464,050.

In the return of the local revenues, raised by the Dutch and English Churches, there appears to be an omission on page 6, for we do not find the names of two of the largest congregations in Cape Town—we mean St. George's Cathedral and Trinity Church. But taking the returns as printed, it appears that the total receipts of the Dutch Reformed Church amounted to £46,382, and the receipts of the English Church £20,645. From the Ecclesiastical Returns for 1877 we find that there were 2,462 marriages during the year, 11,453 baptisms, and 3,982 funerals. We have not had time to go carefully into the figures, but from a cursory examination it appears that in proportion to their numbers the Wesleyans are the most marrying of all the Christian denominations.

There is much valuable statistical information with respect to trade, production, education, crime, &c., &c., and also a digest of the results of the last census. Taken as a whole, the Blue-book reflects great credit on the compilers. It is a work which every person interested in the welfare and the progress of the Colony should carefully study. We trust that the effort now made to give it a wider circulation may meet with such success as will induce the Government to dispose of other valuable papers printed at the public expense at a rate which will place it in the power of all to obtain them. It is well-known that the price of the Imperial parliamentary papers is a merely nominal one. The works have been paid for out of moneys contributed by the public; they treat of matters closely affecting the interests of the public, and every opportunity should be given to the public to become acquainted with their contents.

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### *The Tear-drap.*

I canna sleep the night, dear ;  
 I'm thinkin' aye o' thee,  
 An' o' a tear I saw the day  
 A glist'nin' i' ye'r e'e.

O, could I tak the tear, dear,  
 An' haud it i' my heart ;  
 Tho' it wad wear a mark there,  
 Wi' whilk I couldna pairt:

O, could I tak the dool,\* dear,  
 That brocht the tear-drap there,  
 An' bid it trace my broo' owre  
 Wi' mony lines o' care.

I'd bind them baith wi' luve, dear,  
 An' thankful wad I be  
 To greet an' smile at ance, dear,  
 A' for the sake o' thee.

It didna' fa' alane, dear,  
 Anither joined it sune ;  
 It didna' gang for naething,  
 Its wark maun first be dune.

There's Ane that keeps them a' dear,  
 Ilk has its tale to tell ;  
 He'll no' forget to answer,  
 He'll make it a' come *well*.

But, O, my heart is sair, dear,  
 An' I can only greet ;  
 Fu' weel I ken the tear-draps  
 Wull find a place to meet.

A truer Heart than mine, dear,  
 Is pleadin' noo for thee ;  
 We'll gie the tears to Him, dear,  
 He'll wipe thy weary e'e.

They'll gang wi' ane request, dear,  
 Richt thro' the gowden gate ;  
 They'll no' be sent awa', dear—  
 They *may* be bid—to *wait*.

THISTLE.

\* Griet.



## Clouds and Sunshine ;

### A STORY OF SOUTH AFRICAN LIFE.

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#### CHAPTER I.

THE village of Belfort (Cape Colony) in 18—, notwithstanding its quaint old-fashioned houses, was, as it still is, decidedly a pretty place. The rows of trees on either side of the principal long, wide street ; the pretty flower gardens in front of the low, thatched-roof cottages, with generally a kitchen garden, interspersed with fruit trees, at the back ; the group of beautiful mimosas at the upper end of the village, and the two little rivers on either side, running almost parallel to each other, all combined to give a picturesque look to the town which, on my first visit, struck me most particularly after a long tedious journey from Cape Town, and appeared to me a veritable oasis of the desert after the dusty miserable Karoo.

At the lower end of the village stood a neat cottage, the property of Mr. Daniel Hugo, commonly known as “Oom Danie.” On the evening on which my story opens, the house was apparently deserted : no lights appeared in the front windows ; but going round to the back of the dwelling one might have seen a faint light issuing from the small kitchen window. The occupants of this room were two little girls, an elderly Hottentot woman, and a young Bushboy.

The children were engaged with their supper of bread and milk, whilst old Elsie was relating to her astonished and somewhat terrified auditors, one of those wonderful stories with which the Hottentot and Bushmen traditions abound. “Menschvreeters” (cannibals), lions, and tigers seemed to be the principal characters ; but when Elsie added a spook (ghost), poor little Nettie, the younger of the sisters, could no longer contain her pent up feelings, and burst into tears.

“Oh, please ayah Elsie, don’t tell any more,” said the elder girl, Susie ; “you have made Nettie quite unhappy, and I think we had better go to bed now.”

“Very well, you silly children,” answered Elsie, not at all pleased at the unceremonious interruption of her tale. “Hans, light a candle and take it to the children’s room.”

Susie tried as well as she could to pacify Nettie, and then led her away to their bedroom, where Elsie helped them to get to bed, and then left them.

“Don’t cry any more, Nettie dear,” said Susie ; “you know how often dear mamma told us not to believe in ghosts, as there are no such things ; we won’t listen to any more of Elsie’s stories. Now let us say our prayers and go to sleep ; you know uncle will be home to-morrow, so we must be up early ;” and thus cheerily she spoke

to Nettie, and so gently hushed her, that before long the sobbing child was fast asleep, and it was not long ere Susie had joined her in the land of oblivion.

Poor little orphans! only a year ago had they been so happy; blessed with a kind loving father, and such a dear gentle mother, and now all was sadly changed.

Aubrey Kenerell was a partner in a mercantile firm in Cape Town, and though still in the prime of manhood, and by no means bad looking, avowed his intention of remaining a bachelor; but Cupid proved too strong for him, for, alas! for his resolutions, on getting into an omnibus one afternoon, to return to Rondebosch where he lived, he found himself, much to his annoyance, in the "hornet's nest," as he inwardly ejaculated. There sat Miss Harper of the Rondebosch seminary for young ladies, with eight of her charges.

"Put down your veils, young ladies," said Miss Harper in an undertone upon this intrusion, "this south-east wind is most injurious to the complexion."

All complied, except pretty Jeannette Hugo, who had unfortunately forgotten to bring her veil, and for which omission she ultimately received an imposition. Jeannette happened to be seated just opposite the stony-hearted young man, who, strange to say, found himself, from time to time, gazing on the beautiful blue eyes and rosy cheeks before him, much to prim Miss Harper's annoyance. Well! as it eventually proved, Cupid had shot his dart only too well, and notwithstanding the Harpy's vigilance, Aubrey contrived to meet Miss Hugo on several occasions, and the end of it was Jeannette wrote to her only brother Danie at Belfort, a long, loving letter, begging his consent to her marriage, enclosing at the same time one from Mr. Kenerell to Mr. Hugo on the same subject. Poor "Oom Danie" had looked forward with such pleasure to having his pretty happy-hearted sister as housekeeper when she should have completed her studies, and he was already making preparations for going to fetch her home, so that he was sadly vexed at the contents of her letter. He set off post haste for Cape Town a couple of weeks earlier than he had intended, fully resolved to check what he termed a foolish fancy; but finding, on his arrival, that Jeannette was quite resolved to marry Aubrey Kenerell, and being himself much impressed by the manly face and bearing of the gentleman, he at last gave his consent, being anxious to return home as soon as the wedding was over. The day was fixed, and in four weeks time Jeannette became Mrs. Kenerell, and her brother returned to Belfort more disconsolate than ever.

Thirteen years after, Mr. Kenerell died from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and poor Jeannette, who had never had cause to repent her hasty marriage, was left a widow with two children, Susie, aged twelve years, and Nettie ten.

Her brother, on the first intimation of his brother-in-law's death,

hastened to town, with the intention of persuading his sister to come and live with him at Belfort, and was much shocked to find her looking so miserable and sad. Poor Jeannette could not rally from the shock which she had sustained, and though her brother took her home with him, and bestowed the greatest care and attention on her, she only survived her husband six months. Her death was a sad blow to poor Danie, and he tried hard to comfort the orphans, to whom he had become much attached. He had promised his sister to care for her children as if they were his own, and it was agreed that he was to take them to Cape Town for their education, placing them under the care of a widowed lady, a kind friend of their mother's.

On the winding up of the estate of the late Mr. Kenerell, it was found that the business was not in such a flourishing state as had been anticipated, owing principally to heavy losses which the firm had sustained, and the sum of money which accrued to the widow and children was very insignificant.

Mr. Hugo had made all preparations for taking his nieces to town, and had gone out to his farm "*Rust en Vrede*" to give final instructions to his foreman prior to his departure. And this brings us to the commencement of the story.

## CHAPTER II.

Susie and Nettie slept well, notwithstanding Elsie's horrible tales, and did not wake until that worthy came into their room in the morning and told them to get up. After they had taken their breakfast of bread and butter and coffee, Nettie proposed they should gather a nosegay for "uncle," and whilst they are engaged in this little labour of love, let me give a short description of the children. Susie much resembled her father: she had his black eyes, dark brown hair, straight nose, and small well-shaped mouth; she was such a quiet, gentle child that no one could help loving her. Naturally of a studious nature, and thanks to her mother's kind teaching, she was already further advanced with her lessons than most girls of her age, and she would sit for hours with a book, while Nettie was romping about with their uncle's dog Jip, and playing at hide and seek among the rosebushes. Nettie inherited her mother's laughing blue eyes, fresh complexion, and curly golden hair, and was a picture of mirth and happiness; and whenever Susie called her to learn a lesson she always tried to evade her, or begged to have the task curtailed.

When the children had completed the nosegay to their satisfaction, and placed it in a vase of water, Susie went into her uncle's room to see whether Elsie had tidied it properly; then she took up a book and sat down on her little stool in the garden to have a quiet read, but before long Nettie and Jip rushed up to her in wild delight.

"Uncle is coming," screamed Nettie; and when the cart stopped at the door and Mr. Hugo alighted, what a kissing and chattering

there was ; even Jip tried to show his delight by jumping about and howling, until Nettie was obliged to box his ears and tell him to keep quiet.

"Uncle" was a tall, well-built man of about fifty years of age ; he had a kind homely face, very grave generally, but he could smile very pleasantly. In the village he was mostly called "Oom Danie," and everybody loved and esteemed him. He was of a highly respectable Cape family, and in his youth, having a strong predilection for farming, came down to Belfort, where, after several years experience on one of the neighbouring farms, he commenced farming on his own account. But fortune does not always favour the brave, and poor Danie Hugo had no end of ill-luck, what with droughts, sickness amongst his sheep and cattle, large dams, on which he had spent a great deal of money, constantly breaking, and other misfortunes. So matters went on, some years better, others worse. About ten years before his sister's marriage, he was engaged to the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, but the young lady jilted him and married a "meester" (tutor).

After this, poor Danie led a sad, lonely life. His parents meanwhile had died, and his only near relative was the sister, who was at school, and whom he had so fondly hoped to have with him, for some years at least, but there he was again disappointed. His farming affairs were now improving, and on the death of Aubrey Kenerell he placed his farm into the hands of his overseer, and bought a small cottage in the village, the same in which we have made acquaintance with him.

The children were very glad to have their uncle home again, and had a great deal to tell him about, especially old Elsie's ghost story, at which Nettie could afford to laugh now it was broad daylight.

"Well children," Mr. Hugo said at last ; "everything is now arranged for our journey, and should nothing come in the way, we shall leave for Cape Town on Tuesday, but the weather is looking very threatening, and should it rain our departure will have to be postponed for a few days."

"Uncle," said Susie after a while ; "must you really come back to Belfort ? Could you not remain in town with us ? We shall miss you so very much," and poor Susie could not restrain the tears.

"No, my darling," replied her uncle ; "much as I wish to be near you and Nettie, I could not do that. But don't let us get doleful now, you must both be good children, and do your best to get on well at school ; then the time will pass sooner than you think, and, perhaps, I may pay you a visit once a year ; and then when you come home two grown up young ladies, how proud I will be of my two daughters ; but now run away, Nettie, and see whether Elsie has got dinner ready yet, as I am almost famished."

The threatening aspect of the sky had now gradually increased ; large thunderclouds rolled heavily along, slowly joining each other, until the whole sky was darkened ; then came a few flashes of

lightning, followed by loud startling thunder-claps, and the flood-gates were opened. Down, down, came the rain, and all night it kept steadily falling.

### CHAPTER III.

When Susie and Nettie came out of their room in the morning, they were astonished to see the garden and streets so wet, and Nettie was quite distressed at not having her usual romp in the garden with Jip. Almost the whole day the rain kept falling, and the streets looked like little rivers. In the afternoon Mr. Hugo went out several times to "look about," as he said to the children; the truth was, he was beginning to feel very uneasy at the continued rain, and so were many of the neighbours. The rivers were considerably swollen and there seemed too a fear that they would overflow. About sunset he went out again, but soon returned, finding the street too unpleasant to walk about in.

"Well, children," he said; "how are you getting on? I am afraid you must find it dreadfully dull, having to remain indoors all day, especially Nettie," added he smiling.

At that moment there was a knock at the door, but before any one could answer the summons, the door was opened and in walked young Pieter Breda, the only son of old Hendrik Breda.

"Oom Danie," said he; "the water is rising very rapidly, and we are all very uneasy; papa sent me to ask whether you will not bring the children and come and spend the night with us; your house being so near the river we consider it rather unsafe."

After a little deliberation, Mr. Hugo decided upon accepting the invitation. He then sent Elsie home, and wrapping the children up well, they sallied forth, but it was impossible for the two little girls to walk through the water, so Pieter carried Nettie, and Mr. Hugo Susie, much to the amusement of the children. Mrs. Breda stood at the door watching for them.

"I am so glad, Danie, that you have come," said she; "you are so isolated in that little cottage. Come children, let me take off your shawls, we are just going to have supper. Katrina, tell Mietje to bring in the coffee."

Old Mr. Breda was already in his place at the table when the children went to shake hands with him, also with Katrina, a pleasant faced girl of about fifteen.

Mietje soon made her appearance with a kettle of steaming coffee, and was polite enough to say, "N'ant seur Danie, n'ant nooitjes," and then brought in a dish of hot "pampoen poffertjes," which were much relished after the bread and butter and cold meat had been disposed of. After supper Mr. Hugo and Pieter went out again to have a look at the rivers; they remained away a long time, and when at last they came in, Mrs. Breda immediately noticed the anxious looks on both their faces.



"What is the matter?" said she; "is there really any danger?"

"I fear so," replied Mr. Hugo; "if the water continues to rise as it is doing, the rivers must overflow. The Gamtaka is only a foot from the banks, and the Brak River a little more than that. Mr. Richards and Archie MacDonald have been going to all the houses to warn the inhabitants not to go to bed, for some hours at least; they and some of the other young men are going to keep watch, and at the first intimation of real danger they will ring the church bell, and everybody must try to get to the church, that from its central and rather elevated position being considered the safest place in the village."

"Let us hope," said Mrs. Breda; "that such a course may not become necessary, and that we may be able to sleep quietly in our house to-night."

"I fervently hope so too," replied her husband. "Come, mother, let us have prayers now, and then we can quietly watch; perhaps it may be a false alarm after all."

Katrina now brought the old Family Bible, from which her father read a portion, and then offered up a prayer suitable to the occasion.

Mrs. Breda then made the two little girls lie down on the sofa, and advised them to go to sleep. She wished Katrina also to lie down, but the poor girl was too anxious, so she and her mother sat down quietly to do some needlework. Mr. Breda, Oom Danie, and Pieter were too anxious to settle down to anything; they roamed about the house, from time to time opening a door or window and peering out into the darkness where nought was visible, nothing was heard save the sullen roar of the rivers and the gentler rippling of the water running down the street. Thus matters remained for a couple of hours, and everyone was beginning to feel more at ease.

"I think," said Mr. Breda at last; "we may safely go to bed now; all seems quiet."

"Very well," replied his wife, "I feel very tired; no doubt all danger is over." And rising, she prepared to light some chamber candles; when suddenly the loud clear tones of the church bell rang out through the stillness of the night, and were followed by several loud shots.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. Breda, almost beside herself with fright, "we are lost, we are lost."

"My dear Letta," said her husband, "try to be brave and strong. We must now endeavour to reach the church with the greatest haste possible."

Mr. Hugo, on the first sound of the alarm, had roused the two sleeping children, and fastening Nettie with a shawl on to Pieter's back, took Susie up in a similar manner; then taking Mrs. Breda and Katrina under his care, while Pieter took charge of his father, they hastily proceeded to the front door, which Mr. Hugo was just on the point of opening, when he stopped.

"My dear friends," said he, you must be prepared to battle with

the water ; let us all join hands, and each one try to gain a sure footing."

As he opened the door, the water swept in with such violence that, but for his warning, some of them at least would have been thrown down.

The night was dark as pitch, and the loud roar of the angry waters, above which were heard cries of "help, help," "to the church," with occasionally a heavy thud as of falling walls, was enough to frighten braver hearts than those of poor Mrs. Breda and Katrina.

On their way to the church they were joined from time to time by small bands of friends, all walking hand in hand for further security ; but it was terrible uphill work, for they were going up the stream, and by the time the much longed-for haven was reached, many were faint with exhaustion and fright. Inside the church was a sad sight ; a few candles had been hurriedly lighted, and threw a faint uncertain glare over the drenched, miserable occupants of the edifice. The doors had been thrown wide open so that the refugees might enter at whichever door was easiest for them to reach. In the open space before the pulpit a small crowd had already collected ; mothers with crying infants in their arms, fathers trying to soothe the terrified older children, everyone watching anxiously for the arrival of some relative or dear friend.

"I do not see the Russouws here," remarked Mrs. Breda to a neighbour.

"No," was the reply ; "they have not yet arrived. I am afraid they will have hard work to get here coming up stream."

Another party now entered, amongst whom the Russouws were descried. Mrs. Russouw was half carried along in an insensible state by her husband and one of her sons, and sad was the tale they had to relate. The water was so strong that it required all their force to keep themselves from being swept away ; nevertheless they struggled bravely along until within a short distance from the church, when suddenly poor Mina Russouw, a girl of about fifteen, stumbled and fell, pulling down her two brothers, between whom she had been walking. The young men soon recovered their footing and gave the alarm, but the poor girl was seen no more. The agonized mother refused to proceed without her dear Mina, though her husband told her that nothing could be done, and she was only imperilling their own lives. Then the unhappy woman sank into insensibility, and but for the strong arms of her husband and sons would have shared her daughter's fate. And thus struggling along they at last reached the church.

Great sympathy was shown for the bereaved parents ; but the poor mother's sorrow was too great. "Perhaps my darling child is not dead. She may be clinging to something in hopes of succour. I can hear her calling ; oh let me go to save my child ;" and she tried frantically to break away from her husband's arms ; but the excitement and perilous journey had been too much for the poor

frame ; she tottered and fell into a death-like swoon, which eventually left her in such an enfeebled state, that she seemed only too thankful to repose quietly on the impromptu bed which had been arranged for her in one of the pews, out of some of the shawls and jackets which had escaped getting wet.

The night was a long, miserable time of suspense, anxiety and discomfort. Shoes and stockings and all the lower portions of clothing wet through, and no chance of getting them dry, added to the general distress, and prevented any one from taking the rest which so many of the sufferers sadly needed. The greater portion of the children, however, after the first excitement was over, naturally became sleepy, and parents and friends were only too glad to allow them to return to their slumbers out of which a couple of hours before they had been so unceremoniously disturbed.

#### CHAPTER IV.

And how fared those who had remained in their houses ? Some of them escaped almost miraculously from being drowned or being buried beneath falling walls ; several houses which were safely situated and well built remained intact. The parsonage and the magistrate's house owed their safety to their good foundations and high stoeps ; the out-houses of each were, however, completely washed away. One family, who had foolishly refused to leave their all at the mercy of the waters, were suddenly startled by one of the outer walls giving way. They hurriedly ascended the ladder leading from the kitchen into the loft, from one of the windows of which they could step on to the flat roof of the adjoining house. Scarcely were they all safely landed when the abandoned house fell with a terrible noise, and all night long the poor creatures remained on the roof in momentary fear lest their present abode would share the fate of the last.

An old shoemaker, known as Adam Schoenmaker, was sitting quietly smoking his pipe in his little one-roomed cottage ; he was very deaf, and had heard neither the ringing of the church bell nor the shots that were fired ; he had finished his late supper, which had been shared as usual by his only companion, a large grey tom cat and was now smoking his pipe preparatory to going to bed, when suddenly a knocking was heard at the door. "Come in," he called out. Then as no one entered, he opened the door, and was immediately thrown down by the force of the water which rushed in, and with the water came a large half drowned buck, whose horns striking against the door must have caused the supposed knocking. Old Adam was soon on his legs again and scrambled on to his little table ; then he drew up his high stool, and standing on that and with the assistance of his leather belt, which he had contrived to throw over one of the beams, succeeded in climbing up and seating himself astride on one of the cross beams, wondering to himself what the next move

would have to be. His faithful cat soon followed him, and there the two sat for about half an hour; then seeing that the water was rapidly rising, and fearing that the walls of his little house might give way, old Adam prepared to take a still higher flight. Taking his clasp knife out of his pocket, and standing on one of the beams, he cut a hole in the thatch, large enough to admit of his egress. Tom, having a natural aversion to cold water, no sooner saw his master disappear through the hole in the thatch than he followed him. For some time they sat quietly, then suddenly the thatch began to move and old Adam knew that the walls of his cottage had melted away.

For a distance of about two miles this curious looking raft, with its two silent occupants, floated along, then suddenly stopped, and old Adam felt instinctively that they were safe; he knew that the progress of the raft had been brought to an end, by its being caught in the bushes of the Doorn Plaat.

At the break of dawn everyone in the church was astir, and all were anxious to ascertain what damage had been done to their dwellings; the water had completely run down, leaving the streets one mass of mud with here and there a little pond of water. Fallen trees were lying in all directions; large sluits had been washed in the streets, and dead poultry of all kinds, cats, dogs, sheep and bucks, were lying about on the high stoeps and against the sides of the mountains. The sun had again put in an appearance and seemed to shine all the brighter for having hidden away all the previous day.

In the afternoon the village appeared even in greater disorder; furniture and shop goods of all kinds had been carried out of the different houses into the streets, for the purpose of being dried; wet clothing, bedding, &c., were hanging out on all the hedges; men, women, and children running to and fro, some in slippers, some bare-footed, carrying out the different articles, or searching about for some missing treasure that had either been washed away or buried in the ruins. The varied, and in many cases unsuitable costumes, figuring in this scene of confusion, were remarkable if not laughable. One old gentleman bustled about in his black cloth Sunday suit, large broad-brimmed straw hat, one slipper and one boot, the only articles of his wardrobe which had escaped the wet. Old Mrs. Van Besterveld was arrayed, much to her inconvenience, in a dress and jacket belonging to her daughter, and considering that the aforesaid daughter was half as tall again (and proportionately stout) as her short frail-looking little mother, the old lady's usual activity was much retarded. Meanwhile a party had gone out in search of the remains of poor Mina Russouw, which they found at last amongst some of the bushes of the "Doorn Plaat." There also they found old Adam and his faithful companion, still seated on their little raft, the former being half dead from exposure and wet, suffering as the poor fellow also was from his old complaint—rheumatics. The corpse of the poor girl was then placed upon a litter, which had been brought for that purpose, while old Adam and Tom were placed upon



another, hastily improvised from the surrounding wrecks, which were of a varied nature. Doors, windows, wool-bales, buckets, hencoops, dead creatures of all kinds, composed the *débris*.

After a casual look around, the mournful party returned to the village, where the poor mother was waiting in anxiety and suspense. She had hoped against hope that her dear child might, by some miraculous means, still be alive, but at the first sight she caught of the little procession all hope fled; she felt that she had but to bow the head and strive to say, "Thy will be done." Oh! who can fathom a mother's grief, and such a grief as this; her only daughter, over whom she had watched for so many years with mingled love and fear. How often had she looked forward to the time when they should have changed places, and she should have become the object of tender solicitude, and her daughter the kind, loving, minister to the wants of her beloved mother's declining years. And now the cup had been suddenly dashed to the ground.

"If she had been removed by illness, I should have been partly prepared to lose her," cried the poor stricken mother; "but to be taken away from me without any warning is more than I can bear."

"Do not grieve so, my dear Leenie," expostulated kind Mrs. Breda, who had been all the morning with the sorrowing family; "see how you distress your poor husband; remember how much he also loved poor Mina."

The good woman did all in her power to comfort Mrs. Russouw, and at last prevailed upon her to lie down and take a rest; then leaving her in charge of a neighbour, who had kindly stepped in to render assistance, she hurried home to see what progress Katrina and Mietje had made towards getting the house habitable for the night.

Mr. Breda's house, like many others, had been only slightly damaged; the force of the water had burst open the little kitchen door and rushed straight through the house, carrying away small articles of furniture, and upsetting a few of the larger. Fortunately, the high, old fashioned, wooden bedsteads had preserved the beds from getting wet, with exception of the edges and corners of the bedclothes. The clothes' presses also had remained almost intact, the things on some of the lower shelves only having been wet.

"Well, Katrina," said her mother, kissing her, "how are you getting on?"

"Oh! very well, I think, mamma. Pieter helped me a great deal, moving the furniture, and then he went to see if he could assist Oom Danie. The floors are in a dreadful state; I don't think we will ever get them right again."

"Your papa will have to put in new floors, or otherwise board them, as he sometimes talks of doing, but I am afraid after all this loss he will not be able to afford it."

"Have you heard how Oom Danie's house is?" asked Mrs. Breda, after a while.



“Pieter says it is much the same as ours. Old Elsie, who was regularly washed out of house and home, is helping to put the place to rights again. Pieter tells me Oom Danie has had the wagon, in which they are to go to town, drawn in front of the house, and put Nettie and Susie into it to keep them out of the wet.”

#### CHAPTER V.

The departure for Cape Town was necessarily postponed, Mr. Hugo being anxious to pay another visit to his farm, for the purpose of ascertaining how the rain had fallen there.

Poor Nettie had sustained a great sorrow. In the hurry of leaving Mr. Breda's house on the evening of the flood, her affectionate friend Jip had been forgotten, and his cold stiffened remains had been discovered next day in an old hencoop, into which it had drifted. Nettie proposed that he should be buried at the foot of the old apple tree in the garden, and after having obtained her uncle's permission, and installed Hans as gravedigger, the remains of poor old Jip were duly buried, Susie and Nettie acting as chief mourners, and shedding tears of genuine sorrow. It was some time before the little village resumed its look of order and neatness; but gradually the work of resuscitation went on. The washed-away portions of houses were restored, *débris* removed, the “sluits” or gaps in the streets filled up, and everything wore a clean and new appearance. The greater portion of the unsightly hovels of the coloured inhabitants had been swept away by the flood, and from the funds which had been raised by subscription for the relief of the sufferers, better arranged huts were in progress or construction.

All verdure appeared to be glowing with new life; the tall accacia trees, with their beautiful clusters of white blossoms; the pomegranate hedges, with their bright-scarlet flowers, in contrast to the dark green leaves; the bushes of red and white roses; and last, but not least of all, the lovely mimosas, with their delicately perfumed yellow tufts, all combined in showing their sweets as if to atone for the desolation and confusion which had so lately reigned paramount in their midst.

The preparations for Mr. Hugo's projected trip, which had been so summarily interrupted, were now recommenced. Travelling in those times was very different to what it now is. There were no hotels along the road, and the accommodation, if there was any, so bad that travellers were obliged to provide themselves with almost all necessaries for the journey. At least a week or ten days beforehand, operations commenced. A number of nicely seasoned sausages were first made which were then suspended from the kitchen ceiling in order that they might become partially dried before being packed; next a couple of “roll ribbetjes” were prepared; the sides of a fat sheep or buck being boned, salted, tightly rolled and fastened, then smoked, and finally boiled; a large ovenful of sweet biscuits, or “mos

biscuit," were baked, part of which were generally converted into rusks, by being cut into halves and set back into the oven to harden. A dish of "sesaties" and a couple of loaves of raisin bread, often formed part of the "pad kos;" a knapsack of ground coffee, sugar, the necessary plates (generally tin), knives and forks, cups, or rather "kommetjes" (basins), were all stowed away in the capacious "kosmantje." A couple of "veld stoeltjes" were also provided, and plenty of bedding, amongst which a couple, or at least one, "vel kombaars" (skin blanket) invariably figured, and a water "vaatje" was indispensable.

In the present instance Mrs. Breda kindly superintended the arrangements, and everything was done in her usual good style.

At last all was ready, and one bright morning, after numerous affectionate leave-takings, and not a few tears from old Elsie, who had become much attached to the two little orphans, Oom Danie and his nieces left Belfort for Cape Town. The vehicle was what is called a "stamp" wagon, drawn by a span of eight of Mr. Hugo's best wagon-horses. Spring wagons were not much known at that time, and were considered too frail and incommodious for the requirements of a protracted journey. The travellers proceeded leisurely along, without any particular occurrence, until they arrived at the Paarl, where Mr. Hugo remained a couple of days with some old friends, and fifteen days after their departure from Belfort they arrived in Cape Town.

The children were so excited on their entrance into the dear old town, that they nearly cried for joy; one by one they greeted the familiar sights, Table Mountain, the Lion's Hill, the Castle, the gay dress of the Malays, and above all, how they enjoyed the refreshing and invigorating odour of the sea breeze. Mr. Hugo drove to the house occupied by Mrs. Van der Riet, who received and welcomed them most cordially, and was much pleased at having as companion to her only child Annie the two orphans of her dear friend Jeannette.

Mrs. Van der Riet was an English lady; she had come to the Cape some years previous, in charge of her brother George, who was in a very delicate state of health, and had been recommended by his friends to try the climate of the Cape, in hopes of restoration; but the disease was too far advanced, and before eight months had passed, poor Isabel Tracy, in a strange land and far from all relatives, mourned the death of her dear brother. Fortunately she was not friendless, for many of the Cape Town families, who had made acquaintance with the invalid and his sister, had, with their habitual hospitality and kindness to strangers and the afflicted, completely gained the love and gratitude of Isabel and her brother; and now, on his death, great was the sympathy felt for the poor girl. Several of her new made friends wished Miss Tracy to take up her abode with them until her return to England. Amongst them was old Mrs. Van der

Riet, whose kind invitation she eventually accepted. She intended leaving for England in the *Marian*, which was to sail in three weeks time, and in which a lady of her acquaintance was also going, but as the time for departure drew near, Martinus van der Riet, the old lady's son, grew more and more depressed in spirit, and finally came to the conclusion that if Isabel left the Cape he would be a miserable man, so at the first favourable opportunity prevailed upon the by no means unwilling young lady to abandon her intention of returning to England, and rather to remain and become Mrs. M. van der Riet. Mrs. Van der Riet, senior, was much pleased at the prospect of seeing her dear son united to such an amiable girl; and when the period of mourning for her brother had expired, the wedding took place. The newly married couple took up their abode in a nicely situated and plainly but comfortably furnished house; they tried hard to induce their mother to take up her abode with them, but to no purpose.

"No, my dear children," she would say, "a newly married husband and wife should live by themselves, and in their own home, no matter how small or how humble it is. I know you both love me very much, and I am sure I could be happy with you, and I am not afraid," continued she with a smile, "that I will become that proverbially detested and often much-abused mother-in-law, but I believe that there ought to be no third party to disturb the joys or witness the little differences which *will* arise in the first years of married life; neither of you can expect the other to be perfect, and it is but natural that a little quarrel will take place now and then. I believe that the first years of wedlock are the most trying of all; each one has some little failing or little weakness to overcome, and each must be fully resolved to be forbearing to the faults of the other, and to endeavour to eradicate those which he or she possesses."

And so it was resolved that Mrs. Van der Riet should continue to occupy the house she had lived in for so many years.

But alas! for poor Isabel's shortlived happiness, her husband fell a victim to the small-pox which raged in Cape Town in 18—, and, notwithstanding the united care and attention of his two loving nurses, he was carried off by the dreadful malady, and after two short years of wedded bliss, poor Isabel was left a widow, and her sweet baby of three months was fatherless.

Old Mrs. Van der Riet now insisted that Isabel and her child should henceforth share her home, or at least for the time she would still remain at the Cape, for the old lady sadly feared she would wish to return to her relatives in England. But though her friends and relatives wished her to return to England, Isabel had made up her mind, like the good Ruth of old, to remain with her bereaved mother-in-law. Her own parents had died long ago, but she had two married sisters and several aunts and uncles, any of whom would have been glad to receive her; but Isabel had become so much attached to the dear old lady that she had not the heart to leave her. The mainstay

having been removed (Martinus had occupied a good position in the civil service, and drew a liberal salary), Mrs. Van der Riet and her daughter-in-law decided upon leaving the large comfortable house in Heerengracht, and retired to a smaller one in Bree-street, where, after twelve years, we find them still domiciled, on the arrival of Mr. Hugo, Susie and Nettie.

(To be continued.)

### Coming and Going.

FROM THE DUTCH OF DE GENESTET.

There is a time of coming,  
Of going there's a time ;  
Dost know what meaning nestles  
Within this well-known chime ?

Ah ! he who knows the meaning  
These little words contain,  
Knows also Love's sweet anguish,  
Its raptures and its pain.

He has felt that little moments  
Are sometimes hours of pain,  
While hours of silent rapture  
Like seconds flee amain.

He has, with trembling watching,  
Oft strain'd his listening ear  
To hear the loved one coming,  
The loved one from afar ;

And often, with his treasure,  
Has left his soul behind ;  
And, on his silent journey,  
The words were in his mind.

And life in which the bitter,  
The sweet has always crept,  
He to the full has tasted,  
Has tasted, and has wept ;

And quiet, in his sad soul,  
A treasure he has stored  
Of woe, and love, and sorrow,  
A valuable hoard.

He knows that each sweet meeting  
(On earth alas ! but few !)  
Is dearly paid, whene'er we  
Must say the long adieu.

He sees, but sees in Dreamland,  
Nor is the vision plain,  
Friends, who have long departed,  
Return to him again.

He mourns the joys of spring-tide,  
But dreams no more the fair  
Bright dreams, as when his fingers  
Played in her golden hair.

He thinks not, in the spring-tide,  
When all is fresh and gay,  
Of bright, and blooming flowers ;  
But of autumn's cheerless day.

He hears the winds of winter,  
Their sad plaint murmur soft,  
Their plaint of coming, going,  
The going, ah !—too oft.

He sometimes distant, distant  
Looks back in his has-been :  
The past is fearful, fearful,  
And life a dreary scene.

He muses : Ah ! I've set sail  
But yester on Life's sea,  
And now, upon the ocean,  
So far, so far I be !

He feels his mother's kisses  
Still glowing on his cheek,  
And hears the tender language  
That mothers only speak. . . . .



There is a time of coming,  
Of going there's a time :  
Dost know what meaning nestles  
Within this well-known chime ?

Oh ! he who knows the meaning  
These little words contain,  
Has lived few years, and wishes  
To live them ne'er again !

The coming and the going  
Of men, and things, and dreams,  
To him, unsatiated,  
An empty sameness seems.

He seeks with strong desire  
For One who comes, and stays—  
One who will ne'er forsake him  
Through the eternal days.

And as his own departure  
Is swiftly drawing near,  
He longs to cross the River  
Whose tide he does not fear !

And eager presses forward  
Unto the land his heart,  
Where all are re-united,  
Whence none again depart.

LEINAD.

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## *Ice and Ice Action.*

### II.

Two of the documents relating to that chapter of England's History which I have chosen as my theme, a chapter which is generally termed by Geologists the Glacial Period, still remain unexplained ; they are the Till and the Boulder Clay. To understand their formation we must journey in thought to the Arctic Regions.

Just as, in Switzerland, from the summit of one of the snow-peaks, there extends an almost continuous snow-field for a great distance down the mountain side, so also, from the North Pole, there extends a more or less continuous sheet of ice, for a distance of several degrees of latitude. Three centuries ago, Plancius, a Dutch Geographer, was the first to conceive the

existence of an open polar sea in the midst of this ice-pack, and since his time, partly, I presume from an inborn love of the miraculous, theoretical geographers have cherished the idea, and even practical explorers have been induced to believe in its existence, at the sight of a polynia, or space of open water of unusual size. The existence of this open polar sea is, however, to say the least of it, highly improbable. Far be it from me, indeed, to say that an open polar sea does not exist. No man has yet reached the pole and solved the problem. But Nares, in 1876, found ice of such unusual age and thickness, where Hall had seen an open sea, that he named that part of the Arctic Regions the Palæocrystic Sea, or sea of ancient ice. Exercising therefore, as is our bounden duty in such matters, the scrutinizing scepticism of science, we must write *unproven* after the words open polar sea, and provisionally believe in its non-existence.

During the summer months the great northern *ice-sheet* splits up into great *ice-fields*, and smaller *ice-floes* and *floebergs*, the latter being formed of floes piled one on to another during intense ice-pressure. All of these are separated from one another by narrow water-ways or *leads*, which now and again open out into larger or smaller water-holes, or *polynia*. Where the water-ways predominate navigators call the detached blocks *drift-ice*; but where the ice is so far closed as to render navigation well-nigh if not quite impossible, sailors give to the ice the characteristic name of the *pack*. From the crow's-nest, or sentinel box, on the masthead of a vessel built for arctic navigation, the sailor on watch may tell, by the appearance of the horizon, the state of the ice through which the vessel will have to force her way. For "the light which falls on a field of pack-ice is reflected in the stratum of air above it, and thus gives rise to a characteristic glare which is called the ice-blink. Over water, the ice-blink being absent, a dark spot is seen on the horizon called the '*water-sky*.'"

An inhabitant of Gulf-stream-warmed England, or of sunny South Africa, can form but a faint conception of the intense cold borne by those noble sailors who venture into those regions of arctic cold. Both Maclure in 1853, and Nares in 1876, experienced a cold of some 74° Fah. below zero, or more than 100 degrees of frost. At this temperature the touch of metal will raise a blister on the skin as readily as, in our own climate, a heated piece of iron; mercury is as solid as lead, and may be shot as a bullet from a rifle; "a sheet of ice several inches thick is formed on open salt water in a few hours," while during a winter of such cold, a thickness of some eight feet of sea ice may be formed, masses of which being forced one over the other by pressure accumulate into *floebergs* of ancient ice some hundreds of feet in thickness.

What is it then which tempts Governments and individuals to expend money, and men to risk their lives amid the dangers of the arctic ocean? The object was not, I imagine, the same nearly 300

years ago as it is to-day. Towards the end of the 15th century the maritime adventurers of Spain and Portugal were anxiously striving to find a sea passage to the East Indies, and were incidentally discovering new lands within the tropics. The doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasca di Gama; perhaps, indeed, merely a repetition of that which was effected by the Phœnicians at the instigation of Neco, king of Egypt, nearly 2,000 years before; the re-discovery of a new world by Columbus, the landing of Alvarez de Cabral on the coast of Brazil, and the circumnavigation of the globe not many years later (1510) by Magellan, resulted in the conquest by the civilised world of islands and continents of fabulous richness, and gave an impulse to maritime adventure. The English and Dutch, therefore, behindhand indeed in discovery, determined to find, if it were possible, new routes to the Indies, north of the continents of Asia and America; in a word, a north-east and a north-west passage. Might there not, too, be an Arctic El Dorado? To force a passage through the pack-ice of the arctic regions was, however, a far more trying and dangerous endeavour than to sail before the trade winds among the spice islands of the South, and we cannot wonder that even the brave officers in the service of the Muscovy Company (Burrough and Hudson, and many another), or the bold Dutchman, Barents, failed in their enterprise. But though Henry Hudson did not fulfil his avowed intention to sail "right across the pole to Japan," his voyage was not unsuccessful, for it led to the institution of a rich and prosperous hunting ground—misnamed a fishery—for whales and sea-horses and seals. The first incitement to penetrate the arctic ocean, then, was to find a north-west or north-east passage to India and Japan, and many a brave seaman started on the quest. These early adventurers were, in turn, followed by those who, for the sake of gain, hunted the whale, the walrus, or the seal. Lastly, there followed on these, in more recent times, zealous explorers, bent not only on discovering a route to the pole and proving the truth or the fallacy of the belief in an open polar ocean, but on the extension of our knowledge of lands in the high north, of the physics of the polar ice-sheet, and of the meteorology of the arctic regions. Now, indeed, we know that both a north-east and north-west passage exist. Behring, in 1728, discovered that the American and Asiatic continents are separated by the narrow strait to which his name has been given. Since that time Russian explorers have examined all the coast westwards from Behring Straits to Novaya Zemlya, describing it as the most desolate in the whole arctic regions, and Maclure, in 1850, sailing eastwards from Behring Straits, found that Prince of Wales Strait opened into Barrow Gulf, which had been entered by Parry from Baffin Bay on the East; "a barren honour, for though he and his men passed safely through after three years' detention in the impenetrable Gulf of Boothia, he was obliged to abandon his ship and make his way on sledges to the relief expedition which met him from the West." Though "the

Russians would be saved a voyage of 18,800 geographical miles could they cross the pole and pass through Behring Straits to their North Pacific settlements instead of going by Cape Horn; and a direct course from the Thames, across the North Pole to Behring Straits would only be 3,570 geographical miles," yet all hopes of practically utilizing either the North-west or North-east passage have long ago been altogether abandoned.

To give some idea of arctic adventure, and to illustrate at the same time some important facts connected with the ice of the far north, I shall very briefly describe what befel the *Tegetthoff* and her crew during the Austrian expedition of 1872-74. This vessel, a screw-steamer of 220 tons burden, left Tromsøe in Norway in July, 1872, provisioned for a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years' voyage in the arctic seas of the Novaya Zemlya region. In less than a month they met with drift-ice in lat.  $74^{\circ}$  N., and in a few days parted company with a little sailing vessel which had accompanied them so far on their voyage. A few hours later they were beset in lat.  $76^{\circ} 22'$  N., and became fixed in the ice near the coast of Novaya Zemlya. *The ship never floated again in open water.* But though fixed in the ice she did not remain stationary, for with the floe, from which she was never to get free, she slowly drifted northwards before the prevalent wind, to the 79th parallel of north latitude. All through the long night-winter she drifted on, her crew longing for the morning of spring when, as they fondly hoped, the ship would be freed from her ice-prison. What a fearful night-winter was that! Fearful, indeed, to be drifting (who knew whither?) amid the darkness and the ice, but doubly fearful to be subject to the ice-nip which again and again threatened to crush the *Tegetthoff* like an eggshell. On the 13th of October, a Sunday, the floe in which they were fixed burst across immediately under the ship. Then followed a scene of wild confusion. The low groan which issued from the heaving ice grew into a deep rumbling sound, and at last rose into a furious howl as of myriads of voices. Blocks of ice were piled up one upon another, and drove hither and thither. Destruction seemed on the point of overwhelming them as the fields of ice crashed together. The ship was raised by the ice-nip quite above the level of the sea. Nor was this the only form of danger. On November 20th a vast mass formed of piles of broken ice bore down on the ship amid a fearful din. "Silent and conscious of our utter helplessness," writes Julius Payer, one of the commanders, "we watched this gigantic heap of crashing ice-tables, drifting nearer and nearer, crushing as it advanced the heaviest pieces of ice with a noise which echoed through our ship. Escape seemed impossible, and Providence alone arrested its career."

Even to us, separated from these dangers by a distance both of space and time, the horror of the situation is thus clearly brought home. What must have been the feelings of those twenty-four men to whom this ice-pressure was a stern and ever-present reality?



One fact was, however, abundantly clear to them, and is through them to us, that the palæocrystic ice in which the vessel was beset "was not the result of direct freezing of layer on layer, but to a great extent the result of pressure, by which a whole field may be broken up, and the pieces so piled over each other as to form impassable mountains and valleys." May we not then suppose that the so-called ancient ice of Smith's Sound was formed in a similar manner; and is not the "accumulation of many years, if not of centuries," as was the general impression among the officers of the English North Pole Expedition of 1876.

At length the sun of 1873 rose upon the *Tegetthoff*, and during the whole of the spring and summer of that year the crew vainly endeavoured to free their ship from her icy prison. As autumn drew near they looked forward with gloomy forebodings to a second winter spent in the midst of that terrible ice-pressure. The thermometer of hope might well have almost sunk to the zero of despair as the poor men thought of having at length, when the long winter was over, to abandon their ship and return to Austria—if indeed by some almost miracle they should be able to do so—with the news that they had discovered—*nothing*.

But on August 30th the thermometer of hope and excitement rose in a most sudden and unlooked-for manner; for the ship, drifting northwards, carried them by extreme good fortune within sight of new and unexplored islands, now known as Kaiser Franz Josef Land. The season being too far advanced for systematic sledging the crew had to wait, as patiently as might be, through the long night the advent of the sunrise of arctic spring.

With the first dawn of 1874 preparations were made for sledging expeditions, of which Lieut. Payer took the command, to the newly discovered land. By these it was discovered that Kaiser Franz Josef Land was divided into two main portions by a desolate sound, now called Austria Sound. Pushing on beyond the rest of his party, Lieut. Payer and one of his men reached Cape Fligely in  $82^{\circ} 5' N.$  lat., and from that high point saw an open polynia, and beyond that the mountains of another island, which he estimated to be north of the 83rd parallel of latitude. This was the highest point they reached; and it was not without much difficulty and many dangers that Payer and his party regained the ship.

Some two months were spent in these sledging expeditions to the new country, and then on the 20th of May the good ship *Tegetthoff* was finally abandoned—left still fast locked in the ice of the far north—and in her the valuable natural-history collection made by the officers during the summer of 1873. Aided by their faithful dogs they alternately dragged and floated their boats slowly southwards, and after two months of exhausting labour were *nine miles south of the 'Tegetthoff'*. Had it not been that open water was reached in lat.  $77^{\circ} 40' N.$ , more than  $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  further north than in 1872, we might still be ignorant of the fate of the *Tegetthoff*, and



unacquainted with Kaiser Franz Josef Land. As it was the crew rowed and sailed southwards, by the west coast of Novaya Zemlya, and were at length picked up by a Russian fishing vessel, and in her reached Norway in safety.

Nothing can be more striking than the change in the position of the ice-pack which took place between 1872 and 1874. In the former year the ice was entered in  $74^{\circ}$  N. lat.; in 1874 it was left in  $77^{\circ} 40'$  N. lat. In commenting on these changes in the position of the ice-pack Payer writes the following striking and somewhat prophetic passage:—"Those propitious ice-years amount, therefore, to nothing more than a recession of the outer ice barrier—trifling when compared with the mighty whole—or to an increased navigability of certain coast waters, or to a local loosening of the inner polar ice-net. In reality the whole arctic sea, with its countless ice-field and floes, and its web of fine interlacing waterways, is nothing but a net constantly in motion from local, terrestrial, or cosmical causes. All the changes and phenomena of this mighty network lead us to infer the existence of frozen seas up to the pole itself; and according to my own experience gained in three expeditions, I consider *that the states of the ice between  $82^{\circ}$  and  $90^{\circ}$  north latitude will not essentially differ from those which have been observed south of latitude  $82^{\circ}$ ; I incline rather to the belief that they will be found worse instead of better.*" And this is exactly what the expedition under Sir George Nares found.

Of all countries within the arctic circle Greenland will probably give us the best clue to the formation of our own Till and Boulder Clay. The West Coast of Greenland is indented by numberless fiords, a characteristic which it shares with Western Norway, parts of Scotland, and other countries. The fiords used, not many years ago, to be regarded as valleys only, or parts of valleys filled by the sea; so that if the land rose the fiord would be converted into a valley. But this view is not quite correct; for all strongly-marked fiords are not only valleys filled by the sea, but also lake-basins; so that if the land rose the fiord would be converted into a lake reposing in a valley. When a fiord is followed up into the country the way is sooner or later barred by a glacier which has descended the valley and extends across the fiord from shore to shore, ending in a steep wall which gives rise to icebergs. Occasionally, indeed, the glacier does not descend the valley to the sea-level; but no large fiord or valley is known in the mainland of Greenland which does not contain a more or less imposing glacier. Huge as are these glaciers they were once even more extensive than they are now. Far from the existing glaciers, grooves, roches montonnees, moraines, and erratic blocks, speak of the former still greater extension of the Greenland ice. It was in these days gone by that the ice filled *all* the fiords, and by its power of erosion caused in them the formation of rock basins.

In the Greenland fiords there float a great number of icebergs,

which, in some cases, are so numerous as to render the fiord inaccessible to boats in the summer time, and are occasionally so closely packed that it is impossible to determine, even from an elevation, where the glacier ends and the fleet of icebergs begins. It must be a sight of no mean grandeur, that of the formation of an iceberg at the termination of a huge glacier. It is forced off from the parent glacier by the buoyant action of the sea from beneath, for the great ice-stream in its flow down its valley-bed creeps slowly out to sea along the bottom; but ere long the specific lightness of the ice—its power of flotation—overcoming the cohesion of the mass, causes a great berg to be wrenched off the termination of the glacier. "The ice groans and creaks; there is a crashing, then a roar like the discharge of a park of artillery; and with a monstrous regurgitation of waves, felt far from the scene of disturbance, the iceberg is launched into life. This process is known in Greenland as the *calving* of a glacier. The calving which commences in one part of an ice-field will be continued in another, and a second great mass of the glacier will break loose, accompanied by a terrific crash, and by white clouds of spray (or comminuted ice) hurled into the air." An indescribable confusion will last for about half-an-hour, and then things will become once more quiet.

Above the point at which it enters the fiord a Greenland glacier is often much crevassed, and its surface, like that of a Swiss glacier, is carved into fantastic ice-peaks and seracs. The icebergs which are formed from such a source will be impressed with a similar irregular and fantastic form. "When viewed out of danger this noble assemblage of ice palaces is a magnificent sight, and voyagers may well indulge in some poetic frenzy at the view. The heat of noonday melts their sides; and the rays of the red evening sun glancing askance among them may well conjure up fairy visions of castles of silver and cathedrals of gold." Such icebergs stand from 200 to 300 feet out of the water, six-sevenths of their mass being below the surface.

But besides the comparatively cramped and constricted glaciers which are found in the fiords, there are in Greenland still more extensive ice-sheets, which pass more directly from the main inland ice into the sea of Baffin Bay. The hugest representative of this class is Humboldt Glacier, which presents a sea-face some sixty miles in width. From the conditions of its existence such a glacier, which may be looked upon as a huge tongue from the mighty ice-sheet, is not extensively crevassed and broken up into seracs like the ice of the fiord glaciers. The icebergs, therefore, which are torn from the termination of such a glacier, like those which are formed from the vast antarctic ice-sheet, are far more regular in form than those which are calved in the fiords, being more or less flat-topped, or, perhaps, conical in general outline. Icebergs formed in this way are of vast size. Dr. Hayes once landed upon one three-and-a-half miles in circumference, with an average height of 180 feet, on which

was a winding lake a quarter of a mile long. From this lake a large stream rushed through a narrow crystal gorge, and then leapt wildly into the sea. It is the remnants of these huge icebergs which are met with in spring in the Northern Atlantic.

All along the west coast of Greenland there are mountains which are described as alpine in character, and which rise from the sea to a height of from 4,000 to 6,000 feet. From a commanding position on one of these peaks, it may be seen that the glaciers which enter the Greenland fiords take their origin from a vast and mighty reservoir of inland ice, which lies at a lower level than, and is therefore overtopped by, the mountains of the western coast. This plain of inland ice is perhaps the most interesting feature about Greenland. It rises slowly towards the interior, forming an undulating sky-line, but though, here and there, portions of land protrude like islands near the border of this sea of ice, nowhere do mountains rise from it at any great distance from its outer edge. Except on its landward border the great *Mer de Glace* is almost entirely free of moraine formation, and is composed of undulating hummocks or closely heaped pyramids and ridges, like the waves of the sea suddenly bound in fetters by the cold, and converted into white granular ice, resembling that of a Swiss glacier. At a short distance beneath the surface this granular ice gives way to more compact glacier ice, in which are air-bubbles, and which is not unfrequently streaked with blue veins, a feature also met with in Switzerland. Near the outer edge, and especially in those tongues of ice which occupy the fiords, the ice is extensively crevassed, but further inland it becomes gradually smoother, and is only here and there broken by some huge bottomless cavern. Over this smoother ice in the summer there flow, between blue banks of ice, rivers of water which are both broad, deep, and copious, and cannot be crossed without a bridge. If one of these rivers be followed down stream a distant roar may soon be heard, and the whole river is found to rush down a perpendicular cleft, or huge moulin, into the depths below. On bending the ear down to the ice in any part of the eismeer, "one could hear," writes Prof. Nordenskiöld, "on every side a peculiar subterranean hum, proceeding from rivers flowing within the ice, while occasionally a loud single report like that of a cannon gave notice of the formation of a new glacier cleft." Hayes, who advanced seventy miles over the inland ice, writes:—"Our station at the camp was sublime as it was dangerous. We had attained an altitude of 5,000 feet above the sea-level, and were seventy miles from the coast, in the midst of a vast frozen Sahara, immeasurable to the human eye. There was neither hill, mountain, nor gorge anywhere in view. We had completely sunk the strip of land between the *Mer de Glace* and the sea, and no object met the eye but our feeble tent, which bent to the storm. Fitful clouds swept over the face of the full-orbed moon, which, descending towards the horizon, glimmered through the drifting snow that scudded over the icy plain—to the eye in

undulating lines of downy softness, to the flesh in showers of piercing darts."

Thus the great ice-sheet stretches inland as far as man has been able to trace it from the west. About the east coast of Greenland we know but little. Julius Payer describes it as "a magnificent alpine land, with a comparatively rich vegetation and abundant animal life." We may fairly infer, however, that the ice-field stretches right across the continent, covering an area greater than Scandinavia. Whereabouts the slope of the ice-field may change from a westerly to an easterly direction, who can tell?

That there must be a "divide" between the ice which is flowing westwards and that which flows to the east, is self-evident; for that the ice of Greenland is in motion is now an established fact. The rate of flow of many of the fiord glaciers of West Greenland has been carefully measured. The glacier of Jacobshavn was found to flow onwards at the extraordinary rapid rate of sixty-four feet in a day. Other Greenland glaciers were found, indeed, to have a much less rapid daily motion, but the rate of flow was, in nearly all cases, very much in excess of that of any of the Swiss glaciers, that of the Mer de Glace, near Chamoni, being somewhat under three feet. From these facts we may, I think, learn that the rate of flow of a glacier depends, not so much upon the slope of its bed (for the bed of the Jacobshavn glacier has a slope of only half a degree), as upon the size of the ice-field from which it takes its origin. This is borne out, as I believe, by comparative measurements on the Swiss glaciers.

What becomes of all the ice carried down to the sea at the rate of twenty yards a day in the Jacobshaon fiord? Is it all to be accounted for by the formation of ice-bergs which float off into the more open sea, or is there an overplus which must be accounted for in some other way? Dr. Rink, who lived for many years in Greenland, estimated the yearly rainfall, at twelve inches. Of this he calculates that only one-sixth part can be accounted for by the calving of the glaciers, and a smaller proportion still lost by general evaporation from the surface. The rest, amounting to more than two-thirds of the rainfall can only be accounted for by the existence of sub-glacial streams which flow beneath the ice, and result from the melting of the glacier. These streams may be seen when a strip of shore intervenes between the water of the fiord and the ice of the glacier. They closely resemble those which are found at the snout of a Swiss glacier, and like them are heavily laden with fine glacial mud or "*fleur des roches*."

Let us now see what will be the geological effects of so great an ice-sheet as that beneath which Greenland is buried. The ice, as it passes over the surface of the country, grinds down the rocks to an impalpable mud, impressing on them many grooves and striæ, and tearing off not unfrequently great rock masses, which have been previously loosened by the formation of joints or from some other



cause. In this way, especially in any hollows which are somewhat protected from the extreme severity of the grinding action, a material will be formed answering very closely to the description I have before given of the British Till—a description which I venture to repeat. It is composed of a stiff tenacious clay, stuck full of blocks and boulders of rock. The clayey material generally resembles in colour the rocks on which it lies; it contains no shells and is not arranged in layers. The majority of the stones belong to the immediate neighbourhood, and many of them bear a number of peculiar and characteristic marks, resembling grooves and fine striations. The whole formation is dragged forward as the ice-sheet flows steadily and slowly onwards.

In 1869, Dr. Hayes was fortunate enough to be able to grope his way, by means of a lateral crevasse, beneath the glacier of Sermitz-sialik in South Greenland. He thus describes what he saw: "Inspired by curiosity, I entered one of these (crevasses) to find myself scrambling along over rocks and through deep mud, while water dropped down upon my head in torrents for a distance of about thirty yards, when I came upon the border of a rushing stream of muddy water. As I stood here, I realized more thoroughly than ever before, the process by which have been formed those markings on the rocks, which Professor Agassiz has so conspicuously pointed out in regions which were once covered with ice during the glacial epoch. The effect of this enormous pressure of these hundreds of feet of ice that were above my head, sliding down over the rocks and rolling over the boulders, was there evident to the senses. The movable boulders were being rounded or ground to powder, and the bed was being scarred with deep and ineffaceable scratches." These deep and ineffaceable scratches are the main grooves which I mentioned as occurring in Northern Britain.

And now how may the Boulder Clay have been formed? Let us see if anything of a similar nature is being deposited in our own times in the vicinity of the Great Greenland Mer de Glace. In speaking of the glacier of Sermitz-sialik before mentioned, Dr. Hayes writes: "Near the centre, and not far from the front of the glacier, we found the deepest water, the colour of which changed soon after passing the centre, from a light green to a dirty brown. The causes of this was soon explained. The eastern side of the valley, in which the glacier rests, is much deeper than the other side, and the waters from the surface of the Mer de Glace, and the glacier itself, which find their way down through the chasms, gather in the deepest portion of the valley, and, rushing on over the rocks beneath the ice, reach, finally, the front of the glacier, where they bubble up like a huge, seething caldron—a Stygian pool of fearful aspect. This muddy water discolours that side of the fiord all the way to the sea, a circumstance which I was quite at a loss to account for until I had actually witnessed the cause of it, and seen the *Panther* carried by the force of the current bodily off from the glacier against the action



of the helm." The same is true of every glacier fiord of West Greenland, for just as from the snout of every Swiss glacier there issues a stream which is turbid with *fleur des roches*, so too from the termination of each of the glaciers in Greenland, even if it be the salt water of a fiord, or in the more open sea of Baffin's Bay, there issues a similar stream which is in like manner heavily charged with glacial mud. A large proportion of this mud, thus carried into the sea, must certainly be deposited in the fiord into which the glacier stream flows more especially when, as is often the case, the flow of the water from the fiord is checked by the number of icebergs which have accumulated and stranded at its entrance. Some of the fine mud is, however, carried from the mouth of the fiord, and laid down in the more open sea. Thus a stratified formation of glacial mud is deposited in the fiords and along the west coast of Greenland, and in this clayey bed a greater or less number of arctic shells will live and burrow, according to the position and rate of deposition of the fine material.

When the glacier at the head of a Greenland fiord calves, or gives birth to an iceberg, it does not launch this ice raft unfreighted, for not only does the iceberg carry off with it any angular moraine matter which may be lodged on its surface, but it also bears, tightly fixed to its under surface, some of the grooved and striated blocks of the ground moraine or till formation. Thus laden it floats off into the fiord; but there the summer's sun beats down upon its surface, the waves play around and lap its sides, and by these processes it is slowly but surely dissolved. As solution proceeds it drops one by one, some in the fiord, some in the more open sea, the blocks which it had borne from the mainland, and these blocks and boulders become embedded in the fine glacial mud. Thus a material is formed of which Dr. Robert Brown writes: "*After carefully examining and studying this clay, I can find no appreciable difference between it and the brick clay, or fossiliferous boulder clay.*" Not unfrequently in the Greenland seas an iceberg, somewhat huger than its fellows, may be seen, while drifting steadily onwards by the force of wind or current, to be checked in its course, to sway heavily to and fro for a short time, and then to stop, having run aground and ploughed for some distance into the bottom. It was in some such way as this, as many geologists believe, that the boulder clay of the glacial epoch, became, in places, crumpled and contorted, for an iceberg, ploughing its way over layers of soft, yielding materials, would readily throw them into complicated curves.

It is interesting to notice the fact that the boulder clay of the Greenland fiords contains, heaped together, the materials which are in Switzerland, separated into the moraines and the glacial mud. In Switzerland the heavy material is dropped at the foot of the glacier, and the fine mud is carried forward to the nearest lake, or perhaps to the sea. In Greenland the fine mud is also carried into the sea, but the heavy material is in like manner borne away from the

glacier, on floating ice, and thus comes to be commingled with the fine mud. The boulders of the boulder clay are the scattered moraines of the Greenland fiord glaciers.

Having thus compared the ancient geological documents of England with the modern documents of Switzerland and Greenland, we are now in a position to read that chapter of the geological History of England which is commonly headed "The Glacial Epoch." I have, however, only brought before your notice a few of the most important and striking documents. A thorough comparison and consideration of *all* the documents is the work of a lifetime. Mr. James Geikie has, indeed, made the study of the Great Ice Age the main work of his life. I shall, therefore, give here his reading of this period of England's History, in great part in his own words, merely remarking that time and a fuller knowledge of the subject may not improbably bring about a modification of some of those views.

Somewhere about 250,000 years ago, the earth, as we know from the calculations of astronomers, was so placed in regard to the sun that a series of physical changes was induced, such as for example the deflection of the Gulf-stream into the southern hemisphere, which brought about, in our hemisphere, an intensely severe climate. Scotland and the North of England were well nigh buried beneath a great snowy ice-pall, while giant glaciers passed from the British mountains to the sea, and there gave birth to great icebergs. The climate of the South of England also must have been extremely severe, though we have no evidence for saying that it too was buried beneath a load of snow and ice.

To this period of extreme severity followed a more temperate season, when the mammoth and the woolly-coated rhinoceros roamed in our valleys, the great bear haunted our caves, and pine-trees grew in the South of England. And this in turn was succeeded by a time when something like perpetual spring reigned in Britain, when the hippopotamus wallowed in our rivers, and the elephant crashed through our forests; when the lion, the tiger, and the hyæna became denizens of the English caves. Strange as it must sound to some of you, the same astronomical causes which brought about the extreme cold, produced also in a manner which I have not time to explain to you this perpetual spring. But this was not to last; the climate once more became severe: the southern mammalia disappeared and were succeeded by arctic animals, the reindeer, the lemming, and the marmot; then these in turn were forced to migrate southwards, and once more ice and snow covered the north of Britain.

We cannot yet say how often such alternations of cold and warm periods were repeated; but we know that, during part of this period, the sea slowly gained upon the land until, little by little, a large portion of our country was submerged, a submergence which reached in Wales to the extent of some 2,000 feet. When this submergence

commenced the climate was genial, but when it reached its climax the last cold period came upon our land. Intense arctic cold converted the rocky islands which then represented Britain into a frozen Archipelago. Then another change ensued. The sea gradually retreated, and our hills and valleys eventually reappeared. Step by step the British Islands rose out of the waters, until for the last time, they became united to the continent. Snow, however, still covered our loftier mountains and the glaciers, which left those signs of their presence which I described in the first half of my lecture, yet linger in some of our upland valleys.

As ages passed by the climate became more genial; a forest growth covered the country, and herds of cattle wandered in its grassy glades, but the southern mammalia never returned to their old haunts, and it is even doubtful whether the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros again appeared in Britain. They seem, however, to have lingered on for a time in Central Europe. Still the time rolled on: the sea again stole in between our islands and the continent, until a final severance was effected, a severance which brings to a close our chapter of Geological History.

One more fact concerning the period which we have been considering cannot fail to be of interest to us. Among the documents which may now, I think, without doubt be referred to the glacial epoch are some—rude chipped hatchets and other implements of stone—which tell of the presence of man. When exactly he first appeared upon our island it is quite impossible for us to tell. At some period when England was joined to the continent—perhaps during some warm interglacial period—he probably migrated northwards, and manufactured his rude weapons on the banks of the Thames. What changes has he not witnessed during the more than eighty thousand years that have elapsed since that time! What changes of climate! The hippopotamus and other animals of a southern type replacing the reindeer of a colder clime; subtropical heat following glacial cold. What geographical changes! At one time all the northern portion of the British Isles submerged many hundreds of feet: at another our islands united to the continent of Europe. What improvements has he not himself undergone, from the time when he chipped rude hatchets from rough flints, to the time when he first began to work in bronze; and again from the rude pictured mammoth on the piece of reindeer horn, to a Walter press throwing off some 16,000 copies of the *Times* in an hour. Wondrous changes indeed! Shall we not all bow our heads in deep humility, when we think of that Divine Power of which man's very being, and all these changes which he has witnessed, are but manifestations?

C. LLOYD MORGAN.

## Funchal.

ALL the villagers know me, from the baby who thrusts its chubby hands into my shaggy mane and coos over me like a dove out of practice, to the white-haired inmate of the workhouse. I have a friendly wag of my bushy tail for all and each; but what care I for them in comparison to the love I bear my young master. Who ever saw a face like his, so bright and frank? One look into his eyes would tell you he was incapable of falsehood or deceit. I knew what he was the first time they met mine, and then I was only a conceited puppy, and thought too much of myself to do so of anyone else. Now I am a dog of the world, can discern; but there!—as he says when I bark too much, “Fun, self-praise is dispraise.”

Fun is a funny name, you say—it is. I was born at Madeira, and my master then was a miserable, half-starved Portuguese, who spent most of his time in spiking and yelling to the poor bullocks who did their best to drag the “cars” over the slippery stones. When he was not doing that, he was playing cards, as dirty as himself, with his friend, equally dirty, but who often refreshed himself by diving for small coin alongside of the vessels lying out beyond “Loo Rock.” Owing to those cards, as the only payment for a heavy debt, I found myself one day the possession of the ragged little diver. Next morning I was deposited, in company with work-tables, baskets, and walking-sticks, into one of the old boats *en route* for one of the steamers, with the hope of being exchanged for a gold piece.

Harold, my dear old master, was about seventeen then. I was quite lost in the general bazaar on the deck, and was more than frightened, when his “poor little chap,” fell on my bewildered ears.

“Beautiful dog, signor; only one pound. Cheap, signor; very cheap. He beautiful dog, look at his limbs, signor.”

I hoped his breath was exhausted, but it never was when a bargain was in prospect.

“You fellows think we English are made of money,” said Harold stroking me. “I will give you ten shillings for him.”

“One pound, signor; never get a dog like this for one pound. Very cheap, signor; very cheap.”

“Ten shillings!” and he turned away.

I felt downhearted, though I knew I was not worth more than a few shillings. I gazed wistfully after him as he went from fibre d’oyleys to silk shawls. There was the bell too, and we must go.

“Buy a dog, signor; only one pound—very cheap.”

But no one wished to waste a pound on me.

“Hallo, my fine fellow, what are you doing with my dog?” There was Harold. “One pound; signor can have him for one pound.”

“Here are ten shillings; you will never get more, you scamp.”



The cunning Portuguese looked in his face a moment, put me in his arms, and with a "thanks, signor," was down the steps and into the boat. I felt I was in good hands, and liked the wretched little diver better than I had ever done before. The boats went by twos and threes, the anchor heaved, and I was leaving my birthplace with no regret.

I know it is the correct thing to rave about your native land, with its vine-clad hills, etc. ; but I never had a chance of enjoying the vine-clad hills, and the narrow dirty streets, with lame and blind at every corner, I was tired of. It looked quite a different place, watching it from my master's arms. The white "quintas," with their green shutters, dotted amid the green, gradually losing themselves as they neared the "Lady of the Mount," which stood in solitary grandeur, looking down upon the town beneath, with the dark "Corrals," thickly wooded, showing their own beauty and enhancing all other. The reality is not so pleasing as the picture. I once went up with my "caro master." A long toilsome journey up—though lovely as one draws near the building. There is a flight of stone steps up to the door of the "Lady of the Mount." I heard my master telling some one that the priests often used them for "penance," making their poor deluded victims ascend the hill upon their knees, and up these steps, with a lighted taper in each hand. There is nothing remarkable in the interior—paper flowers and various images. The "Lady of the Mount" looks better from below during the festivals, for then you discern the entire shape of the building by its illumination. My master used to take me into the cathedral sometimes. The ceiling is of cedar, an hundred years old. But what did I care for all that kind of thing ! If all Catholic countries resemble Madeira, they are famous for poverty, squalor, disease, and ignorance ; for *now* I know what ignorance is. The peasants look healthy. I used to watch them coming down from the mountains, with the pressed grape-juice filling the pig-skins they carried on their backs, bearing the entire weight upon their brow by a band, and I used to envy them their life, now I can afford to pity it. I looked with no sorrowful eye upon the little island as we gradually left it behind us.

One by one the passengers came up and admired me, and I really began to realize that I was of some importance.

"What will *you* do with a dog, Mr. Whyte ? I thought only *we* were supposed to have minds small enough to waste caresses upon such articles." The speaker was small, if her mind was not, with bonnie, laughing eyes and a truthful face.

"What will I do with him ?" said Harold ; "what I do with myself, I suppose,—take care of him, and when I am tired of that, give ourselves away."

"Always providing some one will accept your gift," she said.

"Always providing !" He bowed very low, took off his hat, showing his rich dark hair as he did so.



"What shall I call him?"

"Call him,—let me see!" she said; "call him 'Fun,' you bought him at Funchal."

"Was it fun?" He looked almost pleadingly.

"If I tell you to call him so it must have been." She coloured.

But I liked her, for she took me in her arms. She was the only one who *could* pet me, next to my dear Harold.

It was a quiet week on board. I had time for making observations. My young master was an orphan; had lately lost his father. For many years he had been at a college he called "Diocesan." It ought to have been proud of him, I think. I know some one who thought so too, but she was too wise to say so.

After we reached England my master took me to his pretty English home, but I never loved it when he was absent, which was often. His little sister was very good to me, but then she was not Harold. One day he came home from college in such spirits, and they all seemed so proud of him. I was always that. I remember they had tea under the old elm, and he made a speech, too long for me to remember, and that night he told me in secret, "'Fun,' old boy, you will soon have a mistress." It seemed to make him happy, so I wagged my tail. But while I had him near me what did I want with anyone else? He looked so bright and handsome in those days, and his voice had such a cheery ring in it.

"Fun, old man, come and look for the letters." And all the way to the odd little post-office he used to chatter to me, until my tail quite ached answering him. But then I knew it would have a rest coming back, for never a word did he give me, but I did not mind, for they were always "business" letters. One bright sunny afternoon we went together as usual, and he seemed more joyous than he had ever been. He listened so patiently to the post-office mistress, as she gave him a breathless account of household grievances, but I saw by the fire in his eye that his thoughts were with the envelope she was so slow in placing in his hand. However, we went together up a little lane, the "long-cut" home, and I betook myself to the hedges, hoping to startle any quiet dreamy birds I might find there, for what right had they to be dreamy when we were so bright and happy. I had just succeeded, when a sudden exclamation from Harold, and with a bound I was by his side. Something was wrong, for he had never looked like that before. The letter was in his hand, but his eye was *far* away, and his mouth looked as though it could never smile again. I jumped round him. I asked him repeatedly what troubled him, but though he stroked me, aye, quite as gently as usual, I saw his thoughts were not with *me*.

For a *long* time he stood there, and I waited quietly, till at last his thoughts came back. Where from? "Fun," he said quickly; "Fun, come home," and with quick heavy strides he traversed the narrow lane. He did not say a word when he got indoors, but

put the letter into his little smiling sister's hand, and was off to the stables. I waited half a minute—long enough to see the bonnie sister's face grow sad—and then followed him. Before I could reach him he was back, the letter in his breast-pocket, a kiss to the sister, and before the groom had brought the horse up to the door, he was on it—and with a bound I was after him. But the groom was at the gate, and though I pleaded and strove with all my strength, it was useless. The gate was shut : my master one side, I the other.

What long weary days those were to me. Vainly my mistress stroked my head with her soft hand. Harold was in sorrow, but at last he was coming. We went over one evening to the little post office, and the first happy light I had seen, shone in her eyes as they glanced through it. "They are coming, Fun ! They are coming !" I did not know who "they" meant, but as long as one was Harold, I was happy. We cheered up after that. My mistress seemed to have a great deal to do, so I used to sit outside the hall-door and watch. Just as the last ray of pink was dying away one evening, I heard carriage wheels—and there "they" were. I could not understand though. He lifted her out gently, and as he kissed her in the hall, his eyes were very misty.

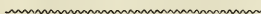
"Is that Fun ?" she asked. "Do you remember when I named him, Harold."

Remember it ! He was not likely to forget. He called me to her. She put her hand out in a strange uncertain way—and then I knew by her touch that she could not see. Could not see my dear old master—with his noble brow and deep loving eyes. And he had brought her home—a home her eyes might never rest upon, in loving appreciation of all his tenderness could give. But Harold felt it. How much ? I knew, for I was always with them. And she could not see the yearning, loving sorrow in the eyes so seldom off her face. It would not have been there if she could.

"Fun," he said one night as I followed him out in the moonlight—"Fun," I wish I loved my Master as faithfully as you do ; could follow him without a questioning doubt."

He had just led her in, and as he had kissed the patient sightless face, I had seen almost angry agony in his. I licked his hand. How could I comfort him. The moon was just dipping behind a dark long cloud. I watched his eye follow it, and I felt as I did so that *his* Master could not be so very hard. "He knoweth best," he murmured. "What are we to doubt His wisdom ?" and together we went indoors. I was always allowed the mat in the hall, and I heard his wife and sister laughing, one softly, the other merrily, and I knew as I fell asleep that he was happy if they were.

Z.



# The Omnibus Driver's Saturday Night.

Journey, and journey back—  
 Hardly time for a bite ;  
 Six long days on the track,  
 And now it is Saturday night.  
 O, for a day of rest ;  
 O, for a quiet Sunday,  
 To ease a burdened breast,  
 Betwixt to-night and Monday.

Hardly a minute to kiss  
 The birds at home in our nest.  
 All that I say is this:—  
 O, for a little rest—  
 Rest from the hurrying start,  
 Rest from the stony rattle,  
 Rest for the head and the heart,  
 Rest, for us and the cattle.

Ah ! no Sunday for me ;  
 Only the old, old road ;  
 And my poor beasts' Sabbath will be,  
 Collar and shaft and load.  
 Vain is my weekly dream—  
 The dull round comes to-morrow ;  
 A driver must have, 'twould seem,  
 No soul, no sense, no sorrow.

To-morrow the daily yoke,  
 The grating, flinty street,  
 The stoppage at beck of folk  
 That had better use their feet.  
 To-morrow the rumbling 'bus,  
 To-morrow the dreary tavern,—  
 Outset and terminus—  
 Temptations reeking cavern.

Christians, to-morrow at prayer,  
 When our noise your worship mocks,  
 Think, and a whisper spare ;  
 Pray for us on the box.  
 Some of us not of the best,  
 All of us needing forgiving,  
 Might not a Sunday's rest  
 Lead us to better living ?

T. W. SWIFT.

# Adèle ;

## A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

I have a ring that must not shine  
On any finger, love, but thine ;  
I've kept my plighted vows.  
Beneath thy casement here I stand,  
To lead thee by thy own white hand,  
Far from this dull and captive strand,—  
But where art thou ?

WHEN Stallenberg rose the next morning from his couch, languid and unrefreshed, he immediately sought Meerhoff, and urged upon him the necessity of restoring Hancunqua's cattle without loss of time. "The consequences, Meerhoff," said he earnestly ; "will be fatal to us all if you delay."

"But," replied Meerhoff indignantly, "how can I restore to him what I don't possess ? Surely, Field-cornet, it is beneath you to allow yourself to be intimidated by an avaricious Hottentot like Hancunqua. Only let him see that you are afraid of him, and that you believe his trumpery tales, and his cupidity will know no bounds. I, as his nearest neighbour, shall soon be left without a sheep or a head of cattle on my farm."

But Stallenberg was not to be hoodwinked. His late illness, anxieties, and disappointments, had not contributed to soften a naturally choleric temper, and he felt especially irritable upon this eventful morning.

"Meerhoff," said he ; and the tone of his voice so forcibly struck the former, that he dropped involuntarily the swagger he had assumed for the occasion, and fixed his eyes in astonishment on the Field-cornet. "Meerhoff, this won't do ; I have winked at your rascalities long enough, too long, I fear—don't interrupt me," exclaimed he, his white face turning a shade paler, and his hollow eyes flashing with indignation ; "for I don't mean to discuss this subject with you any further. The chief declares that you have his cattle, and I believe him. As Field-cornet I order you now to restore them at once. Disobey me at your peril."

Meerhoff's face grew livid with rage, and he was on the point of insolently inquiring how the Field-cornet intended to enforce his order, when he recollected that, under the circumstances, he dared not affront Stallenberg. Putting his hands well down into his pockets, he stood sullenly silent for some moments, a scowl overshadowing his sinister countenance. He did not intend for one

moment to obey the Field-cornet's order, or to profit by his timely warning, but was anxiously devising some scheme by which he hoped to satisfy Stallenberg, and at the same time retain Hancunqua's fine cattle.

Receiving no answer, Herman again addressed him, and this time more earnestly.

"I would sooner part with every head of cattle," said he, "than draw down the vengeance of this bloodthirsty savage upon us, unprotected as we are. But that your insatiable avarice completely blinds you, you must see the danger of our present critical situation, and the urgent necessity of speedily using the only means within our power for averting it."

"Psha!" replied Meerhoff, "who fears a pack of rascally Hot-tentots? Not I."

"I have done," said Stallenberg. "I have entreated you, I have warned you. I shall merely add now, that I insist upon my order being obeyed immediately."

And he turned to retrace his steps to the dwelling house. But Meerhoff stopped him.

"It may not be in my power," said he "to obey your order, but to show you that I am willing to do all I can in the matter, I will step round to the kraal at once, see Jacob, the herd, and ascertain from him whether any of the villain's cattle, by trespassing on my ground, got accidentally mixed with my own. If so, they shall be restored at once."

He turned towards the kraal as he concluded, and chuckled to himself.

"Ha!" reflected Meerhoff, "the wise say that conscience makes cowards of us all; well that may be the case with my valiant partner in iniquity, who in the days of his security and power was as bold as he was bad, but as for me, my evil deeds have never taken away my appetite, nor caused me a single sleepless night. And as long as my possessions are safe, I fear naught. Certainly not a thief of a savage."

Here his thoughts were interrupted by Jacob, the herd, who came to complain of the ravages of a tiger in the neighbourhood.

"Ah! Jacob," said Meerhoff, "you are the very man I want. Come here, slave. I want to speak to you about the cattle you took from Hancunqua last week."

He took the herd aside, had a long and confidential conversation with him; at the conclusion of which the slave perfectly understood all he had to do, and was ordered by his master to come down to the house.

Stallenberg and Meerhoff understood each other so well, that the former as he walked home, far from being satisfied with the burgher's ready acquiescence, found himself mentally enquiring what the fellow's next move would be for outwitting him.

When at last he reached the house and seated himself in the voor-



hais, haggard and intensely gloomy, he appeared scarcely conscious of Mrs. Meerhoff's kind enquiries after his health. He was acute and farseeing enough to perceive that things were rapidly drawing to a crisis. Unlooked for circumstances were combining against him. He sought in vain to stay the descending avalanche his and Meerhoff's evil deeds had prepared for years. He was a doomed man. His hour had come. The unfailing avenger, retributive justice, was even at his elbow, unflinchingly laying its iron grasp upon him.

His unpleasant reflections were suddenly interrupted by Meerhoff's entrance, who seated himself in his chair and leisurely lit his pipe, feigning a certain unconcern and absence of mind which, though it did not escape the keen glance of the suspicious Field-cornet, did not deceive him.

"Sabina," said Meerhoff, "see whether Jacob is in the kitchen, and call him here. I couldn't find the rascal at the kraal just now," he added, turning to Herman.

The latter scowled and felt his temper rising. But Meerhoff, though perfectly aware what was passing in the Field-cornet's mind, appeared to notice nothing.

"Jacob," said he, addressing the slave who had just entered; "do you know of any cattle among mine belonging to Hancunqua?"

"No, mynheer," replied the herd; "never saw the sight of one since we came to the farm."

"Come now, slave," said Meerhoff, with much apparent impatience. "Be honest for once. I want to get at the truth. I have seen his cattle straying in my veldt frequently."

"Ah, to be sure, mynheer, so have I, now you mention it. I remember having fetched them out of the cornfield many a day."

"Of course," replied the burgher; "have I not sent you as often out of your employ to take them back to the chief, without charging him damages because I wished to keep peace with the fellow?"

"Certainly you have, mynheer."

"Then fellow, tell the truth and shame the devil."

"So I will, Mynheer."

"Well now, listen to me, I have an errand for you. I send you because I know you are a trustworthy slave. Understand me well, and heed what I say. Hancunqua has lost some of his stock and declares that I have taken them. In order to satisfy the Field-cornet, I wish you to go to the cattle station at once and examine every head of cattle there. If you find any belonging to the chief bring them with you, and mind slave that you are back before the sun sets. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Mynheer."

"Begone, then, and see that you obey me, or it will be the worse for you."

There was a peculiar twinkle in Meerhoff's eye as he concluded, which did not escape Stallenberg. Turning to the latter he said,

"Well I hope you are satisfied! What more can I do?"

Herman was silent. Had he spoken frankly he would have replied that nothing could satisfy him, except seeing the cattle with his own eyes. But yet, though Meerhoff's plausibility had not deceived him, as he reflected on the scene he had just witnessed he began to doubt his own suspicions, and gradually to hope that the avaricious burgher, fearing the loss of all his cattle, had seen the necessity of sacrificing a few ; accordingly he waited patiently to see what the day would bring forth, but, alas ! it passed ; the sun set and neither Jacob nor the cattle appeared.

Herman became visibly agitated and more frequently scanned the horizon. " I will saddle my horse," said he at last to Meerhoff, " and see where the fellow remains so long."

" My good Sir," replied Meerhoff, " you can of course do as you like, but believe me it is perfectly useless. The very fact that he has not returned shows that up to this time he has found no cattle belonging to the Hottentot, and has had to go further on, just as I expected."

Then Stallenberg knew that Meerhoff had imposed upon him, and feeling utterly powerless to avert the dire consequences that would inevitably result from this breach of faith, his long pent up feelings found vent in a burst of uncontrollable passion. But the blows though dealt with force and vigour fell upon Meerhoff's head as the knobkerrie does on the pate of a Hottentot. Conscious that he had craftily outwitted Stallenberg, he kept cool, and allowed the storm to pass unobserved.

" If you doubt my word, Field-cornet," said he in an injured tone, " I will saddle my horse even now and go myself in search of the slave."

" Say no more, perjured villain," cried Herman, " I have done with you. You consider yourself secure, but beware, your doom may be nearer than you think."

Turning abruptly, he walked away towards the garden in a state of mind more easily conceived than described. He still hoped to avert the chief's anger, and as he went along he mentally exclaimed, " To-morrow ! Alas ! we know not what a day may bring forth. To-morrow," said Herman, " I will ride across to Hancunqua, explain matters to him, and if he insist upon the restitution of the cattle, replace them out of my own kraals. And treacherous scoundrel," continued he, an ominous scowl darkening his pale face. " Look out ; once out of this difficulty, and Adèle mine, and I will make you pay old scores as well as new."

\* \* \* \* \*

Adèle regardless of cattle and field-cornets, and entirely absorbed in her own sad reflections, sat in her accustomed seat under the thorn-trees, her large expressive eyes pensively fixed on the lovely sky above ; her mind painfully distracted with the conflicting feelings of love hope, fear, expectation, and duty.

Oh ! for a wise and sympathetic counsellor to consult with at this crisis of her life : one who could help her to solve the question she had asked herself all day, as, with a breaking heart she assisted her mother to prepare for the long journey to Cape Town, fixed to take place that night at twelve o'clock. This journey was to seal her fate : she trembled at the thought, yet how was she to be saved from a destiny so sad ? No earthly power should ever induce her to marry the Field-cornet. Upon this point she felt clear and firm ; yet how was she to escape from him ? This was the question she had asked herself all day. And now as she sat alone, the soft, calm influences of the twilight hour affecting her powerfully, she put it to herself again, Who was to save her ? Her bosom heaved and her eyes brightened, as her heart naturally suggested the only one on the face of the earth, who was coming to her at her own request, and whose approach through the reeds she was at that very moment expecting, and eagerly listening for. Was he to save her ? she asked with burning cheeks and a beating heart ; and her passionate love for Francois urged her powerfully to seize this opportunity and fly with him, fly from degradation and the monster who considered himself her affianced, for she trusted Francois as thoroughly as every noble-hearted woman trusts the man who loves her. But the soft voice of duty whispered, "Think again. The position, however, tempting is full of peril to you both, and will assuredly crush your devoted parent whose pride and joy you are. For Francois situated as he is has not the remotest hope that he will ever be able to revisit the civilized world ; what chance have you then of ever being lawfully united ?" Adèle turned deadly pale, as these thoughts passed through her mind, and for the first time in her life she dreaded to hear the familiar and much longed for footsteps of the only being on earth who could bring joy and comfort to her troubled heart at this moment. With her ardent soul and impulsive nature she was not sure, in spite of her firmest resolutions, what her course of action might be, should she again behold Francois and find herself clasped to his heart. "No," thought Adèle, and her cheeks blanched under this severe self-imposed discipline. "No, I must not see him again. Oh ! God," she exclaimed as she lifted her eyes piteously towards heaven, "it is very hard, very hard, but I must not see him, no, I must not, I must not." She closed her eyes, clasped her hands fervently together, and for some moments was quiet, silently communing with a higher Being, a perfect Love. While thus occupied, her ear caught a footstep in the reeds, cautiously stealing along, followed by another. In a moment she started to her feet, her whole exquisitely sensitive being quivering in her face and eyes ; she prepared to run, but her feet appeared rooted to the spot. Wildly at last the poor girl cried, "Must I fly ? Oh ! my God, must I fly ? He is coming here, because I sent for him, and shall he not find me waiting to welcome him ?" White and faint she rapidly retreated a

few paces, for the reeds before her were visibly moving. Another moment and they parted, and into the open space before her jumped four half-naked savages in quick succession ; seeing her, they as speedily disappeared, and she heard them stealthily retreating.

Greatly amazed, she was wondering what such an unusual occurrence portended, when a hand was gently laid on her arm, and the Field-cornet's voice recalled her to herself, by enquiring "what had frightened her?" "You look so terrified, Adèle. I should judge this an unsafe spot for a young lady, but for reasons best known to yourself, I always find you here, watching, waiting, *longing*." His extremely melancholy tone and the peculiar stress he put upon the word *longing* roused her. She looked up and found his eyes, in which his whole being appeared concentrated at that moment, fixed upon her in intense yearning.

For some moments he looked piercingly into her eyes, as if he hoped through that medium to penetrate to the very core of her heart, and she thought as he looked that his expression gradually changed to one of anxiety and compassion. He sighed heavily as he lifted his hand from her arm and took one of her little hands, which he folded affectionately between both his own.

Involuntarily Adèle sighed too, and gently returned the pressure of his hand, while her naturally affectionate heart went forth to him in tenderest sympathy.

"Surely, Herman," she said feelingly, "you are very ill." She never could not account for the mysterious impulse that prompted her to act towards him in this way.

The effect upon this hard, unscrupulous man was instantaneous. Bowing his head low as if to kiss her hand, but in reality to hide his emotion, he spoke, and his voice sounded to Adèle like the sobbings of the waves on a smooth shore when the storm is passed.

"Bless you for this timely sympathy," said he, "you little know how much I need it. I am broken in heart, Adele, sick in mind ; ill, very ill, and your studied coldness to me throughout this day has wellnigh crushed me."

Surely that tear that fell upon her hand and glistened there for a moment was eloquent beyond description in all it told her of his unquenchable love and utter hopelessness. She wept bitterly, and so upon this memorable evening mingled her tears with Herman's. Softly laying his hand on her head he gently stroked the dark locks.

"Don't weep," said he in a voice scarce audible, and again after a moment's hesitation more earnestly, "Adèle, whatever happens, and we know not what a day may bring forth, remember this, and think kindly of me. All passions have come and gone, but my love for you has endured to the end."

"Oh ! Herman," exclaimed Adèle, distressed and perplexed ; "why do you speak in this way ? What do you fear will happen ?"



"I scarcely know," he replied ; "an uncomfortable presentiment has been clinging to me for days past, and I cannot shake it off, do what I will."

"How strange that is," said Adèle meditatively. "You are one of those who deny the existence of God, and yet you cling superstitiously to presentiments and dreams."

"Or rather they cling to me," replied Herman. "You say I deny the existence of God. I never professed to know anything about those things, Adèle. I believe in what I see and feel." Taking both her hands in his he drew her towards him, and looking lovingly into her eyes said, "*I believe in my love for you.* If it has been a glimpse of God then I have seen Him, but afar off. I beheld indeed the bliss of Heaven, but felt that it was not for such as I am."

"Herman," said Adèle, earnestly, and after a moment's thought, "I fear you are mistaken. True love sacrifices itself for the sake of the object beloved ; but, have you not always sacrificed the beloved object for your own sake ?"

She had hardly concluded when she repented bitterly that the words had been uttered, for she saw that he was deeply stung. The truth of her words struck him forcibly.

"Was it not so ?" he asked himself "Had he not sacrificed Selina for Adèle's sake, and was he not on the eve of sacrificing Adèle for his own sake ?"

He dropped her hands, and looked gloomily away from her towards the horizon. How blood-red those clouds appeared. Was the gigantic uplifted hand he had seen in his dream about to descend ? He shuddered involuntarily.

"Adèle," said he, "do not at this moment add to the bitterness of my cup. It is possible that I may have mistaken the aim of my existence, but what has been done cannot be undone. I could wish now that I had never seen you. And yet," continued he speaking more to himself than to her, "is it not better to have loved and had one's heart broken, than never to have loved at all ? It is late. Let us go home."

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At the supper table that evening Herman again pushed aside his plate and took up a glass of milk.

"What !" exclaimed Meerhoff, who, thoroughly godless and sensual, allowed nothing on earth except the loss of his goods to trouble him, "still no appetite ? Well, it passes my understanding."

The Field-cornet's, however, was not the only anxious heart at the supper table. Adèle, after toying with her knife and fork for some moments, put them aside, and said, "Father, I saw some half-naked savages hiding in the rushes this afternoon. What can it mean ?"

"Oh ! some of those rascally Bushmen thieves, I suppose ; if they are not at our kraals, they are at our gardens. There is hardly



a pumpkin or a mealie left. We shall know no peace or comfort until they are entirely exterminated."

Adèle was not satisfied. There was a pause of some moments.

"Mother," said she, "do you remember Marie, the poor creature, who, months ago, fled from the fury of her husband and sought protection with me?"

"Certainly I do," replied Mrs. Meerhoff. "What a good faithful creature she was, and how grateful. I remember her telling you, when she was leaving, that if ever danger of any kind threatened you, she would come through fire and water to warn you of it in time."

"Well, mother, I was dreaming of her last night. I dreamt that I saw her in great distress, weeping bitterly, and beckoning me away from here, and when I woke I almost fancied that I heard a tap at the window."

Adèle looked up, and saw Herman with his arms folded on the table, looking intently at her, his face deadly pale.

"Adèle," said he answering her questioning look, "I fear that danger is threatening you, and that Marie has been here to warn you."

"What makes you think that?" she enquired anxiously.

"Come, come, Field-cornet," said Meerhoff. "You, with your presentiments, and Adèle with her dreams, will frighten each other out of your wits presently. Sabina, bring the corn soup; I have a presentiment that I shall like it, especially as I dreamt last night that the wife was going to serve up pork with it."

Supper over, Meerhoff, according to his custom, seated himself in his arm-chair, poured out his brandy and water, and lit his pipe.

Then summoning his overseer and slaves to the voorhuis, he began to give them instructions about the general management of the farm during his absence. And Mrs. Meerhoff retired to the kitchen to conclude the packing of the provisions required for the journey.

The Field-cornet, unable to keep quiet, rose and with folded arms, paced the voorhuis, absorbed in his own agitating reflections. And Adèle having retired to her chamber, threw herself upon the bed in an agony of despair and sobbed bitterly. The trials of the day had been too much for her; the anxieties of the present appeared to madden her. She had given up all idea of fleeing with Francois, and yet her young and fragile frame trembled at the terrible thought of leaving him behind a captive in the hands of savages.

"Oh! God," she cried in her misery, "save me from this journey."

Feeling faint and ill she proceeded to the window, the casement of which she threw open, and leaned out into the fresh air. Her thoughts were, of course, directed towards the reeds. She started, drew back, and instantly closed the window. Hastily stepping into the voorhuis, she exclaimed anxiously, "Oh father, there is a very unusual rustling in the reeds; what can it be? won't you see to it?"

"Bosh!" exclaimed Meerhoff, "doubtless the northerly breeze if there is any noise at all. Don't interrupt me again."

She retired ; and Herman, who appeared by this time, perfectly resigned to the position of a doomed man, seated himself without saying a word. The large watch-dog in front of the house now rose, growled, and sprang forward with a bark loud and deep. Instantly after there followed a yell as if the poor beast was in pain, and everything was silent again.

"The devil !" said Meerhoff ; "there must be some mischief going on if Tiger barks."

He rose, opened the door cautiously, and peered into the darkness, but before he could draw back, an arrow struck him in the cheek and another whistled past him into the room. He closed the door, locked it, and showed a very livid face as he turned to pull the arrow out.

"I am afraid the filthy rascals are upon us," he said to his overseer. "Go and secure the kitchen door."

The command had hardly been given, when a dozen knobkerries loudly resounded on the front door. The Field-cornet turned ghastly white, and for a moment Meerhoff trembled violently, but soon regaining the stolid indifference natural to him, he said, "There is no help for it, we must fight the brutes." Going up to the door, he demanded, "Who is there ?"

"Hancunqua, captain of the mighty Chotona," was the chief's reply.

"What do you want ?"

"I want you and Stallenberg ;" and the knobkerries resounded again, threatening soon to bring the door down.

"Hendrik and Petrus, come here and put your backs against that door. Overseer, bring out the guns and swords. Here, Stallenberg, take a gun."

"Never," cried the latter furiously ; "not a weapon shall I take up against the Hottentots. I warned you ; I entreated you, you would obstinately follow your own perverse will ; suffer now the consequences of your perfidy, and fight alone for your life and property."

"So I will," cried Meerhoff ; "and when I can fight no longer, I will die sooner than submit to these rascals. Go then, you always were a tyrant and a coward."

At this juncture Adèle came wildly rushing in. They had begun to force her window, but seeing the door fall and the room darkened with arrows, she retreated rapidly. The Field-cornet rushed to the door of her chamber.

"Adèle," he cried, "Adèle, open and let me take you away while yet there is time."

Receiving no answer after repeated knocks and earnest entreaties, he left, exclaiming aloud,

"Perish then, headstrong girl."

Shortly after an agonizing scream came from her chamber, and all was silent. The Field-cornet delayed not another moment ;

arrows were falling thick and fast in every direction. Judging discretion the better part of valour, he made his escape by the middle door, but finding the house surrounded by Hottentots, he entered the store-room and hid himself.

After the rebuff he had received from the Field-cornet, Meerhoff called on his men to take up the firearms and to place themselves before the door. The instant it fell, the room was darkened with a shower of arrows and assegais, and the guns boomed forth. Several Hottentots fell, and many were wounded, the chief among the latter. This repulsed them for a while.

Meerhoff hailed the momentary respite, and ordered the slaves to reload, while he and the overseer snatched up the swords and approached the doorway. Both were badly wounded, but it was a desperate case, so, taking up a firm position, they continued bravely to defend themselves, gallantly supported by the slaves in their rear, who managed the guns. Once more a shower of arrows darkened the room, and with a yell the Hottentots rushed to the front door, determined to force an entrance into the room; but Meerhoff and his little party met them fearlessly, and plying their swords with great vigour, cut down dozens on every side and kept the savages at bay, who, maddened with their ill-success at the front door, slipped round to the kitchen, forced the door and entered the *voorhuis* through the middle door. The unfortunate Meerhoff required all his strength and skill to keep the furious savages from the front door. When he saw them enter from the back, he felt that all was over. He had done his best.

"Slaves," said he, "defend the back door."

It was the last command he ever uttered. Mortally wounded and exhausted, he began to sink, and when a moment after he saw the brave overseer fall by his side, he staggered back, and caught at the nearest table for support. Hancunqua seeing his enemy falling, rushed forward and caught him by the throat.

"Ha! traitor," he cried, "I have got you at last. Where are all my cattle you have stolen? And where are all my men your slaves have shot? Answer me villain."

But the shadow of death was already gathering on the hapless Meerhoff's face. Hancunqua, according to savage custom, drew forth his assagai and forced it down the unfortunate burgher's throat. His bulky form quivered a moment, and then fell heavily to the earth. He was dead. He had risked everything for the sake of his possessions, and fought valiantly to retain them. And now the Hottentots rushed wildly in, and after searching every nook and corner, carried forth, across his mangled corpse, the miserable boardings for which he had bartered his soul.

Having cleared the *voorhuis* and bedchambers they proceeded to the storeroom and kitchen. Soon after entering the former, the hiding place of the unhappy Field-cornet was discovered.

"Ha! villain," exclaimed Hancunqua, "I feared you had escaped

me. Come forth now and receive the just penalty of your treachery."

The Field-cornet rose and confronted the chief. "Stay your hand one moment," said he, "hear what I have to say. I will explain all."

"Not a word," cried Hancunqua; "not one word; you were warned beforehand, and have had weeks in which to consider the justice of my claim. The time for explanation is past now, I have taken the law into my own hands. Forth with him, forth with him," cried the chief. "I told him if he failed to fulfil the condition of the treaty, that the consequences would be on his own head."

"Hancunqua," cried Herman earnestly as they led him forth, "spare my life."

"Too late," replied the chief, "too late. You were warned in time. Forth with him, strip him, and tie him to that thorn tree."

Herman said no more, but patiently resigned himself to his fate. Alone and friendless, he stood shivering in the cold, hourly expecting his doom, and oh! what a doom. Did it occur to him that mercy was now denied to *him* because he had never shown mercy? Whatever his feelings were at this awful moment of his existence, reader, let us cast a veil over them. The chief drew off his men for a moment, for he was afraid that the neighbouring burghers might descend upon him unawares. Dispatching some with the heavily laden wagons that stood ready packed for Cape Town, he commissioned others to carry the plunder and produce of the farm, and ordered the rest to drive away the cattle and sheep. Then returning to Stallenberg he put him to death with an indescribable refinement of cruelty. Let us not dwell upon this terrible scene, dear reader, but let us pause one moment near the unfortunate Field-cornet as he lies slowly dying. The ruling passion strong in death, his last thoughts turned anxiously upon Adèle.

"Thou art free at last," said he, "but, where art thou?"

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## Letters on Banking.

### VI. (CONTINUED).—ON CURRENT ACCOUNTS, AND SECURITIES HELD AGAINST OVERDRAFTS.—PART 2.

WE have now to deal with the subject of overdrawn accounts. Overdrafts, as stated in the former part of this letter, are allowed under certain conditions on current accounts by special arrangement between the banker and his customer, the basis of the arrangement being the securities by which payment of the overdraft is collaterally secured to the banker.

The task of discussing the merits of each item of security that appears on a banker's register of securities by itself, and its relation to any particular overdraft, is one which scarcely lies within the scope of our subject to perform. A brief notice of the nature of a security, and of



some of the precautions observed by the banker in dealing with it, will convey a general idea of the connection which exists between the security and the overdraft. A perfect security must not only exceed to some extent the value of the amount secured, but must be capable of being converted into cash, at any time and under any circumstances, at the pleasure of the banker. It is evident that a security which is deficient in respect of either of these qualifications would not be fitted for the purpose it is meant to serve. A probable depreciation in its value, or the possibility of having to realize it, must be taken into account against the amount of the overdraft, otherwise the proceeds of the security, when sold, would fail to cover the overdraft. And to enable the banker to sell a security at any time, his lien upon it must not only be complete, but the security itself must also be of a marketable nature, so that it would meet with a ready purchaser when offered for sale. The force of these conditions will be observed by an example or two quoted from ordinary banking practice. Take an instance of a banker making an advance upon goods which have been hypothecated as security for payment of the debt. A merchant buys a certain quantity of goods in a foreign market, and consigns them to his broker for sale. One very reasonable and proper mode of obtaining an advance on the security of the goods in question would be by the merchant drawing a bill on the broker for an amount approximating to the value of the goods. The merchant may either obtain discount of the bill himself from his own banker, or, as a matter of convenience, hand over the bill to the broker to obtain discount from his banker. The banker who discounts the bill, in order to complete his security, would require to have the goods warehoused in his own name, so that they could not be released without his authority. He would demand a letter from the holder of the bill hypothecating the goods to the bank, and binding the broker to pay over to the banker the value of each quantity of goods which he sold in the market upon their release from the warehouse by the banker. The effect of this arrangement, it will be observed, is not only to place the proceeds, of the goods as they are realized, in the hands of the banker in liquidation of the advance, but by virtue of the bill the banker is able, irrespective of the goods, at any time during the currency of the bill, to recall the capital which he advanced by selling the bill itself.

Advances are sometimes made on goods in the manner just detailed, on the bills of lading and other shipping documents relating to the goods, without the intervention of a bill altogether; but this mode of making an advance is always open to the objection, that the banker has no alternative means of recalling the capital to the bank except by a sale of the goods. If the goods had to be forced on the market, the chances are that they would have to be sold at a sacrifice,—at least in the owner's opinion,—and this would probably create an ill-feeling between the owner and the banker.

The banker must likewise possess the power necessary to reimburse himself at any time for an overdraft from any instrument of security formed on the basis of capital, such as shares in public companies, &c. The highest form of banking security of this description is considered to be a transfer of consols or a deposit of exchequer bills. As these instruments are entirely free from any liability, and can always find a ready purchaser, they may be looked upon as affording a complete security.



Shares in railway companies are also very frequently held by bankers as securities of the class referred to. In cases where the capital on railway shares is fully paid up, and the company worked on approved economical principles, so as to remove from the shareholder the chance of any further liability, securities of this nature are entitled to rank amongst the best which a banker can obtain.

The shares of most railway companies, like those of joint-stock companies generally, are, however, the exclusive property of the registered owner. A joint-stock company generally precludes, by its deed of co-partnership, the possibility of any individual, other than the registered owner, acquiring a property in the shares, unless by a registration of their transfer to the name of such individual in the books of the company. Under these circumstances, such shares would not be of any value to the banker as a security, as he would not have an established lien upon them. In the event of the bankruptcy of the customer who lodged shares of this character, his creditors would, to the prejudice of the banker, claim an assignment of the shares on behalf of the bankrupt estate. The banker must therefore become registered owner of the shares, and thereby incur the responsibility of a shareholder, in order to acquire a right of lien on securities of this description.

Whatever may be the form of a security, and, apart from its advantages in other respects, the banker must always take the precaution to have an absolute power over it so long as it remains in his hands. If this precaution were duly observed, and the overdraft limited to an amount within the value of the security lodged, leaving a margin on the security against the possible cost of having to realize it, the risk of direct loss on these credits (provided the security is worth as much as it is represented to be) would practically cease to exist.

The chief cause of the risk which attends an overdraft is not, however, so much owing to any defect in the security itself as to the variable practice of bankers in obtaining it. It is, indeed, an established rule amongst the bankers in London to require security against every advance. The customer of a London bank who obtains an overdraft must always deposit security sufficient to realize at any time an amount equal to the value which he is permitted to overdraw. Provincial bankers retain the question of security subject to their own discretion, to be considered in the arrangement for the overdraft, and, as a consequence, overdrafts are frequently granted in cases where the customer is held in high estimation by the banker without security being demanded. In London the rule is absolute; in the provinces it is only provisional. Now, it is not easy to discover an advantage underlying this provisional system in any degree proportionate to the risk of having unsecured debts. If the rule were absolute, the effect, as far as banking competition is concerned, would be equal, as a discontented customer could find no better terms by removing his account to another bank. And if an individual of good character is sufficiently wealthy to be trusted without security, he is certainly in a better position to give security, if called upon to do so, than another individual of smaller means, whom it would not be considered safe to trust without it. It may, however, be argued that there are always individuals who possess ascertained wealth, and who bear such an unquestionable character that they are perfectly trustworthy without security. This is a fact which will never be questioned. But next to life itself

there is, perhaps, nothing so uncertain as the possession of wealth ; its accumulation is based upon circumstances apparently accidental, and the accident which at one time may bring a fortune might by another turn carry it away. Assuming, however, for the sake of argument, that the individual in question is as wealthy as he is supposed to be, his honesty unimpeachable, and all the risks of business in his favour, it will scarcely be maintained that he would be as safe a debtor without security as with it. This fact is, doubtless, evident to every banker ; and if each banker would only act upon his own conviction in the matter, the rule would be strictly adhered to, and the practice of requiring security would soon become an universally-acknowledged principle in the granting of overdrafts. If the system is capable of being carried into effect in the monetary and commercial centre of the country, it could be none the less practicable in the provinces, as all the obstacles against the rule are certain to be more keenly felt in London than in the country.

There is no doubt but that the heaviest losses which the country bankers sustain in connection with overdrafts arise in cases where they have deviated from the principle of requiring security. The fact ought to commend the rule more than any argument. But it must not, therefore, be supposed that country bankers are negligent in using precaution before they permit a customer to overdraw his account. They use the utmost vigilance to ascertain the character and means of each customer of the bank. The banker becomes familiar with the financial history of each customer by an habitual perusal of his current account, and from this source he is soon able to distinguish a careful from an improvident trader. The amount of a customer's bills under discount, for example, at any one time, as compared with the amount at another time, shows the increase or decrease, as the case may be, in the credit which that customer is giving to the public ; and indicates, to some extent, how far he can afford to give such credit without the aid of his banker. The debtors, or individuals who receive credit from the customer under such circumstances, are the acceptors of the bills which the banker holds under discount ; and, as acceptors, they are liable for payment of the bill to the banker, even in the event of the bankruptcy of the individual who obtained discount of them. Thus, there are always at least two individuals immediately responsible to the banker in a case of this kind—first, the acceptor ; whom failing, afterwards the banker's own customer. If any doubt existed in a banker's mind whether a customer discounting bills with the bank would be able to meet his bills in the event of dishonour by the acceptors, the banker would not discount the bills until he was satisfied that the acceptors were in a position to pay them at maturity.

Country bankers obtain reliable information, regarding the character and financial position of individuals accepting bills, by a confidential interchange amongst themselves of their knowledge and opinion of any customer which they may be called upon to give. These opinions are recorded from time to time in books kept for the purpose ; and in this way the country bankers have the position of each other's customers continually under review ; while their own financial standing is subject to the supervision of their agents in London.

Turn again to the customer's current account, and examine the debit side of the account in order to ascertain the total amount of his accept-

ances retired. The amount of these acceptances indicates the extent of credit which that customer is receiving from the public ; and if he is trading recklessly, the amount of his acceptances will show an increase corresponding in a degree to the increase in the amount of his bills under discount on the credit side of the account.

In cases where the perusal of the current account may not lead to any satisfactory conclusion, and if the information obtained from other sources proves to be of a doubtful or contradictory nature, the banker may demand an inspection of his customer's books, and minutely examine the details of his business transactions before allowing an overdraft.

There is one feature in the system of granting overdrafts pursued by country bankers that is open to some objection in the way of prudent banking. It is the practice of making the "turn-over" of an account—that is, the amount drawn from the account—a special condition to the privilege of overdrawing. This principle virtually excludes customers having small accounts from participating in the privilege ; it has also the effect of causing each separate overdraft to be of a large amount, and thereby placing the capital lent in this way in the hands of a few individuals. If the rule requiring a deposit of security were absolute instead of being variable, the risk attending large overdrafts would in one sense be considerably modified, as the capital advanced in this way would not be so liable to get beyond the reach of the banker, as he could recall it at any time by realizing the security. And if it were simply a matter of selecting between one of two individuals, and deciding whether to lend £100 to one customer who transacted a large business with the bank, or to another whose business was comparatively small, the preference ought, without doubt, to be given to the large account, as having the greatest claim upon the banker, provided all the other circumstances of the customers are equal. But this is not the point at issue. The banker, as already noticed, has only a certain amount of capital available for overdrafts, and the point of objection is in applying that amount exclusively to large accounts, with, or it may be without, security. This mode of banking may be less troublesome, but it certainly involves much greater risk than there would be in distributing one large overdraft over several small accounts. Let me bring this point more explicitly before you by the aid of a single illustration. A banker, we shall say, has four customers, three of whom pay away through their banking account £3,000 each, and the fourth £9,000 during the year. They are all respectable individuals, and considered perfectly trustworthy in their engagements. They all apply to the banker for a temporary overdraft. The banker has a nominal sum of, say, £300, which he feels disposed to lend in this way. This sum would exactly meet the requirements of his fourth and best customer ; as far as this customer is concerned, the offer of any less sum would be equivalent to a refusal. £100 would be sufficient to meet the smaller business demands of each of the other three customers. Now, as to the question of the banker's risk in dealing with this case—his chances of getting back the £300 would be three to one in favour of lending £100 on each of the smaller accounts ; and anticipating the most extreme result which could possibly arise from this step, the bank would only suffer the loss of one account, instead of three as by the other course. But by acting in this way the banker would oblige three individuals whose transactions with the bank in the aggregate amounted to as much

as that of the one customer whom he had disappointed. And even the withdrawal of that account from the bank would be extremely problematical, as such a course is more or less inconvenient under the most favourable circumstances, but especially difficult when the individual withdrawing is standing in need of credit from his banker.

When a customer is permitted to overdraw his account, the banker is always careful to stipulate that the accommodation thereby given shall only be in the form of a temporary advance. If a banker by lending £100 for three months can materially benefit one individual, he would be able with the same money, during the course of one year, to confer a similar benefit on other three individuals for the same period as the one first mentioned. The result of this action, in mere profit, would be quite the same as if the banker had lent £100 for a year to one individual. By adopting the former course, however, the banker has *three times* the choice of withholding the overdraft altogether should his own financial position demand it; and even in the event of renewing the overdraft three times, after the first three months, he would thereby divide his risk to this extent—that there is always less probability of an individual wasting his means in three months than in one year. And it must further be taken into account that, if a customer is himself doing a good trade, his stock will be speedily converted into cash, which would enable him to repay his overdraft; and if his business should be the opposite of good, an overdraft ought not be allowed.

What, then, are the circumstances under which a customer would be justified in applying for credit, and which a banker generally accepts as sufficient reason for allowing an overdraft? Neither a business with a large capital employed in it, nor one with only a small capital, however well managed they may be, can be carried on without an occasion arising at one time or another when the aid of the banker would be necessary to the successful issue of some commercial undertaking. It must necessarily, however, always remain a matter of individual opinion when and to what extent a banker would be justified in interposing to carry out a purely commercial transaction on the responsibility of his customer. On this point I will quote the words of an experienced practical banker, who says:—"The detention of a ship, the non-arrival of a mail, the miscarriage of a letter, and such other mishaps, are clearly occasions for the interposition of the banker with a timely advance. So, likewise, when the farmer is augmenting his live-stock, before he has brought his crops to the market; or when the manufacturer is enlarging his stock in anticipation of the spring or winter demand; or when the retail dealer is buying in his supplies for any one of the four seasons,—the banker is justified in aiding such operations to a moderate extent. The draper who goes to the market with £750 of his own, we shall say, to lay in his winter stock, but extends his purchases to £1,000, might not unreasonably draw upon his banker for the odd £250. So of the farmer, and so also of the manufacturer, and all others, in proportion to their known means, the magnitude of their transactions, their habits of business, and the circumstances of the case. If these four points are intimately known, the banker will rarely make an imprudent advance; if they are not known, he will rarely make a wise one."

JOHN K. GUTHRIE.



# Catalogue of the Mosses of the Cape Colony,

ON THE BASIS OF

MULLER'S "SYNOPSIS MUSCORUM FRONDOSORUM,"

WITH SHORT DESCRIPTIONS OF NEW SPECIES.\*

From the Collections of Prof. MACOWAN, Mr. BOLUS, Mr. McLEA, and the Author.

DURING the last few years, in various journeys undertaken for botanical and geological purposes, I have collected Cryptogams in the Cape Colony. As very little had been done for the Cape in putting these lower forms in order, I resolved to make the attempt to do so. In this I was encouraged by Dr. Hooker, to whom I owe much personally and from his works in the way of teaching and direction.

The Kew Herbarium was placed at my disposal, and I have done what I could, and I am well aware, imperfectly, to classify and name my own collections, those of Mr. Bolus, of Graaff-Reinet, Prof. MacOwan, of Somerset, and chiefly of Mr. McLea, who has taken up the study of Cryptogams with an ardour which will produce good results in the future. It is to be regretted that we were all situated in the Eastern Province of the Colony, and even inland in that province—the collections made by us are necessarily, therefore, very much duplications of each others.

I have attempted to embody in my communication all that was done before in Cape mosses with the collections of Burchell, Drege, Ecklon, Menzies, Pappe, Harvey, McGillivray, and Milne. I found a few specimens in the Kew Herbarium with names in manuscript. These I hastily diagnosed for my own guidance and have described. I may be allowed a few general remarks on results :

1. We have represented mainly what may be called the "European Types." By this term I mean those first named and classified. It seems to me important that we should use some such term in all speculations on distribution of mosses until the classification is more satisfactorily determined.

(a.) There are a few cosmopolitans on the list, and these could be considerably added to.

(b.) The Northern Hemisphere forms found in Europe, &c., are largely represented, such as *Phasca*, *Weissiae*, *Dicrana*, *Fissidentes*, *Pottiae*, *Trichostoma*, *Orthotrichaceae*, *Grimmaceae*, *Bryaceae*, *Mniodeae*, *Bartramiae*, *Leucodontes*, *Neckerae*, and *Hypna*.

(c.) The flora of Southern Europe, and those of Sardinia and India, have a few representatives. These are the genera *Fabronia*, *Mielichhoferia* ; such species as *Bryum Canariense* (*Schwägr*), *Barbula*

\* Being a Translation of "The Enumeratio Muscorum. Prom : Bonæ Spei. Auct : Dr. JOHN SHAW, F.G.S., F.L.S., &c." Read before the Linnæan Society of London, 7th May, 1874.



*mollis* (Br. and Sch.) *Barbula ruralis* var *rupestris*, *Trachypus fuscus* (Brid), *Leucodon julaceus* (C. Mull) *Braunia Schimperiana*, *Leptodon Smithii*, *Ceratodon stenocarpus* (Br. and Sch.), *Trichostomum squarosum* (chorg), *Trichostomum Systelium* (C. Mull), *Orthodontiae*, &c., &c.

2. Outside of European forms we have supplemental genera as *Rhizogonium*, *Cyatophorum*, *Leptostomum*, *Schlotheimia*, *Mniadelphus*; —these point out a connection with New Zealand and Australia. Community of species exists to a greater extent amongst Cryptogamic regions than amongst Phanerogamic. It is, however, highly interesting to find the presence of these mosses pointing in a direction but remotely warranted by the Phanerogams of the Cape.

3. There is a condition of distribution which cannot be too much enforced, viz., the localization of certain forms to particular soils and conditions of climate. I think some anomalous points in the distribution of Cape plants are explicable on the theory of localization. The difference of the Western and Eastern Provinces in regard to climate and season is not sufficiently taken into account. The rainy seasons in the two provinces are at different periods. While the Western has its rainy season in May and June, the Eastern has it during the monsoons of September and February. This difference of climate must have tended to preserve and foster any original peculiarities in the two regions, and certainly in conjunction with soil gives some explanation why heaths for the greater part remain restricted to the south-west.

Conditions of soil are ultimately connected with the distribution of mosses. There are one or two suggestive instances of this in South Africa. It is well-known that *Glyphomitrium Daviesii* is only found in trap rocks in England, and that its distribution is co-extensive with outcroppings of basalt, but confined to them. It cannot be, therefore, considered as merely accidental that we should find two congeners similarly connected with trap rocks in South Africa. Another moss, *Orthotrichum Sturmii*, affects trap and granite rocks in Europe, and its close ally *O. rupestre* shows a similar predilection for other rocks sedimentary, while its nearest ally, *O. Shawii*, is found on ash trees. I have described a congener of *O. Sturmii* from South Africa without the inner peristome from trap rocks in South Africa — *Orthotrichum Macleanum*.

4. There is in South African mosses an almost total absence of alpine forms. Our mountains are not sufficiently high. The only approach we have to such species are the *Andreaeae*. It is, indeed, doubtful if *Splachnum longicollum* be a true splachnum, and not an *Entroshodon*.

## CLASIS I.—SCHISTOCARPI.

### TRIBE I. ANDREAFACEAE—GEN. ANDREAEA (EHRH).

1. *Andreaea rupestris* (Hedw). Shaw and Bolus, Compassberg, April, 1869; McLea, on "Rhenostenberg," Middelburg, May, 1873.

2. *Andreaea subulata* (Harvey). Near the summit of Table Mountain by Harvey. Distributed throughout New Zealand, Tasmania, &c. With reference to Mr. McLea's specimens I find the leaf more obtuse than in the normal *Andreaea rupestris*, but they are not sufficiently different to warrant the creation of a new species *Andreaea subulata*, in a note appended to the Kew herbarium specimens, is regarded by Wilson as too near *A. Rothii* of Webb and Mohr, an opinion I am inclined to endorse. To prevent confusion it is to be remarked that *A. rupestris* (Hedw.)=*A. petrophila* (Ehrh.). These are mosses found on rocks at considerable elevation.

## CLASSIS II.—CLEISTOCARPI.

### TRIBE I. BRUCHIACEAE—GEN. I. ARCHIDIUM (BRID).

1. *Archidium Capense* (Hsch.); Ecklon, October, 1827—the locality unknown.

2. *Archidium laterale* (Brnch.); Ecklon, near the Cape; Krauss, at Natal. Minute mosses found on soil, and on account of the Calyptra, including the whole capsule, and the large size of the spores of the genus, ought to be referred to a separate tribe from the other Bruchiaceae.

### GEN. II. ASTOMUM (HMP).

1. *Astomum subulatum* (Hmp); Throughout Europe, America, and in sandy clayey soil.

2. *Astomum nervosum* (C. Müll); At the Cape by Menzies, Ecklon, Mundt, Pappe, and Dickson; near Graaff-Reinet, McLea; collected also in Chili.

3. *Astomum Puppeanum* (C. Müll), Ecklon, locality unknown; Pappe, at Swellendam; and by McLea at Graaff-Reint. Minute mosses on soil.

### GEN. III. BRUCHIA (SCHWÄGR.)

1. *Bruchia brevipes* (Hart), Roadside near Newlands, July, 1837, by Ecklon.

2. *Bruchia Eckloniana*, (C: Mull), Ecklon, at the Cape, locality unknown. *Bruchia brevipes* is the same as *Phascum elegans* (Hornsch). Minute mosses found in the soil.

### TRIBE II. PHASCACEAE GEN. I ACAULON (C. MULL.)

1. *Acaulon muticum*. (C. Mull). In company with *Astomum Puppeanum* by Pappe, at Swellendam.

2. *Acaulon Sphaericum*, (New species). Monoicous. Leaves lanceolate, subulate serrated towards the apex, base of the leaf papillose, and very loosely cellular. Capsule spherical, with a slightly conical summit; Calyptra dimidiate. Discovered by McLea, near Graaff-Reinet, 1872; fruiting in July. Minute mosses on soil.

## GEN. II. PHASCUM (HMP).

1. *Phascum Artragonum* (Harv.), Ecklon, Harvey and Pappe, near Swellendam.
2. *Phascum Splachnoides* (Hsch.); Bergius and Ecklon; fruits in July. Minute mosses on soil.

## TRIBE. III. EPHEMERAEAE—GEN. I. EPHEMERUM (HMP).

1. *Ephemerum piliferum* (new species). Dioicous. Leaves ovate, becoming suddenly attenuated at the apex into a very long bristly hair-point; nervless. Capsule perfectly enclosed in the concave perichartial leaves. Calyptra cucullate. Collected by McLea in the Oudeberg, near Graaff-Reinet, April, 1872.
2. *Ephemerum diversifolium* (Mitt). Collected by Zeyher, in a field near the Zwartkop's River, Uitenhage.

## CLASSIS III—STEGOCARPI.

## TRIBE IV. FISSIDENTEAE—GEN. I. FISSIDENS (HEDW).

1. *Fissidens bryoides*. Rondebosch, by Zeyher. Cosmopolitan species.
2. *Fissidens cuspidatus*. (C. Mull). Near Uitenhage, by Ecklon, in the large forest; also by Mundt.
3. *Fissidens splachnifolius*. (Hsch). Table Mountain; by Ecklon, in August, 1827.
4. *Fissidens glaucesens*. (Hsch). Table Mountain, by Ecklon, and by Zeyher, place unknown; in September by the latter.
5. *Fissidens rufescens*. (Hsch). Ecklon and Pappe, at the Cape; at Natal by collector unknown. Herb. Kunzeanum.
6. *Fissidens taxifolius*. McLea, near Graaff-Reinet. Distributed in Europe, America, &c.
7. *Fissidens androgynus* (Bruch) Krauss, collected at the Cape; McLea at Graaff-Reinet.
8. *Fissidens curvatus* (Hsch) Ecklon gathered on a wall at Cape Town, in October, 1827.
9. *Fissidens Macleanus*. (New species). Monoicous. Leaves subulate-lanceolate. Lamina of leaf continued beyond the middle. Dorsal lamina above the base, exceeding the lamina of the leaf. Nerve excurrent. Margin of the leaf cartilaginous towards the base, but not towards the lamina. Capsule lateral on a short branch, the seta being equal to that of *Fissidens bryoides*; cernuous, pendulous. Operculum conical, longer than half the capsule. Male flowers gemmiform, pedicellated, axillar on the base of the stem. *Fissidens Macleanus* differs from *Fissidens bryoides* in the inclined capsule, the lateral cladocarpous inflorescens, and in the dorsal lamina. Collected by McLea at Graaff-Reinet.
10. *Fissidens remotifolius*. (C. Mull). Collected by Zeyher.

11. *Fissidens pygmaeus*. (Hsch). Collected by Ecklon.
12. *Fissidens serratus*. (C. Mull). Collected by Hampe in the Keiskamma ; by Zollinger in Java.
13. *Fissidens fasciculatus*. (Hsch). Collected at Dutoitskloof by Zeyher, and elsewhere by Drege.
14. *Fissidens humilis*. (Mitt). Collected at the Cape, by whom not stated.
15. *Fissidens plumosum*. (Hsch). Mundt and Maire at the Cape. A genus of mosses frequenting wet rocks and soil.

## GENUS II. CONOMITRIUM. (MONT).

*Conomitrium Berterii*. (C. Mull). Collected by Drege on wet rocks.

*Conomitrium Capense*. (Schimp). Collected by some of the old travellers, and by McLea on mountains near Graaff-Reinet. On moist rocks ; included usually amongst the Fissidentes.

## TRIBE V. LEUCOBRYACEAE—GEN. I. LEUCOBRYUM (HMP).

*Leucobryum candidum* (Brid.). Collected by Shaw and MacOwan near Somerset East, 1871, barren. Distributed in Australia and New Zealand. *Leucobryum candidum*—*Leucobryum brachophyllum* (Hmp).

## TRIBE VI. SPHAGNACEAE—GEN. I. SPHAGNUM (DILL).

1. *Sphagnum Pappeanum* (C. Mull). Collected at Swellendam by Pappe.

2. *Sphagnum Capense* (Lin. fil.) ; Collected at the fountain on the Table Mountain by Ecklon, and at Dutoitskloof by Drege.

3. *Sphagnum truncatum* (Hsch.). Collected on Dutoitskloof Berg, 3,000 feet, by Drege. Mosses frequenting bogs and marshy places. No specimens of this remarkably isolated family occur in the upland mountains and bogs of the Colony, as far as I have searched. It is a question how far the species enumerated from the Cape are of specific merit, and I wish it to be understood, that I do not give the present place to the remarkable genus for any other reason than that I think it preferable to adhere in a local flora to a standard authority.

## TRIBE VII. FUNARIOIDEAE—GEN. I. FUNARIA (SCHREB).

1. *Funaria hygrometrica* (Hedw.). On the sides of water furrows everywhere in the world.

2. *Funaria spathulata* (Schimp). Groenkloof ; not known who was collector. McLea, near Graaff-Reinet.

3. *Funaria rhomboidea* (new species). Leaves, lingulate, submucronate ; nerve subcontinuous. Capsule similar to that of an Entosthodon, but subarcuate. The cellules of the operculum circinnato-

reticulate. This species is similar to *Funaria lingualefolia* Schimper in Herb. Hooker, but the leaf is not mucronate in that species. Mosses growing in wet places, *i.e.*, margins of ditches. Coll. by McLea near Graaff-Reinet.

#### GENUS II. PHYSCOMITRIUM (BRID).

1. *Physcomitrium spathulatum*. (C. Mull.) Pappe and Ecklon, at the Cape.

2. *Physcomitrium spathulatum* (C. Mull.) var: *brevicollum*. Collected by Drege, at the Cape.

3. *Physcomitrium sessile* (new species), monoicous. Leaves ovato-spathulate; nerve excurrent; celulles of the base translucent; capsule sphaerical, immersed; operculum flat, with a long beak; calyptra gracefully mitraeform. Coll. by McLea, near Graaff-Reinet, and by Shaw, 1867, at Colesberg. This beautiful species has all the aspect of an *Acaulon* until examined by the lens, and seems to be generally distributed in the Midlands of South Africa.

4. *Physcomitrium Harveyi* (Mitt). Coll. at Uitenhage by Harvey. Mosses growing on soil.

#### GENUS III.—ENTOSTHODON (SCHW.)

1. *Entosthodon Rottleri* (C. Mull). Rottler coll. first in Zanzibar; Ecklon, Mundt, and Pappe at the Cape.

2. *Entosthodon marginatus* (C. Mull.) Ecklon at Swellendam.

3. *Entosthodon Menziesii* (Mitt). Menzies at the Cape.

4. *Entosthodon Bergianus* (Br. & Sch.) Bergius on Lion's Rump; Ecklon and Drege on Walls of Cape Town.

5. *Entosthodon cavifolius* (Mitt. in Harv. Thesaurus Capensis), t. 100, fig D. Coll. by Dr. Harvey, Cape.

6. *Entosthodon clavatus* (Mitt in Harv. Thesaurus Capensis), t. 100, fig B. Coll. by Menzies, Cape

7. *Entosthodon urceolatus* (Mitt in Harv. Thesaurus Capensis), t. 100, fig. C. Coll. by Capt. Rooper near East London. Plants, which grow upon soil, and generally of a variable character.

#### SUBTRIBE SPLACHNACEAE.—GENUS IV. SPLACHNUM (L.)

1. *Splachnum longicollum* (Schwagr). Menzies on Table Mountain. I have not seen specimens of this moss, but think, from the description, that it is, as C. Muller suspects, an *Entosthodon*.

#### TRIBE VIII. MNIOIDEAE.—GENUS I. MNIMUM (DILL.)

1. *Mnium punctatum* (Hedw.) In moist places at the Cape. Distributed throughout the world.

2. *Mnium rostratum* (Schwagr). At the Cape by McOwan, McLea, and Shaw. Distributed in the Northern and Southern Temperate Regions.



3. *Mnium affine* (Bland). Coll. by McOwan on Boschberg, near Somerset East.

4. *Mnium cuspidatum* (Hedw.) In Herb. Hook., from the Cape.

5. *Mnium undulatum* (Hedw.) Coll. at the Cape and in the Island of Bourbon. Distributed through Europe.

#### GENUS I. MNIMUM.—SUB-GENUS RHIZOGONIUM.

*Rhizogonium permatum* (Hk. f. et Mitt.) Var.: longer and in denser masses than the typical form. Coll. by Shaw on decayed wood in the Katberg Forests, 1869. Distributed throughout New Zealand.

*Rhizogonium spiniforme* (C. Mull.) Coll. by Mundt and Burchell on wood at the Cape. Distributed in Jamaica, the Lesser Antilles, Tropical America, and the Island of Java. Mosses found growing on decayed wood.

#### GENUS II. LEPTOSTOMUM (R. BR.)

*Leptostomum Gerrardii* (new species). Dioicous. Stem leaves ovate, concave, becoming suddenly acuminate, ending with a long crisped toothed hair-point; nerve excurrent; perichaetial leaves ovate or lanceolate-subulate, with very long ciliated hair-point; capsule on a long pedicel, oblongo-ovate; operculum minute conical.

This beautiful species turned up in a set of Gerrard's plants during my residence at Kew. The stems are striking in aspect, resembling those of *Myurium Hebridarum*, but fluffy in appearance on account of the long hair-points of the leaves. It is allied to *Leptostomum splachnoides* (Hook et Arn.) Collected on wood in Natal by Gerrard.

#### GENUS III. CATHARINEA (EHRH).

1. *Catharinea androgyna*. (C. Mull). Collected by Ecklon at Swellendam. Herb. Kunzeanum, without opercula.

2. *Catharinea augustata*. (Hook). Collected by Shaw on Katberg. Distributed throughout Europe and America, and New Zealand and Australia.

#### GENUS IV. POLYTRICHUM (DILL).

1. *Polytrichum Capense*. (Hmp). Gueinzus, at the Cape.

2. *Polytrichum convolutum*. (Linn f. et Mitt.). Collected by McLea, Graaff-Reinet. On clayey soil. Jamaica and Isle of France.

3. *Polytrichum convolutum*. (Linn. f. et Mitt.). Var. B. Collected by Thunberg at the Cape.

4. *Polytrichum commune*. (Linn). Var.  $\gamma$ . Generally distributed throughout the world.

5. *Polytrichum dendroides*. (Hdw). Herb. Hook. Kew, locality and collector not named; Straits of Magellan, New Zealand, and Peru.

6. *Polytrichum elatum* (P. B.) Collected on Boschberg by MacOwan. Isles of France and Bourbon.

TRIBE IX. BRYACEAE.—GENUS I. MIELICHOFERIA (HSCH.)

1. *Mielichoferia Eckloni* (Hsch.) Hottentot's Holland by Ecklon; elsewhere by Zeyher, Harvey; and McLea near Graaff-Reinet; also from Van Dieman's Land in Herb. Hook.

2. *Mielichoferia clavata* (Br. et Sch.) Swellendam by Pappe, and by Mundt near Cape Town; Abyssinia by Schimper. Wilson in *Herb. Hook.*, referring to Harvey's specimens, proposes for them a new genus allied to *Cinclidium* on account of the double peristome—the inner ciliary processes are connected by transverse bars. McLea's specimens have the same character. Wilson gives the name *Catopterum*.

GENUS II. ORTHODONTIUM (SCHW.)

1. *Orthodontium lineare* (Schwagr.) Coll. by Menzies; and by Mr. McLea at Graaff-Reinet.

2. *Orthodontium gracile* (Schw.) Coll. by McOwan and Shaw in Fern Kloof, Graham's Town, Sept., 1867. Found also in Abyssinia (Schimper); Cheshire (Wilson); and in Scotland (Shaw and Stirton).

GENUS III. BRYUM (DILL.)

1. *Bryum umbraculum*. (Bruch). At the Cape, by Burchell, Drege, and Ecklon; and at Natal.

2. *Bryum Canariense*. (Schwägr). Collected by Ecklon and Mundt. Distributed generally on Teneriffe, at Rome, and in Scotland, where Shaw and McKinlay collected it in the Shetland Islands in 1864; collected near Graaff-Reinet by McLea.

3. *Bryum Canariense* (Schwagr); var.  $\beta$ . Coll. at the Cape by Ecklon, in boggy places.

4. *Bryum capillare* (Hdw.), *d. Capense*. The var. at the Cape; the type common everywhere.

5. *Bryum caespiticium* (L.) Distributed everywhere in both hemispheres; McOwan at the Cape.

6. *Bryum atropurpureum* (Wahl). A cosmopolitan species; McLea near Graaff-Reinet.

7. *Bryum dicranoides* (Hsch.) On Table Mountain by Ecklon, and at Swellendam by Pappe.

8. *Bryum pulchrum* (C. Mull.) In woods near Swellendam by Mundt.

9. *Bryum koratranum* (C. Mull.) At the Cape by Drege and Ecklon.

10. *Bryum leptoblepharum* (C. Mull.) Coll. by Drege and Ecklon.

11. *Bryum turbinatum* (Hdw.) In bogs on mountains near Middelburg by McLea.

12. *Bryum erythocarpum* (Schwagr.) On rocks, Bain's Kloof, Graaff-Reinet by McLea.

13. *Bryum Wahlbergii* (Schw.) In moist places on mountains 7,000 feet, by McLea, near Middelburg.

14. *Bryum alpinum* (L.) In bogs in Rhenosterberg, 6,000 feet ; near Middelburg by McLea.

15. *Bryum prionotes* (new species), dioicous. Leaves semi-oblong from the base, abruptly attenuated at the middle, above subulate, serrate, nerve vanishing beneath the apex.

*Bryum prionotes* has an aspect of mountain forms of *B. alpinum*, but is different from it and all other *Brya* in its peculiarly prionote leaf ; barren. Found in the highest point of the Katberg on rocks.

16. *Bryum laetum* (Mitt.) From the Cape (in Herb. Hook).

17. *Bryum pallens* (Sw.) On mountains 7,000 feet, near Graaff-Reinet, by McLea.

#### TRIBE X. DICRANACEAE.—GENUS I. DICRANUM (HDW.)

1. *Dicranum Sprengelianum* (C. Mull.) From the Cape (in Herb. Spreng).

2. *Dicranum Zeyheri* (C. Mull.) From the Cape ; collected by Zeyher. Mosses favouring a turfy soil.

#### GENUS II. CAMPYLOPUS (BRID.)

1. *Campylopus nanus* (C. Mull.) Cape ; collected at Genandenthal by Drege ; found also in Java.

2. *Campylopus chlorophyllus* (C. Mull.) Collected at the Cape by Gueinzus, 1842. In Herb. Kunz.

3. *Campylopus legidophyllum* (C. Mull.) At the Palmiet River and Caledon, by Ecklon. Mosses growing in turf and generally in the uplands.

#### TRIBE XI. LEPTOTRICHACEAE—GENUS I. BRACHYODUS (FURNR.)

1. *Brachyodus arichoides* (Furnr.) On moist shady rocks.—Europe and Africa.

#### GENUS II. AUGSTROEMIA (BR. AND SCH.)

1. *Augstroemia orthocarpa* (Mitt.) Collected at the Cape.

## GENUS III. LEPTOTRICHUM (HMP.)

1. *Leptotrichum flexipolium* (Hook and Taylor). Specimen from the Cape in Herb. Hook. [= *Didymodon flexifolius* (Hook and Tay).]

2. *Leptotrichum vallis-gratie* (Mitt.) Collected at Van Kemp's Bay. In Herb. Hook at Kew.

3. *Leptotrichum Capense* (C. Mull.) In humid places; Table Mountain, and in cracks of ground; Ecklon, Gueinzus, at Natal.

## GENUS IV. TREMATADON (RICH).

1. *Trematodon paradoxus* (Hsch.) In humid places on Table Mountain; by Ecklon. MacOwan and Shaw in Fern Kloof, Graham's Town, 1867.

## TRIBE XII. BERTRAMRIDEAE.—GENUS I. BERTRAMIA.

1. *Bartramia tenella* (C. Mull.) Collected by McLea near Graaff-Reinet, on moist places; distributed very generally as a variable plant.

2. *Bartramia compacta* (Hsch.) On Lion's Rump, in shady moist places, collected by Bergius; also by Burchell and Krauss, and by McLea, near Graaff-Reinet, and by Shaw, Katberg.

3. *Bartramia sericea* (Hsch.) On Table Mountain by Bergius and McGillivray; common on moist soil and bark.

4. *Bartramia Breutelii* (Sch. MSS.), monoicous. Leaves lanceolate, subulate, serrate, with pellucid areolae; branches very slender, filiform, capsule sphaerical, operculum conical. The specimens from Schimper in the Kew Herbarium are very variable in size, and have an aspect of small states of *B. oederi*. Collected at Bethel, South Africa, but by whom not said; McOwan near Somerset East, and by Shaw on Katberg.

5. *Bartramia Dregeana* (C. Mull.) Collected by Drege in South Africa. A genus of mosses frequenting moist places, bogs, &c.

6. *Bartramia arcuata*. Koudveldt, 5,500 feet, near Graaff-Reinet, 1873, J. McLea; also in the North-eastern Hemisphere.

7. *Bartramia gnaphalea* (C. Müller). Collected by Shaw on mountains near Stellenbosch; also at St. Helena; distributed throughout Island of Bourbon, Cameroons, and Java.

8. *Bartramia comosa* (Mitt.) Katberg, 1869, Shaw; Auckland by Knight, and Bay of Islands by Cunningham.

*To be continued.*

## THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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### Our Political Privileges.

“THE aim of every political constitution,” says Judge Story, “is, or ought to be, first to obtain for rulers men who possess most wisdom to discern, and most virtue to pursue, the common good of society; and, in the next place, to take the most effectual precautions for keeping them virtuous while they continue in their public trust.” In this Colony it is sought to obtain the first of these objects by giving to the people themselves the power of selecting as their rulers those men whom they may consider to be the most able and virtuous of their number. The right of the franchise therefore ought to raise in the minds of those who possess it a sense of the responsibility it places them under to exercise such right for the sole purpose for which it was given them, that is, the good of the whole community. It is a solemn trust and should always be considered in that light only. The franchise in this Colony is distributed very widely among all classes of the community. Every male person of the age of twenty-one years *occupying* for twelve months any building which, with the land on which it stands, may be of the value of twenty-five pounds sterling, or receiving a salary of fifty pounds per annum, or a salary of twenty-five pounds per annum with board and lodging, may vote at elections of members of both Houses of Parliament. Aliens, persons of unsound mind, or who shall have been convicted of certain crimes, are the only exceptions. The real qualification may thus broadly be stated to consist in fixed residence in the colony for a twelvemonth.

Nobody will deny that the mass of these electors are corruptible. They are not different from other men in this respect. The majority of them are ignorant; many of them live from hand to mouth; they are peculiarly open to temptation. Their numbers reduce the price for which they will dispose of their votes to a very small sum. They soon find purchasers for them. It has therefore been found necessary in this Colony, as well as in Great Britain, to endeavour to guard the exercise of the privilege of voting from corruption and violence.

The offence of bribing an elector was always punishable in  
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England independently of statute. "Bribery at common law is a misdemeanour," says Bushby in his *Manual of Election Law*, "and is committed whenever a vote is procured from, or disposed of, by an elector for a valuable consideration. . . . And as every attempt to commit a misdemeanour is itself a misdemeanour, the mere offer of a bribe to an elector, or his solicitation of one, is punishable. . . . Both the giver and recipient of a bribe are punishable." By the common law bribery is punishable by the House of Commons with the same penalties as are inflicted by the Courts of Justice. Thus, in the earliest recorded case of the kind (A.D. 1571), "one Thomas Longe," says Blackstone, "being a simple man and of small capacity to serve in Parliament, acknowledged that he had given the Returning Officer and others of the borough (Westbury), for which he was chosen, four pounds to be returned member, and was for that premium elected." Whereupon the House ordered "that a fine of twenty pounds be assessed upon the corporation for their said lewd and slanderous attempt," and according to Lord Coke, though this does not appear from the Commons Journals, Longe was removed from his seat. Again, some fifty years later, but more than seventy years before the first statute on the subject, the fact having been ascertained that, at Bletchingley, "some money, though very little, had been given on Mr. Lovell's behalf to gain him voices," that gentleman was committed to the Tower of London for the offence.

The House of Commons has now relinquished its powers in this matter, yet the old principles, practices, and rules observed by Parliament continue to be important, inasmuch as they are still "so far as may be" to be observed by the Judges. Now one consequence in Parliament of common law bribery was to enable the House to annul the return of a successful candidate though only a single bribe was proved. This was intended not so much as a penalty as to secure to constituents a free and incorrupt choice; seeing that a single purchased vote, brought home to the candidate, might well throw doubt on his whole majority. The subject has been lately more carefully dealt with by the Legislature, and "The Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, 1854," and "The Parliamentary Elections Act, 1868," are so wide and stringent that obedience to their provisions will effectually secure a candidate from any danger at common law.

The introduction of representative institutions into this Colony was speedily followed by open traffic in the sale of votes. It was believed to be no offence in the eye of the law, and it was not until the year 1859 that an Act was passed "For preventing Bribery, Treating, and Undue Influence at Elections of Members of Parliament." This Act is for the most part taken word for word from the English "Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, 1854."

The briber and the bribed alike render themselves liable to fine and imprisonment. Direct bribery, undue influence, distribution of cockades, payment for bands and banners, or for conveyance or refresh-

ment to voters on day of nomination or day of polling, distribution of money or tickets to enable voters to obtain refreshment, are declared illegal. In addition to the penalties above mentioned the names of those convicted under the Act are to be struck off the roll of electors, and their application for registration is to be refused.

A clause in the English Act, which declares a candidate found guilty of bribery incapable of being elected during the Parliament then in existence, is not repeated in the Colonial Act, while on the other hand, we do not find in the former a clause appearing in the Cape Act requiring that every proclamation issued by the Governor for any election shall give warning that the persons who are guilty of bribery, &c., will, upon conviction, be liable to the penalties provided by this Act.

Thus the Legislature has attempted to check as far as possible the open practice of bribery and corruption, knowing that to leave the evil to take root and spread must, in the long run, lead to bad and corrupt legislation. The *New York Herald* gives the following as a faithful and exact description of one of the results of the corruption prevailing at the party elections in that city :—" A lazy fellow, who hates to work for a living, and encouraged by the success of ward politicians, who have grown fat upon the corruptions and spoils of office, devotes his energies, day and night, to the acquisition of influence in the ward in which he resides. He spouts, he brawls in the bar-room, and affects public virtue of the highest order. He is a patriot of the first water, and a "clever" fellow to boot. He treats the rowdies whenever he meets them, and makes them his fast friends. He is most diligent in attending to all matters of public interest connected with the ward or the city. If he has sufficient ability he draws up resolutions for public meetings and committees, and studies the forms and precedents of political organizations, so that he has them at his fingers' ends, and he is consulted as an oracle upon all occasions of doubt or difficulty or importance. If there is an honest man in the ward of the same politics, who has any taste or ambition for public affairs, and especially if he shows any talent, he takes every opportunity to blast his character. For the simple and the confiding he promises to obtain situations in the post-office, the custom-house and the police. He thus gradually acquires the influence he seeks, and soon finds himself a far more important man in the ward than his neighbour, who is a man of real worth and respectability. His position is found out by those who want to use him. He is for sale to the highest bidder, either to defeat his own party by treachery, or to procure a nomination for any scoundrel who will pay for it. He has no politics of any kind. He has rascality to sell, and there are those who are willing to purchase it in order that they may traffic in it, and sell it themselves again at a very high profit. . . . Meanwhile our political system, so beautiful and so free, and so well adapted to guard against despotism on the one hand, and the licentiousness of the mob on the other, is so abused and so perverted from its original design,

as to become the source of public demoralisation, the reproach of the United States, and the laughing-stock of the enemies of republican institutions all over the world."

But it is not in New York alone that corruption is prevalent. It is the vice of all free countries. Whatever we may wish to suppose in theory, we all know that in the majority of cases a candidate must put far greater trust in the length of his purse, in his liberality in treating and entertaining the voters, in his power of winning over the leaders of small clubs and associations, than in any claim he may have on account of political services to the State taken as a whole. Elections, therefore, become a matter of heavy expense; and to many able men in this Colony they would become a matter of an expense so ruinous that their fortunes would not be able to bear it. The affairs of the country would soon be entrusted not to the best and the wisest—but to those who can afford to be most lavish in their expenditure in corrupting the electors.

The wisdom of the Legislature in endeavouring to prevent this evil by the "Corrupt Practices at Elections Prevention Act" is undoubted, but should such practices ever be common in this Colony, the Act will have to be made still more like the English Act in one or two respects before it can do any good. At present no one will care about putting it in force merely for the purpose of punishing an ignorant coolie for taking a bottle of Cape beer for his vote, or even to disfranchise the zealous agent who should tempt him.

By the fourth section of the Cape Bribery Act undue influence is defined, and it is enacted that any person guilty of this offence may be fined £25, or be imprisoned for three months, and shall be liable to forfeit £25 to any person who shall sue for the same. Undue influence is defined as directly or indirectly practising intimidation upon any person to affect his voting, and is not confined to what is done to induce a person to vote, but also what is done on account of the manner in which he has given his vote. It not only prohibits acts that are clearly illegal and unjustifiable in any event, such as actual personal violence; but also applies to acts which a person has a perfect right to do, so long as he does not do them for the purpose of influencing a vote. Thus a landlord has a perfect right to give a tenant notice to quit; but if he turns that tenant out on account of his vote, he is committing an offence punishable under this Act.

The offence of personation is declared by the English Act to be a felony, and is punished by imprisonment for two years, and the candidate as in all other cases is declared incapable of being elected for that session of Parliament. In this Colony the penalty is a fine not exceeding £50, and in default of payment imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months. It is the duty of the Returning Officer to institute proceedings against persons guilty of this crime.

Wherever the constituency is very large, such as a town of any size, the temptations to personate will, on account of the difficulty of detection, always be great. In Cape Town, it is, we believe, a

fixed rule with the electioneering agents "to poll all the Abdols" as early as possible. The bolder offenders, however, do not confine themselves to the names of unknown electors, but deliberately select those of anyone who they think has not yet voted. Thus, at one election an attempt was made to personate Mr. W. Porter, the late Attorney-General, perhaps the best known man in Cape Town, although there was no other W. Porter on the register. We do not recollect whether the vote was taken, but there can be no doubt that the polling officer would not have been justified in refusing it. There are only two grounds on which the polling officer can refuse to take a vote, viz.: 1. Where the person offering to vote is not on the register; 2. Where the person offering to vote refuses to answer the questions authorized by Act 14, 1874. As to the first case, in England formerly a person whose name had been omitted from the register had the right of tendering a vote and appealing, but this power has been taken away by the Ballot Act, and no vote can now be tendered except in case of personation. It should be observed, as to the second case, that the meaning of the questions put to the person tendering his vote is not whether he is rightly named in the register as A. B., but whether he is the person whom the name A. B. was intended to designate there. The polling officer may be perfectly aware of the fact that the person tendering the vote is not the person whose name is on the register, and he may give him in charge to the police, but he has no power to refuse the vote. Should a person claim to vote in respect of a qualification in right of which somebody else has already voted, he is entitled upon duly answering the questions to record his vote. In England this is done under the Ballot Act, by giving the last claimant a ballot paper of a different colour from the other ballot papers, and this, instead of being put in the ballot box, is endorsed with the name of the voter, and kept apart from the other ballot papers. This vote is not counted by the returning officer, but is entered in a list, together with the name of the voter, which list is called "the tendered votes list." In this Colony an enquiry is instituted, and should the last voter prove to be the proper person his vote is accepted.

There is another case which has once happened we believe in this Colony, and in which the interests of the electors might be better observed by adopting the English rule. We refer to the case of the death of a candidate after nomination and before the poll. It would be obviously unfair to the constituency to compel them to accept the surviving candidate who may be opposed to nine-tenths of the electors. Their only safety therefore would be to vote for the dead man, and thus render it necessary to have a fresh election. But the loss of time and the expense and inconvenience might be avoided by adopting the rule that if a candidate were to die before the commencement of the poll, but not afterwards, the returning officer should have power to countermand notice of the poll, and to commence afresh all the proceedings in



reference to the election—only that with regard to the case of any candidate who stood nominated at the time of the countermand of the poll no fresh nomination should be necessary.

With a large majority of voters having no property qualification at all, or next to none, who are for the most part unacquainted with the language in which the affairs of the country are conducted, and who are generally without any education and easily influenced, it becomes a matter of serious importance that every man who can take an intelligent interest in public matters should have his name upon the register. It is not merely a loss to the individuals themselves when for any reason the names of intelligent voters have been expunged from the register—it is a loss to the whole community. While it becomes the duty therefore of every qualified person to see that he is properly registered as a voter, it should also be the duty of the Government not only to afford every facility for the registration of voters, but to use all the means in its power to frame correct lists of qualified persons. The present system of registration has undoubtedly proved itself unsatisfactory and requires amendment. In England, by means of the agents of the great political parties, there is little fear that any qualified person will accidentally be excluded from the register, but in the absence of any such organization men actively employed in business are constantly exposed to the danger of losing their privileges through want of attention to the various formalities required by the law.

Turning from the electors to the elected, we find a wide enough field from which to choose the rulers of the State. Every person qualified to be an elector is eligible as a candidate for a seat in the Assembly, while every person is qualified for a seat in the Council who is thirty years of age and upwards, a possessor of landed property, if unencumbered, to the value of £2,000, or if encumbered, then of landed property to the value of £2,000, and of movable and immovable property to the value of £4,000, over and above his just debts.

The property qualification for members of the Legislative Council is not so great as to entitle them to be considered as the representatives of any class distinct from that represented by members of the Assembly. The only important distinction between the constitution of the two Houses is that the Council is elected by the electors voting as seven large groups, while the members of the Assembly are elected by the same persons voting as thirty-three smaller groups.

The value of an Upper House is considered to be that it forms a security against hasty, rash, and dangerous legislation; allowing errors and mistakes to be corrected before they have produced public mischief. It affords an opportunity for a review of important acts of legislation by different minds “acting under different and sometimes opposite opinions and feelings.” “It is obvious,” says Mr. Justice Story, “that the more various the elements which enter into the actual composition of each body the greater the security will be.” The members of the Legislative Council, representing not one divi-



sion but a number of divisions, it is supposed, will take a more enlarged view of the interests, not only of their own constituencies but of the whole Colony. It is a question, however, whether large or small electoral districts afford the best prospect of obtaining the best and most highly-qualified class of representatives. It has been argued that "small districts may be conducted by intrigue ; but in large districts nothing but real dignity of character can secure an election." The Parliament of this Colony has already decided against very large constituencies by converting the two great constituencies, which up to this time returned the members of Council, into seven smaller ones. And, judging from the experience of other countries, it does not appear that large districts are more likely to choose men of the greatest wisdom, abilities, and real dignity. There is a feeling that properly to carry out the purposes for which a second Chamber is required certain further reforms in the constitution of the Council, or in the mode of its election, are necessary. While some are of opinion that this could best be effected by raising considerably the qualification of the electors, others hold that the better course would be to make the Chamber more independent of both Government and the people than it is at present, by providing that the members shall hold their seats for the full period for which they are elected, thus taking from the Government all power of dissolving the Council before the expiration of a certain number of years. It would perhaps be premature to enter into a discussion on these points at present, as the Colony has not yet had an opportunity of judging as to the result of the last reform. But it is not improbable that these matters will have to be discussed before long.

It is now nearly five-and-twenty years since this Colony first embarked on its career of self-government. Every fair and candid judge will admit that on the whole it has acted well and wisely. The foundation of a constitutional system has been laid, which we trust that time will only strengthen and improve. But we must not shut our eyes to the fact that in applying the principles of universal suffrage to so mixed a population as ours we have a difficult problem to solve concerning which we can receive no hints from the experience of other nations. While learning as much as possible from the example and experience of England and other free countries, we must not forget that mere imitation is but a barren plant. We have to mould our institutions to our own actual wants, not according to philosophic theories. But, above all, we should recollect that the welfare of the Colony, its future prosperity, depends upon the wisdom and virtue of those persons whom we ourselves select to hold the reins of Government. That if we allow the great mass of the electors to be thoroughly corrupted by bribery and fraud, we must expect the evil to mount higher and higher until we find corruption in the highest places, as foul and disgraceful as that which we may have suffered to take root among the lowest and most ignorant classes.

Lines written in a time of trouble.

Have patience, love ! the longest night must end,  
The blackest sky again be clear and bright ;  
'Tis God these troubles to our hearts doth send,  
Have patience, love !

Have patience, love ! He doeth naught amiss,  
And though we now repine—foolish and blind—  
In happier days we'll bless His name for this.  
Have patience, love !

Have patience, love ! 'tis agony to bear  
The hardest trials from the friends most loved ;  
Look to the Cross, that agony was there.  
Have patience, love !

Have patience, love ! Some day we may recall  
The fierce contentions that now rend our hearts,  
And smile to think they troubled us at all.  
Have patience, love !

Have patience, love ! And ah ! do not forget  
When I, forgetful, *seem* less kind to thee,  
How steadfastly I loved and love thee yet.  
Have patience, love !

Have patience, love ! And he who preaches now,  
Himself impatient, unforgiving, harsh,  
Will learn from thee his stubborn will to bow.  
Have patience, love !

Have patience, love ! The clouds begin to break ;  
The glorious sun once more brings back the day,  
The falling tears Hope's rainbow colours take.  
Have patience, love !

# Adèle ;

## A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

BY BONNE ESPERANCE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

OTH : Soft you ; a word or two before you go.  
 I have done the State some service, and they know't ;  
 No more of that :—I pray you in your letters,  
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
 Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak  
 Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well.—SHAKSPEARE.

“OH ! God help her and help us,” had been poor Francois’ agonizing cry, as with a despairing heart he turned from the gloomy gully and sank to the earth, the terrible thought of the awful fate that awaited his beloved Adèle robbing him of his reasoning powers for the moment. He groaned aloud in his misery, and wildly cast his hands to heaven as he cried again with greater vehemence, if possible,

“Oh ! God, save her, *save* her from the hand of the cruel savage !”

“Baasie,” said Jephtha, whose kind heart was deeply wrung ;  
 “Baasie, don’t give way like this ; rise, and let us be going.”

“Going !” cried Francois hopelessly, “going ! do you mock me at this moment, Jephtha, or has your reason deserted you ?”

“God forbid,” answered the patient Hottentot ; “I am in earnest when I say that we may yet be in time. In your distress, Baasie, you have forgotten the short cut.”

The suggestion, though uttered quietly, affected Francois like an electric shock. He jumped to his feet, and for a moment stared before him as if collecting his thoughts. “The short cut,” he repeated, “the short cut ! so there is ; God be praised,” he cried fervently, as he seized Jephtha by both hands. “Oh wisest of sable skins,” he added, “but for you I should never have thought of this ; I was so smitten to the earth, and my soul’s life would have been lost to me for ever.”

“To action now,” said practical Jephtha, “let us waste no time in fruitless sentiment.”

“Lead and I will follow,” answered Francois eagerly ; and without another word they proceeded to cross the gully, Francois silently following his faithful guide, his heart too anxious and full of apprehension for words.

Briskly they walked, and bravely they mounted the last hill that divided them from Meerhoff’s farm. Gaining the brow they saw the broad valley at the foot of the garden stretching out below

them : thither they descended with hopeful eager steps. Carefully avoiding the rushes which wound along the foot of the hill in a circuitous manner, they kept the footpath leading straight across the valley, and in less than half an hour entered the garden path. With anxious hearts and cautious footsteps they hurried forward. Suspense became unendurable to Francois, to whom seconds appeared ages in this never to be forgotten moment of his life. His cheeks flushed and his eyes brightened as they neared the farm, and heard the triumphant shouts of the cruel foe ; they quickened their pace, with palpitating hearts, but before they had proceeded far their progress was abruptly stopped by innumerable savages who crowded every road and passage, shutting out the view of the farm, and causing such a din by their tramping and frequent yelling that nothing could be heard of the unfortunate family at the house. They felt sure that the house had been attacked, and that the attack was at that moment going on, but they saw no means of ascertaining the extent of the Hottentot's success. After one or two vain efforts to force a passage through the dark masses before him, Francois, deadly pale, with a despairing groan, clutched hold of the nearest tree for support ; but quick-witted Jephtha, trembling from head to foot, instantly mounted the tree, and straining forward, soon acquainted himself with the position of affairs around the house. He saw the attack upon the door going on vigorously ; while he looked the door fell and the guns boomed forth. Precipitately he descended, and laying a very cold hand on his unhappy master's arm, he whispered, and his voice sounded in Francois' ears hoarse and unearthly "Come, baasie, come."

"Great God !" exclaimed Francois, "what have you seen ?"

"The urgent necessity of forcing our way through at once and going to the rescue," replied Jephtha, as he plunged in among the savages, followed by Francois.

The moment was propitious to their valorous effort, for at the sound of the guns the crowds before and around them wavered and dispersed as they sought shelter under the garden trees. It was but for a moment, for at the call of their chief, they instantly rallied round him again, but that one moment had enabled Francois and Jephtha to reach and enter the rushes, where they delayed a few moments to enable Jephtha to stain Francois' face and hands, and so to disguise him that he might personate Yonker, Hancunqua's son. Mingling with the Hottentots, they escaped observation. They were in front of the house now, and had time to look about them. There in the doorway, in the full blaze of the light inside, stood Meerhoff's burly form, manfully defending the front door, one white man only beside him to assist in keeping back the dusky hordes, that with savage yells pressed on thicker and faster to overpower him. To run to his rescue was madness, their only chance of gaining an entrance into the house was through Adèle's window, but another difficulty met them there ; already the place was surrounded by

savages, crowds were between them and the casement, while some appeared to be actually forcing the shutter.

The unfortunate Adèle was inside her room at the time, in breathless anxiety and agonizing suspense, listening to every sound outside her chamber. She heard the enemy gradually surround the house, then cautiously approach the window. Some stopped and whispered; her breath came fast and quick, her knees trembled; one moment more and a yell that chilled her blood sounded outside, then a powerful blow struck the fragile shutter of her window, tearing it from its hinges. Maddened with terror, she rushed to the *voorhuis* to crave for help, but the scene that met her there drove her back horror-stricken. It would be impossible to describe her feelings at this awful moment of her existence. Paralysed with fear, she sought refuge in the furthest corner of her room, and feeling utterly powerless to avert her tragic doom so near, she rested her back against the wall and sighed pitifully.

"Oh what have I done, what have I done, to deserve this? Oh! why am I delivered up into the merciless hand of the cruel savage?"

A scream broke from her suddenly, and all hope of being saved faded from her mind as she heard the window fall, saw the moonlight stream through the opening, and a dark figure leap into her room, while the woolly head of a second appeared above the sill.

"O God!" moaned the unfortunate girl in her anguish as she saw the figure steadily approach. Then with a last effort she threw up her hands and cried wildly, as her senses faded and darkness suddenly obscured her vision, "Francois!"

"My love," answered a well-known voice, and loving arms caught her fainting form. "My precious love, thank God *you* are saved."

On finding that she neither moved nor spoke, he carried her to the open air, and the cool night breeze fanning her cheek and brow, soon revived her. Languidly she opened her eyes, and though the moon was bright and she looked straight into Francois' face glowing with pleasure, she recognized him not. It was only when he stooped and tenderly whispered in her ear that she showed, by a slight tremor of her delicate frame, and a strange pallor that suddenly blanched her troubled face, how deeply she was stirred, how thankful, how happy she was, and how safe she believed herself encircled by those manly arms.

"Tell me, dearest," said he softly, "where is your poor mother?"

"In the kitchen," answered she feebly.

"Jeptha," said Francois, "run round and do your best to save the poor woman."

But before the faithful Hottentot could move forward, they were stopped by the Hottentots around them.

"Morbleu!" exclaimed Francois, tightening his hold round



Adèle's slender waist, "this obstacle is unlooked for. Jephtha, we must surmount it."

As usual the ready-witted Jephtha had to clear the way. Quickly mounting a log of wood close by, he drew himself up to his full height and cried in a commanding voice, "Chotona ! Chotona ! make way there for the paramount Chief."

The greater number withdrew instantly, but some hesitated. "Who is that with the woman in his arms ?" they enquired.

"Yonker, the mighty Hancunqua's son," answered Jephtha.

The ruse succeeded ; they fell back to a man.

Jephtha hurried towards the kitchen, and Francois carried his precious burden to the stables where, without delay, he saddled two horses, placing Adèle on one and mounting the other himself.

They proceeded at a vigorous pace towards De Villiers' farm, that being the nearest, and Francois never spoke on the way, except to enquire of his lovely companion whether she was comfortable, or whether the brisk pace did not fatigue her. He was reserved and distant, and even cold and formal, and Adèle, far from resenting his altered manner, appreciated his delicacy so greatly and respected him so highly that her love for him increased tenfold.

It was only after he had delivered his precious charge into De Villiers' hands, and had seen her safe under Mrs. De Villiers' protecting care, that, as he said adieu, he revealed to her by a single passionate glance the fire and depth of his unalterable devotion to her.

When Jephtha, after leaving Francois, came to the kitchen, he found it securely fastened, and hostile Hottentots in every direction. He had great trouble to force his way in. As he entered he saw poor Mrs. Meerhoff disappear into the oven. Before he could reach her to offer his assistance, the savages outside forced the door, and rushing wildly about began their search after plunder.

He kept his position near the oven for some time, anxiously watching his opportunity. Suddenly he was almost paralyzed with fear as he heard their wild cry.

"The oven, the oven," they screamed, "we have forgotten the oven ;" and with yells and shouts they rushed towards the spot where he was standing.

Going a step forward he joined in their cry, "Ay," he said eagerly, "the oven, the oven, we have forgotten the oven ; hand us a torch." Snatching the latter from the hand of a Hottentot near him, he held it so as to allow no light actually to fall upon the floor of the oven.

"As empty as an egg-shell," he exclaimed, apparently disappointed, as he closed the door of the oven and placed his back against it.

Shortly after, he saw the unfortunate Stallenberg led forth ; the savages followed in his rear, and Jephtha, unexpectedly finding himself alone, turned, softly opened the oven door and assisted Mrs. Meerhoff down. Supporting her trembling, fainting form in his arms, he made his escape by the front door, and fled to the garden,

where he hid her under the thorn trees, and remained by her side until relief came.

Daylight was not far off, when the chief finished his hideous work of revenge, and hastened back to his camp laden with spoil. At the same moment a little party of burghers, well-armed, came galloping down the rise in the opposite direction. As they neared the farm they slackened their pace, for the stifling air and lurid light of the blazing houses showed them that they were too late. But Francois, anxious about the fate of the unfortunate Mrs. Meerhoff, hastened on, regardless of heat and smoke, and soon gained the thorn-tree near the kitchen, where he dismounted and tied his horse. As he turned towards the dwelling house he beheld, in the full blaze of the mighty fire, a sickening spectacle, for there behind a bush, groaning and in the agonies of death, lay the expiring Field-cornet, cruelly mutilated.

Francois' naturally kind, sympathetic heart was sorely wrung. He covered the poor trembling body with his own coat, fetched water from the nearest stream, and gently lifting his head, sprinkled some into the sufferer's pale face, and with the rest tried to refresh his parched mouth. The cool water seemed to revive him for a moment. Slowly he opened his bloodshot eyes, and for a second appeared to fix them on Francois' sorrowful face, but he was too far gone to give any sign that he recognized his enemy. Francois, however, continued to bathe his brow and to moisten his lips, until the first crimson streak of day illumined the eastern sky, when the shadow of death settled upon the face of Stallenberg.

"O God!" cried Francois earnestly, "have mercy on his soul! Let the agony of the past night and his prolonged sufferings expiate his sins; and do Thou grant peace to his immortal soul."

A slight quiver passed through Herman's frame, a sigh escaped him,—he was dead. Gently Francois laid him down and turned away.

"Poor old Fiscal," said De Villiers, as he came forward to look upon his face for the last time. "You used to ride the burghers with a pretty tight rein formerly, but there is not one here now but renders you his meed of pity."

"De Villiers," said Francois, "I feel very anxious about Mrs. Meerhoff. I am afraid evil has befallen her."

Before De Villiers could return an answer, their doubts were dispelled by the very object of their solicitations, who appeared on the scene, leaning heavily on Jephtha's arm. Francois ran to her side; she threw her arms round his neck and wept.

"Adèle is safe," said he.

"Thank God!" replied the mother, devoutly.

After the burial of the unfortunate slain, the burghers returned to their several farms, De Villiers and Francois, accompanied by Mrs. Meerhoff and Jephtha.

On their arrival home, De Villiers wrote a lengthy account of the

sad catastrophe that had befallen his brethren, and fully set forth Francois' valour and promptitude in saving the hapless women. Subsequently he drew up a petition to Government, numerously signed by all the burghers, in which they prayed for a full and free pardon to be bestowed upon Francois as a reward for his signal services.

These documents were sent off to Cape Town by two slaves, escorted by a number of Chotona's men, and two months later the new Field-cornet, Van Harten, arrived, charged with important news. Being an upright, conscientious man, he was greatly respected and trusted by all, while his kind, cordial manner secured friends for him wherever he went, and subsequently he became immensely popular. He brought with him a free pardon for Francois, with the Governor's thanks for the valorous part he had taken in the affair; and reported the astounding news that old Du Plessis had succeeded to a Dukedom and to an enormous fortune.

The news did not much astonish Francois; he always expected that something of the kind would happen some day.

"How is my dear old father?" he demanded.

"Very infirm," replied the Field-cornet. "I visited him shortly before my departure; read him the account of the attack upon Meerhoff's house; and told him of the pardon that had been granted to you. The old man listened attentively, and at the conclusion clasped his hands together, and exclaimed fervently,

"God be praised! It is enough, my beloved son is alive and well; he shall come to me, and my eyes shall behold him once more before they close in death."

Francois rose and walked away; he drew near to Adèle, and seated himself beside her.

"*When* shall it be, chere amie?" he sighed, as he took one of her little hands in his.

She lifted a timid, blushing face, and loving eyes, in each of which sparkled a tear, and in which he read his answer.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Francois, fervently pressing her to his heart.

She cautioned him gently, and an exclamation of wonder and gratification breaking from the burghers at the moment, he turned to ascertain what caused it. The Field-cornet was evidently delivering most important intelligence.

"By St. Denis!" exclaimed De Villiers. "Francois, here is good news; let us congratulate each other, old fellow. Van der Stell has been recalled, and another Governor appointed in his place, who promises to be milder in his treatment of the burghers.

"You have omitted the part that would interest Du Plessis most," said the Field-cornet.

"I am coming to it," answered De Villiers, "give me time. I can scarcely realize it all. It is almost too good to be true."

"Speak then," cried Francois, "suspense is killing me."

"Well, it is this," answered the Field-cornet, "Pierre du Plessis, noble, brave Pierre, who sacrificed all in his manly struggle to free the country and break down the iron yoke of oppression, is daily expected in Cape Town."

"How is that?" inquired Francois, jumping to his feet.

"All political prisoners sentenced under Van der Stell's *regime* have been pardoned," answered Van Harten.

"Morbieu!" exclaimed Francois, "this is something to be thankful for indeed. My dear old father, God be praised that our troubles have ended so mercifully."

A month later a small party of happy Huguenots were on their way to Cape Town. We do not say farewell yet, for we shall meet some of them again.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### NUNC DIMITTIS.

The last rays of the setting sun were streaming into a small apartment, in the village of Stellenbosch, filling it with sudden glory and illumining the emaciated form and attenuated features of the Duke of Du Plessis, as he lay on a high four-post bed, his hands folded on the snow-white coverlet, a calm contentment and quiet joy brightening his countenance. Beside him sat the loving Annette, like a ministering angel, watching his every movement, ready at the least sign from him to do his bidding. At the foot of the bed stood Pierre, not altered much since we last beheld him, still changed. His presence appeared nobler; the fire in his steady dark eye brighter, the expression of his countenance calmer and firmer. His attention was solely concentrated on the prostrate form of his sinking parent, whose lightest word was sacred and precious to him. He scarcely heeded Francois beside him, with his arm lovingly twined round the slender waist of his beautiful bride, who, at the old man's request, was still arrayed in her wedding garments of spotless white, with natural orange blossoms, fresh and odoriferous, in her hair and bosom. The old man's last moments were fast approaching; he stretched out a thin hand to Pierre and drew him closer.

"Pierre, my first-born," said the old man solemnly, "thou wilt soon be the Duke of Du Plessis. Worthy art thou to fill this illustrious and responsible position."

"Father," said Pierre in a remonstrative tone, "beloved father, I fear —"

"Nay," interrupted the old man, "I know thee, my son, and am proud of thee. A pillar thou art to the people and a staff to thy king. Let not the brave, free and noble spirit, that ever shone with

the brightest lustre in adversity, grow dim in the daylight of prosperity. Return to France, and take with thee thy loving sister." Then laying his hand tenderly on his son's head, he blessed him and said, "God prosper thee, strengthen thee in all temptations, and defend thee in all dangers."

At these solemn words from the old man's dying lips, Pierre started visibly, a fearful struggle was going on in his noble breast. Truly the prospect before him was a glorious one; it had been the dream of his life once more to return to his native country wealthy and ennobled, to join in the glorious struggle against oppression, to free his fellow creatures from slavery, to see *right* triumph. One of France's brightest ornaments, no sphere so eminently suited his grand, firm manhood, as the one fortune appeared to have destined for him. The dangers of the position he heeded not; the glorious deeds his native land demanded from him were what his soul thirsted for. His distressed country was calling to the rescue her bravest and truest sons,—the call had come to him. Should he refuse, and instead choose a life of obscurity in the land of his adoption, where he would have to endure hardship, poverty, tyranny, oppression, and slavery. Yet in Africa, unendurable as was the life to a glorious nature like Pierre's, he enjoyed liberty of conscience; as a nobleman of France, he would have to violate his conscience, to forsake his faith. These, reader, were the thoughts that passed through Pierre's mind as he stood rooted to the spot, the trembling hand of his dying father resting on his bowed head.

The old man was silent, evidently exhausted. The sun was low, the light that streamed into the chamber dim. He spoke faintly,

"Pierre, here is the signet ring; take care of it, it is the only proof you have that you are the rightful heir to the Dukedom of Du Plessis."

The spell was broken, the struggle over, the choice made; Pierre started to his feet, deadly pale.

"Father," cried he, bending over the trembling old man, and seizing both his hands convulsively. "Beloved father, this cannot be your dying wish, it cannot be your last request. Shall Pierre sell his eternal birthright for a mess of potage? Shall he violate his conscience, and be a traitor to his God? Oh! my father, behold, before you die, how little Pierre values this glittering bauble." Saying which, he flung the ring on the floor and crushed it to atoms beneath his heel. A quiver passed through his manly frame, and his face turned a shade paler as he realized the full extent of the awful sacrifice. The hopes of his life were crushed, his dreams of regaining the lost honours of his house, of achieving glorious deeds for the welfare of his country and fellow creatures, through the power and influence of wealth and rank, were for ever annihilated. Of his own free will had he trampled under foot his good fortune, yet not for a moment did he repent the deed.

"What I have done is right!" said Pierre; and meek as a lamb he stood beside the death-bed.



His sister Annette burst out crying, and Francois stood aghast ; but in the old man's face was a new light : it sparkled in his hollow eye, and burned in his sunken cheek as he turned towards Pierre and held out his arms to him. The latter fell on his knees and buried his face in his father's bosom, while the old man breathed forth, as he folded him to his heart, "*Seigneur maintenant tu laisses aller ton serviteur en paix.*"

The silence was so long and unbroken that Annette, fearing the worst, leaned forward towards her father anxiously.

"Loving daughter," said the old man tenderly pressing his dying lips against her soft cheek ; "my pride and joy in prosperity, my solace and stay in adversity ; may His Almighty love keep you now and ever." His last words were hardly audible.

"Father," said Francois coming forward ; "have you no blessing for us ?"

"God bless you, my children," said the dying man looking earnestly at them. "Come nearer, my eyes are dim."

Francois drew near, placed Adèle's hand in one of his father's, and clasped the other himself.

"You are one now, my children," whispered old Du Plessis ; "God bless this union, and make you happy and prosperous ; may He guide you through the trials and troubles of this life, and fold you in His everlasting love, through the eternal ages to come. Make your home in this country, Francois, and by piety, uprightness, and hospitality, gain the respect, esteem, and love of all around you ; and seek not to destroy, but to save the poor heathen in your midst."

Satisfied that he had said all, he lifted his hands over them for a moment ; his lips moved but his words were lost. The sun sank below the hills, and a sudden gloom filled the bed-chamber as the old man closed his eyes, folded his hands across his bosom, and muttered softly and for the second time, "*Seigneur, maintenant tu laisses aller ton serviteur en paix.*" A gentle sigh escaped him and his freed spirit fluttered to the feet of his Heavenly Father.

\* \* \* \* \*

Francois and his lovely bride returned to the wilderness and took up their residence in Langekloof, where he raised new and improved buildings, and by honest trading with the natives soon succeeded in stocking his farm, and was prosperous ever afterward. Mrs. Meerhoff took up her residence with them, and made a most patient and affectionate grandmamma.

As Francois and Adèle sat under the familiar thorn trees one afternoon, watching the slaves lay out new orchards, he took her to his heart and looked lovingly into her face.

"No more heart-burnings now, my darling ; no more watchings and waitings, no more regrets."

"I don't know," replied Adèle, who was thinking of the hapless Field-cornet as he had spoken and looked, the last time he

stood on the spot before her. Had he not asked her to think kindly of him? Had he not told her that all passions had come and gone, but that his love for her had endured to the last. "I don't know," she said sadly; "I think there is a regret."

Francois, a good deal puzzled and a little piqued at the sudden alteration in her manner, and at the incomprehensible sadness of her tone and words, withdrew his hand from hers and cast a questioning flash upon her.

"Poor Herman," sighed Adèle, pensively looking at the spot before her, "Poor Herman!" and the tears trickled down her pale cheeks.

So true and sympathetic is the heart of a noble woman, that the misery she feels when compelled to break the heart that loves her, often mars the joy she experiences in making the one she loves happy.

Francois, though for the moment miserable and disappointed, wisely held his tongue. Had he in a fit of jealousy attacked the Field-cornet's character, Adèle, with flashing eyes, would have defended him, and Francois like men in all ages, would have marvelled and exclaimed, "Well, you women are certainly contradictory, I am sure I don't understand you." But Adèle loved him dearly, and when she saw that he looked sad and hurt, an immediate revulsion of feeling in his favour took place; she nestled closer to him, and tried to take one of his hands, for she divined his thoughts. But he reciprocated not her affection until, with an endearing cry, she threw her arms lovingly round his neck and fondly kissed him, when Francois was a happy man again.

"Adèle," said Francois after a few moment's interval; "De Villiers is going to have an important gathering of neighbours at his farm to-morrow. The new Field-cornet is to be there, and Yonker, Hancunqua's son; and a great many matters affecting the welfare of the country and burghers are to be discussed and settled. I must go; would you and your mother like to accompany me?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Adèle. "You spoke of Yonker, Francois, has he succeeded Hancunqua?"

"He has," replied Francois; "and a dangerous neighbour he is: a most warlike, ambitious fellow. The Field-cornet has induced him to attend the meeting in order to persuade him to renew the treaty that existed between the burghers and Hancunqua, before that unfortunate affair about the cattle and the subsequent attack upon the house annulled it."

"Hancunqua did not enjoy his triumph long," said Adèle.

"No," replied Francois.

"I wonder what has become of Marie?"

"She is at the camp. I am told that she has nursed the chief most faithfully through his long and painful illness, and taught him to look to the Saviour for peace and consolation. We shall very likely see Jephtha at De Villiers'; he is paramount chief now, and the Field-cornet is anxious that he should be there, in order, by his presence, to sanction the proceedings at the meeting."

"Dear old Jephtha," said Adèle, a pleasant smile lighting up her lovely face; "how glad I shall be to see him again!"

The next day Francois drove them across to De Villiers' farm; and on their arrival there they found, as they had expected, the spacious new house crowded with guests, and large ox-wagons about in every direction. It was late when they entered the *voorhuis*; already Nicht Sannie's hospitable board was spread, and steam ascended from various large savoury dishes. After a cordial welcome from the host and hostess, they joined the rest of the guests around the table, and heartily took share in the joviality that so generally prevailed. De Villiers' laugh was the loudest and merriest. Many toasts were proposed in honour of the Field-cornet, and flattering speeches were made to him; he was complimented upon the energy and zeal he displayed in forwarding every scheme for the good of the country and people, and upon his success in all his undertakings. He had selected a pretty, central spot for a village, had collected large sums for the purpose of building a church and parsonage, and was at the moment in correspondence with a worthy minister, whom he hoped to induce to accept a call. Yonker, too, who was a guest at the table, had that afternoon renewed the original treaty, and had vowed to respect the burghers' rights and to be their friend and ally. Truly, the aspect of affairs had changed: the present was free from care, the future looked bright; and the burghers, exhilarated by the prospect before them, gave free vent to their joy, and kept up their carouse, until Oom Hans, who had done full justice to half-a-dozen dishes in his neighbourhood, with a long face prepared to return thanks. The Field-cornet, however, fearing another lengthy grace, quickly uttered a few appropriate words himself.

"Dit is kort maar krachtig," said De Villiers, as he began, with the assistance of a few youngsters, to clear away chairs and tables, and to prepare for a dance.

Soon the fiddlers struck up, and couples began gaily to whirl about.

De Villiers, busy in a country dance, was going through terrible exertions to please a fair damsel opposite him. It was while lifting his head to wipe his moist brow that he caught sight of his dear spouse in a doorway opposite, and saw her well-known forefinger beckon him. He was at her side in a moment, and soon learned that Jephtha had arrived, and desired to see him. Francois and Adèle were there already, doing homage to the great chief and his newly-married wife, Marie, and showering good wishes and handsome presents upon them.

De Villiers, feeling tired and the need of some moisture, took the liberty to slap his spouse on the shoulder.

"Sannie, my hartje," said he, "haven't you something for a thirsty man?"

"Get away with you, for a capering fool that you are!" replied she.

"Ah, Sannie?" sighed De Villiers; "these capers are poor compared with what I could do when in my native valley I danced before *her* whom my soul adored. Ah! my Rosalie, thy dark eyes haunt me still."

"The deuce!" said De Villiers; "what am I talking about?" And at the moment seeing on the wall before him the shadow of a well-known form, with a formidable implement in one hand not unfamiliar to him, he precipitately disappeared through the open door and gained the side of his partner, looking pale and terror-stricken.

Nicht Sannie burst out laughing, and laughed long and loud.

"Behold," said Oom Hans, pushing aside three platters he had recently emptied. "Behold, good woman, all this is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

"What?" enquired Nicht Sannie. "If you allude to De Villiers," said she, firing up, "like all Frenchmen, he is fond of pleasure, and may be a little too volatile, but he is a good, kind husband; and I have never repented the day that I married him."

"Thou art a crown of glory to thy husband," concluded Oom Hans, as he retired to his wagon.

And here we say farewell to him, for we shall see his solemn visage no more.

He prospered in the wilderness, was one of the wealthiest of the burghers, and kept a secret hoard, every penny of which had not been acquired according to the tenets of Moses; but he ever spoke of himself as a poor man, and never ceased to admonish those around him to learn of him, and to set their hearts on things above—not on things of the earth.

"For," said Oom Hans solemnly, "my beloved children, money is the root of all evil."

He attained a good old age, and died a peaceful death, in the presence of numerous burghers, who were there at his own request in order that they might receive the dying admonition, and witness the demise, of a true and sincere Christian. His coffin had been constructed years before, and was placed in the bedchamber, ever to remind him, he said, of the futility of all things earthly.

Uncharitable gossips declared that the secret hoard was kept there, but we offer no opinion.

Jeptha and Marie paid an annual visit to Langekloof, and were cordially welcomed. Jeptha invariably amused himself by dandling Francois' little son on his knees, and relating to the little fellow the dangers and adventures he and his father encountered during their sojourn in the wilderness.

Pierre and his sister Annette took up their residence in the neighbourhood of Stellenbosch, where they lived respected and esteemed by all. Fortune favoured Pierre; he became a wealthy and prosperous farmer, proved a rock of strength to his distressed brethren in time of danger, and was ever foremost in the van of improvement, sparing neither time nor money. He could do but little to alleviate



the misery he daily witnessed around him, but he never failed to do that little, regardless of all consequences, and to the end of his days maintained his manly struggle against oppression and tyranny, and ever lifted his voice both in public and private against the corruption he witnessed in high places.

But to return to De Villiers' farm. The day after the gaieties above related, the important burgher meeting took place, and everything having been satisfactorily settled, the Field-cornet rose and said a few appropriate words of farewell.

"Fellow burghers," said Van Harten, "let us profit by past experience and for the future show more humanity towards the savages around us. You will find, dear brethren, when the Hottentots are fairly dealt with, that they will respect you and submit to your rule. And, situated as we are, burghers, our prosperity, in a great measure, depends upon the peaceful connection we maintain with the natives around us. I sincerely thank you for your hearty co-operation in the measures I have adopted for the good of all. A great future lies before us, brethren. The destiny of a mighty nation is cradled in this settlement. Let us raise our standard, 'Excelsior.' Let our motto be the song of the angelic host,

"'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.'"

THE END.

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## Death.

What is Death ?

The rapid flame or sullen tomb  
From sight removes our dead,  
Whose presence stained with gloom  
The eyes, and bowed the humbled head  
Of children, parents, lovers whose souls leapt  
Into each other's eyes with raptured smile

Before that sleep was slept,  
And Death had sealed his spoil.

Oh what is Breath,  
That with it all expires!—

Affection, reverence, love itself retires,  
While the lone traveller glides, as from the eye,  
So from the heart and from the memory !



What tears, oh Death ! what cries,  
Burst from our human souls, when falls  
Thy shadow o'er our shuddering halls,

Divider of all ties !

Alone, alone below,  
Must each at thy tremendous summons go !

Hail human life !

As from the eastern steep, in roseate hues,  
Reviving breezes glittering dews,  
With throbs of bliss in every living thing,  
The glorious day takes wing ;  
So dawnest thou upon this breathing world  
On woman's bosom,—while from beauty's eyes  
And lips all tenderness, with flag unfurled  
Love glows intense,—the smiling infant lies.

He is thine own, oh Death !

Short, dangerous, foul his path  
To thine eternal temple, dull and sad,  
Where thy dread ministers, remorse and fear,

The victim's fatal ringlets shear,  
And yield him to thy power in darkness clad.  
Clouds and thick darkness veil thy form,  
Sovereign of life. No voice—no sound—  
Stillness more awful than the storm  
Now past, fills all thy realms around.

Thy presence is upon me. I would pierce  
Thy mystery that makes us dread thee more  
Than truth. The secret of the universe,  
Whate'er it be, that hearts hate or adore,  
Would satisfy my spirit. On the shore  
Of Thy unmoving deep I wave my hand,  
Tired of the world's false atmosphere I stand,  
A willing exile on Thy dismal strand.

## Pickings from Max Müller.

STANDING as Professor Max Müller does in the foreground of those who have assisted to call into prominent existence a new and interesting science and have given to it a wider scope and meaning than could ever have been anticipated, his name suggests more than any other a few remarks about philological investigation. Just as the eager god Portunus impelled forward with his strong arm the labouring ship of Cloanthus in Virgil, so the assiduous and indefatigable Sanscrit Professor has given an impulse and momentum to the backward science of language, and has pushed it through the adverse waves of criticism and cold neglect into the securer haven of approval and popularity. In his general treatment of his subject he is successful, for he carries the student along with him in a manner half grave, half gay, but always faithful to his purpose in hand, redeeming what at first sight appears unattractive from obscurity, representing it in a new and instructive light, and throwing over the whole of it the charm of his imaginative temperament and descriptive enthusiasm. The stiffness and dryness we usually associate with scientific books are conspicuous by their absence, and we are neither burdened with details or overwhelmed with hypotheses. The Professor is a hearty lover and admirer of his subject, and sometimes astonishes us with the excess of his devotion. Hurried on in the full glow and ardour of successful investigation, and inspired by the wonderful revelations given by Aryan roots he exclaims on one occasion, "Roots may seem dry things as compared with the music of Goethe, yet there is something far more truly wonderful in roots than in all the lyrics of the world." Shades of the poets! we feel inclined to ejaculate, what will ye say to this from Orpheus and Sappho downwards through a long line of impassioned descendants? Can your glory be dimmed and overthrown by a new kind of root harmony—if we may so term it—which has arisen as the product of modern philosophical enquiry? Is it possible that it has existed all these ages in potentiality remaining unnoticed, unrecorded, until summoned into actuality, and speaking its own deeper truth through the power of a master genius, and threatening now to fill the world with a full-toned symphony of its own. Of old there was a tradition that there existed a certain harmony of the spheres, and that on a still summer evening the tuneful rush of orbs in space could be distinctly heard by mortal man whose ears had not yet become cloyed and tainted with corporeal grossness, but were wonderfully open to fine and delicate perceptions. In a tradition like this, fanciful though it is, poets or musicians may be inclined to place faith and willing belief, for in their judgment there might be some subtle sense now wrecked and gone, nevertheless so consonant with their own proclivities; but the harmony of roots! both verbal and pronominal! how can it be possible to

allure the ear and mind to appreciate them, and what can there be in such ugly and unattractive elements to rival the Alcaic beat or the rhythm of Anacreon? Nor indeed do the attractions of roots become obvious to a captiously inclined individual, who is inclined also to take a cursory view of the matter, when he reads that the primitive roots of a Dr. Murray, a frenzied disciple of the new religion, are such queer sounding things as, aeg, bag, dwag, cwag, lag, mag, nag, rag, swag; on the contrary he is reminded of an infant's spelling primer with one or two injudiciously selected monosyllables of a decided Whitechapel origin, and is inclined to treat the whole matter with ridicule. The scholar, too, may feel an aesthetic shock when it is obtruded upon his notice that the beautifully synthetic prose of Attic orators, the poetry of Æschylus and Sophocles and the flowing hexameters of Virgil and, in fine, the sonorous tide of all ancient song may be reduced and analysed down to a few jerky monosyllables.

But however much we may shudder at the bold declarations and alarming paradoxes of crude theorists; however much the admirers of the complete fabric of human speech may dislike to behold its symmetry assailed by disintegration, and a new eidola set up in the place of cherished notions, however much captious individuals may laugh in their sleeves at the incompleteness of the analysis, still the movement, set on foot by great philologists, has been great and enduring, and has developed itself into many remote and unexpected branches, spreading everywhere, repullulent everywhere, and overshadowing the unoccupied places of the earth.

We might scarcely pardon Professor Max Müller's enthusiasm about roots, and might fail to go into raptures about a dialect or mode of expression which perhaps never actually existed, unless we felt that in the wake of this Aryan root worship and all its accompanying illumination, there followed a deeper and more general examination of languages and dialects, of their grammatical structures and idiosyncrasies, of their mythologies which have been termed ancient forms of language, of their folk-lore and traditions. All these if studied by the light of the comparative method, and followed from genesis to development, will provide endless pabulum to the philosopher and antiquarian. Roots may seem queer pegs to hang theories upon, but they have prompted a long chain of reflection, and when the busy Opifex spoke from his elaborating workshop and asserted the value of roots above lyrics he spoke with a meaning. *Cuique sua arte credendum est*, and this ought to be especially the case with the Sanscrit Professor. Without therefore attempting to go deeply into the subject let us collect one or two stray jottings and pickings out of the large field of philology, illustrative in their way of the attitude of men towards the problem of language. At the present time the scope of philology is a wide one, for "whenever and wherever a sound has dropped from the lips of a human being, to signalize to others the movement of his spirit, the science of lan-

guage would fain take up and study as having a character and office worthy of attentive examination." But this was not always the case, and the crude notions entertained by men of old and the elaborate enunciations of modern philologists differ very widely. At all times there is a mystery to be solved, but the manner of dealing with this mystery and the means taken to solve it has been as wide asunder as the poles.

Until within comparatively recent times men had not advanced very much further in their theories about language than Epicurus, who said that we spoke as dogs barked—by nature. Occasionally, too, we come across rude experiments made to find out the first language, parent of all others, and it was felt dimly that behind an infinite diversity and multiform development there lurked some original unity and common source of inspiration. There must, men argued, be some point of procession whence the Babel-like utterances of polyglottous tribes were derived. The old Egyptian King Psammitichus thought he would solve the problem, and find out where this unity was. Language, he thought, came naturally, and if a human being could be separated from his fellows, isolated from his home, and thrust in a cave he would speak the aboriginal language, the utterances of the ancient *γῆγενέας*, children of the soil, and so lead him back to the fact he was in search of. He took therefore, the old story runs, two children of common men—for the maxim of experimentum in corpore vili held good in his day—and shut them up in a cave with a shepherd to look after them, drive in goats to give them milk, and in other ways to superintend them carefully and strictly, but on no account to utter a sound or breathe a syllable. Long and dreary must have been the confinement to these two little infants, offspring of ignoble parents who deprived of the pleasure of "lispings their sire's return," and "climbing his knee the envied kiss to share," had the sole amusement of suckling at the goat's udder, like Romulus and Remus are represented as doing at that of the she-wolf who nurtured them by the banks of the yellow Tiber. But one day the strings of their tongues were loosed, and they ran to meet their guardian with piteous cries of *βέκος ! βέκος !* Wonderful revelation ! Here was the key to the language the King was in search of ; here were the words of the earth-born children ; so the Egyptian King sent for wise men to find out to what language *βέκος* belonged, and discovered that it was a simple Phrygian word meaning nothing more nor less than bread. Phrygian therefore was undoubtedly the first language spoken and probably with much chagrin and disappointment King Psammitichus had to confess that his nation was a less ancient one than the Phrygians. His search after truth and his anxiety to investigate the primordia rerum had ended in a rebuff to himself and his national pride. Vain were the monuments of the pyramids, eternal signs of power and earthly copies of immortality. One small word had spoilt the model of mighty fabrics raised by the toil and sweat of thousands, and this one word was



Βίλος! It never occurred to the King, however, how the children had got the idea of baked bread, involving the further ideas of a mill, oven, and fire. Hundreds of years later on, nay thousands of years, we may say, the same kind of test was applied by the Swabian Emperor, Frederick II, by James IV. of Scotland, and by one of the Mogul Emperors of India. But these crude investigations into the origin and beginning of language stand almost unique in themselves, and the time was not come for the harmony of roots. Whilst other sciences were advancing and creeping on from point to point, philology, or the science of language, as now understood, was never thought of at all. The Greeks, wonderful and adaptative as their genius was, expanding itself with a many sided development, and lending itself to every then known æsthetic and scientific pursuit, refused to be attracted by the charms of an analysis and comparison of tongues. They in their well earned aristocracy of thought, looked upon the barbaric jargon of aliens as no fit study for the Porch or the Academy, and to them the rest of the world were ἄγλωσσοι, or, in other words "speechless." If no one could utter the liquid sounds of Attic Greek, appreciate its delicate inflexions, its discriminating power, its accents, ring, and melody, he should deserve to die a barbarian in the Thracian Bosphorus or among the furthest Getæ or Æthiopians. Culture could only be found among the olive trees sacred to Athena, the plane trees of Cephissus' shore or the shady groves of the Academy.

The fact needs explanation that a people both quick and ready to see and grasp whatever was of importance in the world of knowledge, prompt at assimilating it and impressing upon it the stamp of their own peculiar genius, did not indulge in freer speculations with regard to language and its genesis, but in estimating the character of Greek speculation as a whole, we find that their philosophers were chiefly intent upon solving on *a priori* principles the deepest problem of nature and the universe, and this interfered with empirical analysis of all ordinary *phenomena*. We may wonder a little at this, for the roaming Greek, sailing in his *trireme* for the sake of traffic and adventure over the Ægean, Ionian and Euxine seas, must have found on the sea-board many nations whose languages it was necessary to understand in order to transact business with them; and many likenesses and similarities among them must have occurred to an observant mind. As a rule, however, what was different to their own language was looked upon by the Greeks as unworthy of study, and in the lands south of fertile Thessaly and in the ubiquitous settlements who rejoiced in the distinctive name of Hellenes, was summed up all that was worthy of commemoration. That exploring and inquisitive father of History, Herodotus, the very Mungo Park of antiquity, who travelled far and wide, made mysterious notes of many nations, gossiped with priests and extracted hidden lore, came across an Æthiopian people, the Troglodytes, who, he says, spoke a language different from any he had ever heard before, and which



resembled the squeaking of bats. What a discovery this might have been for a possible Athenian counterpart of our modern Geographical and Philological Societies, and with what wonder would the worn traveller, coming like a Livingstone or Stanley from the unknown spots of the "Dark Continent" have filled a collection of Athenian savants in their *peripatetic réunions* within the precincts of some Lyceum devoted especially to enquiries into the genesis of language. But the time for Philology had not yet come, and in the esoteric coteries of Attic philosophers the internal evidence of roots and language meant nothing. The Romans who were the followers and imitators of Greek learning, yielded so far and no further to foreign influences, and the speech of the other subject nations was as distasteful to the educated Roman as it was to the Greek himself. The circle of civilised society moved back upon itself and the outer world was scouted with a stern contempt by him whose proud boast was "*Civis Romanus sum*." Besides, the whole tendency of ancient philosophy was opposed to analytic investigation, and it was not likely to be changed in a study of language which has only lately begun to be treated scientifically. The *a priori* method lasted unusually long in this province, and men felt inclined to fill up a lacuna in their knowledge with the boldest possible hypotheses. The desire to trace back muddy and discoloured streams of language to their unsullied fountain head was too strong for speculative and imaginative minds to resist. In the days of Newton there flourished a theory built up on the assumption that Hebrew was the source of all languages, and we are told that the first who really conquered this prejudice was Leibnitz, who said, "There is as much reason for supposing Hebrew to have been the primitive language of mankind as there is for adopting the view of Goropius, who published a work at Antwerp in 1530 to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise." Again we hear that the subjects seriously discussed before the metropolitan Chapter in Pampeluna, were:

- 1.—Was Bask the primitive language of mankind?
- 2.—Was Bask the only language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise?

To this latter view the Council says that it is impossible to bring forward any serious or rational objection. The spirit of King Psammitichus was still abroad, but just as he was wrong in endeavouring to solve the problem of language by depending upon a solitary instance, so the Pampeluna worthies were wrong in their method, which was nothing more nor less than arguing in a circle. What was the use therefore of the theories and experiments hitherto used? The two infants of King Psammitichus had achieved in a very shady manner a solitary word *βέκος*, and lonely ship-wrecked mariners like Enoch Arden forget their mother tongue and mumble. Solitary individuals cut off from all intercourse and the chance of hearing the "kindly voices" of others can neither achieve or preserve a language. Clearly we must fall back upon the collateral evidence of

articulating human beings and the testimony of all μερόπων ἀνθρώπων. This is the modern theory. Gradually the world has risen to the truth that no manner of speaking has come about through a sudden accident, but that language represents gradual stages of thought, that it reflects the lives and ideas of the speakers, and that however humble the lisings and bat squeakings, and contemptible the mode of expressions when rated by a higher standard, they can still throw light upon some facts of universal interest. Professor Max Müller observes, "Dialects which have never produced any literature at all, the jargons of savage tribes, the clicks of the Hottentots, and the vocal modulations of the Indo-Chinese are as important, nay, for the solution of some of our problems, more important, than the poetry of Homer or prose of Cicero." Here is an attitude very different to that taken by the ancient Greeks and Romans. According to the altered spirit of empirical philosophy, the smallest fact may be of value although it has frequently to labour against the disadvantage of appearing intrinsically insignificant, and does not at first sight fall easily into its appointed place. Ancient philosophers concerned themselves certainly with great things and soared up high, but they forgot how great the world around them was and how important things at their feet were. They were imbued with an aristocratic frigidity and could not sympathise with barbarians beyond the pale or conceive of mankind as one large family, and so a comparative method of study, whether applied to a language, myths, or literature, was impossible under the exclusive regime of Greek philosophers, or during that period of the world's history which was overshadowed by the power of haughty and imperial Rome.

In 1816 Bopp's conjugation system, as compared with the Greek, Latin, Persian, and German appeared, and at this date the old *a priori* method may be said to have received its first shock, and the more thorough method of analysis and comparison begun.

In the words of Professor Max Müller, writing about 1861, "Language the speaking and living witness of the whole history of our race was never made to disclose its secrets until questioned, and, so to say, brought back to itself within the last fifty years by the genius of an Humbolt, Bopp, Grimm, Bunsen."

The important discovery which really roused the attention of men was that there existed an affinity between Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, and an interest which can never grow dim has gathered around that oft-told tale of the common Aryan race. How was it possible that there should be any connection between Greek and Sanscrit, the ancient language of the Hindus, which had ceased to be a written language at least B.C. 300? The resemblances and similarities were both striking and convincing, and the only conclusion it was possible to draw was that the speakers and writers of Sanscrit, Greek and Latin possessed originally a common language and a common home. Hitherto "languages seemed to float about like islands on the ocean of human speech: they did not shoot together and form themselves

into larger continents." The discovery of the resemblance between Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, has been likened to an electric spark which caused the floating elements to crystallise into regular forms.

Building up upon the testimony of collateral words with common roots, men began to reconstruct the past history of nations and to throw light upon unrecorded migrations and to make shrewd guesses as to the state of civilisation, habits and customs, and general character of a people who lived three thousand years before Christ. In this way Professor Max Müller was able to reconstruct the history of the Aryan people. He observes: "It could be proved that before their separation the Aryans led the life of agricultural nomads, a life such as Tacitus describes that of the ancient Germans. They knew the art of ploughing, of making roads, of building ships, of weaving and sowing, of erecting houses: they had counted as far as one hundred. They had domesticated the most important animals, the cow, the horse, the sheep, the dog; they were acquainted with the most useful metals, and were armed with iron hatchets whether for peaceful or warlike purposes. They had recognized the bonds of blood and the bonds of matrimony: they followed their leaders and kings, and the distinction between right and wrong was fixed by laws and customs. They were impressed with the idea a Divine Being, whom they invoked by various names. What else, in fact could this similarity between these ordinary words mean?

|          |           |          |          |             |              |              |
|----------|-----------|----------|----------|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| English  | ... three | ... thou | ... me   | ... mother  | ... brother  | ... daughter |
| Dutch    | ... drie  | ... .    | ... mij  | ... moeder  | ... broeder  | ... dochter  |
| German   | ... drei  | ... du   | ... mich | ... mutter  | ... bruder   | ... tochter  |
| Slavonic | ... tri   | ... tu   | ... man  | ... mater   | ... brat     | ... dochy    |
| Celtic   | ... tri   | ... tû   | ... me   | ... mathair | ... brathair | ...          |
| Latin    | ... tres  | ... tu   | ... me   | ... mater   | ... frater   | ...          |
| Greek    | ... treis | ... su   | ... me   | ... mater   | ... phrater  | thugater     |
| Sanscrit | ... tri   | ... twam | ... me   | ... matar   | ... bhratar  | duhitar.     |

and so on, and in numberless instances the connection was manifest. Philologists were delighted; and now was to begin the era of roots which in their deep interest and importance were to surpass the aesthetic charms of lyrics, and drown the musical rhythm of Goethe. A key it was thought had been found to open up deep mysteries and partially draw aside the veil which now hung over the history of unrecorded nations. Many were the proselytes which were gained over to this new creed, and the age of root worship began. Indistinct but still sure and trustworthy remains of a common language existed here, surrounded truly by a limbo of disconnected matter, but still exhibiting a distinguishable corpus of its own. Over and above the particular elucidation thus cast upon the Greek and Latin languages a general and wider impulse was given the study of ethnology and philology. As a consequence of the application of the comparative method, the masses of mankind seemed to fall naturally under certain large heads, and the classification thus obtained was shown not to follow simple geographical lines as former ones had done, but to be

the result of an examination into the affinities and relationships of kindred tongues and dialects. Behind a puzzling contrariety some kind of unity was seen dimly to arise, and apparent anomalies in the abiding places of nations explained by a scheme of migration whose course could be followed by the scent of language dropped and left behind. If much light has been cast upon the social state and general condition of the Aryan races because first in attracting attention, there is no reason to doubt that a similar illumination may in time be extended to the wanderings of the Semitic and Turanian families. It is worthy of remark *en passant* that this opening out of a new and extensive range of investigation, prompted as it was in the first place by Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, proves how much mankind owes to a study of the dead languages in their original form. The first essential condition for a good philologist was a thorough proficiency in the details of scholarship.

Philology, therefore, although timidly forcing its way at first and treated with a Cinderella-like snubbing, has risen to a very conspicuous place among sciences, and has presented an ever widening and interesting area in which men of science, scholars, and antiquarians of all grades and descriptions may expatiate. Perhaps it would be convenient here to limit down the meaning of the term philology, as several interpretations have been given to it, and further to epitomise briefly what is meant by a study of philology. The Germans attach a particularly wide meaning to philology, and include under it not only the study of a language itself but a study of all its literature, history, and antiquities. For instance, in Greek, philology would include a study of their art, law and literature, and comparative philology would mean a comparison, for instance, of them with Roman art and literature. Taking however philology as meaning the science of language, its dimensions and various branches are sufficiently large and alarming for either the omnivorous dilettante or the most painstaking and elaborating philosopher. To the scholar it would give a substantial reason for changes in words and phrases and particles which hitherto had been unaccountable. To give just one instance of its use. It was formerly the fashion to explain irregularities in Homer's metre by saying that he added a syllable or doubled a letter when he chose. But Homer could not do this. A word would have ceased to have any meaning if he altered it arbitrarily. We cannot change language as we choose, although language *motu suo* is constantly fluctuating. To illustrate the point and show how it is *ultra vires* of any individual to alter language, the following well-known anecdote occurs to us, told of the German Emperor Sigismund. "When presiding at the Council of Constance he addressed the assembly in a Latin speech, exhorting them to eradicate the schism of the Hussites. '*Videte Patres,*' he said '*ut eradicetis schismam Hussitarum.*' He was very unceremoniously called to order by a monk, who called out, '*Serenissime Rex, schisma est generis neutri.*' The Emperor, however, without losing his pre-



sence of mind, asked the impertinent monk, 'How do you know it?' The old Bohemian schoolmaster replied, 'Alexander Gallus says so.' 'And who is Alexander Gallus?' the Emperor rejoined. The monk replied, 'He was a monk.' 'Well,' said the Emperor, 'and I am Emperor of Rome; and my word, I trust, will be as good as the word of any monk.' Professor Max Müller adds, that no doubt the laughers were with the Emperor; but for all that, *schisma* remained a neuter, and not even an Emperor could change its gender or termination.

To the scientific man philology inculcates the truth that language, whilst illustrative of a marvellous growth with inexhaustible variety, is still subject to a certain uniformity and is an organism with definite laws of growth and decay. Here and there, as Grimm has shown us, we may obtain some *locus standi*, and although the ultimate result of analysis of the whole may not land us on positive ground and may leave us stranded upon the debateable ground where rival onomatopœic combatants contend with their "bow-wow" and "pooh-pooh" theories, nevertheless the pursuit is in itself instructive and deeply interesting bound up as it is with a study of man himself in his various stages. To give a brief conspectus of the aspects of study philology affords—a language may be studied *metaphysically* when such questions as what is the connection between sound and sense, and what is the relation between language and the necessary laws of thought, present themselves. It may be studied *grammatically* when we endeavour to arrange forms of frequent occurrence into classes called declensions and conjugations. It may be studied *physiologically*, by which is meant the investigation of the nature and relation of the vocal sounds. It may be studied *psychologically*, under which we may observe how abstract ideas are explained by words originally physical, for instance, as Latin *animus* is explained by the Greek *ἄνεμος*. It may be studied *historically* when we may observe how words and expressions have a history of their own, either changing or disappearing entirely or becoming welded into the body of a language. The historical study is well illustrated in the English language where Anglo-Saxon and Romance are so confused, and it is a difficult though not the less interesting study to disengage the two and define the boundaries of separation. The latter mode of studying language has been perhaps the most generally attractive, as it does not involve such deeply scientific investigation. Resemblances and disparities are more obvious and upon the surface, and our attention is brought rather to bear upon concrete representations, and glides more frequently into the region of historical fact where men and nations are energising and attitudinising.

To diverge slightly from the strict meaning of the historical study, how deeply interesting are the suggestions which such a word "Chivalry" gives to us; how remote the associations which cluster round it! how powerful their influences! At one breath thousands of heart-stirring memories, both of the romance,



imagination, and religion of a bygone age seem to rise up before us. No more powerful talisman can be found to bring back forcibly the reality and earnestness of our ancestors. The spirit which animated men to noblest deeds, assisted in destroying and building up Empires, floats once more across our forgetful vision, and the *dramatis personæ* of an heroic world rescued from oblivion by the magic of just one word. Or let us take "Stoicism," a word of ordinary use now. A school of thought and a peculiar phase of intellectual life nurtured in the *ποικίλη σφόα* of ancient Athens may be recalled to our memories, and great and noble stoics, men of fame and virtue like Cato and Seneca, Epictetos, and Marcus Aurelius, may seem to look back upon us from the distant past with all their pureness and nobility in the midst of corruption. Countless instances may be enumerated of words with equal power, with a long history and famous pedigree of their own. But this kind of historical study of words and language, charming as it is and gratifying to æsthetic and antiquarian tastes, may be too fragmentary to be thoroughly useful from a scientific point of view. The more rigid analyst and philosopher is satisfied only with the siccum lumen of dry facts and is not hurried away by violent impulses of fancy. A certain Dr. Schmidt, who derived all Greek words from the one root "E," and all Latin words from the arch radical "hi," no doubt was conscious that his pleasure at the conclusion of his laborious undertaking was of a higher character than that of the enthusiast who feels to the utmost the glamour of the associations recalled by the one word "chivalry," and perhaps he was right in some measure, although he is an extreme instance of philosophical assiduity. Nevertheless this historical study of language, unconnected as it was with any great scheme and tinged with imaginative and antiquarian tendencies, was the first stage of a more extended study, and was therefore of great service.

As, moreover, comparative philology can prove that there is system in the growth of language and some regularity where before was an indescribable chaos, and that what was considered irregular in declension and conjugation, can now be recognized as the most regular stratum in the formation of language, so in the case of mythology an order or method may arise from the light of comparative reasoning. Mythology has been termed a dialect or ancient form of language, and is therefore indissolubly connected with philology, and just as bat squeakings and clicks are said upon the highest authority to be more valuable than perfect Latin prose for the solution of some problems, so the humblest kinds of folk-lore and nursery tales may help in their way to give data for settling an ethnological problem. The child-like and even foolish matter contained in a nursery tale need be no objection to it from one point of view, and the verdict of philologists now is that these tales are of extreme antiquity and cling to a nation longer than anything else, and may reflect as in a mirror what men thought and did in a mythopœic age at various times and places.

In a chapter on Zulu nursery tales, Professor Max Müller remarks : "The mere fact that the Zulus possess nursery tales is curious, because nursery tales, at least such as treat of ghosts and fairies and giants, generally point back to a distant civilisation, or at least to a long continued national growth. Like the anomalies of a language, they show by their very strangeness that time enough has elapsed for the consolidation of purely traditional formations, and that a time must have been when what is now meaningless or irregular was formed with a purpose and according to rule. But before it is possible to analyse these Zulu tales, two things are necessary. First, we must have a much larger collection of them than we now possess ; and, secondly, more collections must be made among tribes of the same large race to which the Zulus belong. The Zulus are a Kafir race, and recent researches have made it very clear that the Kafir races occupy the whole East Coast of Africa from the South to several degrees beyond the Equator. They migrated from North to South, and in the South they are bounded by the Hottentots who belong to a different race. The Hottentots, too, are now believed to have migrated from the North of Africa, and their language is supposed to be akin to the dialects spoken in the countries South of Egypt. If the ethnological outlines of the continent of Africa are once firmly established, the study of the sacred and profane traditions of the several African tribes will acquire a new interest, and it is highly creditable to Dr. Calloway, Dr. Bleek, and others, to have made a beginning in a field of research which is at first sight not very attractive or promising. Many people, no doubt, will treat these stories with contempt, and will declare that they are not worth the paper on which they are printed. The same thing was said of Grimm's *Märchen*, nay, it was said by Sir William Jones of the *Zend-Avesta*, and by less distinguished scholars of the *Veda*. But fifty years hence the collection of these stories may become as valuable as the few remaining bones of the dodo. Stories become extinct like dodos and megatheria, and they die out so rapidly that in Germany, for instance, it would be impossible at present to discover traces of many of the stories which the brothers Grimm and their friends caught up from the mouth of an old granny or a village doctor half a century ago." Further on he remarks : "Waiting then for a larger instalment of Zulu stories before we venture to pronounce an opinion of their value for ethnological purposes, we proceed to point out a few of their most curious features which may serve as a lesson and as a warning to the student of the folk-lore of European and Indo-European nations."

These passages abundantly prove with what interest scientific men would receive from South Africa any notices of aboriginal life and language and traditions ; but since the Professor wrote it cannot be said that any great pains have been taken to gratify his curiosity, and his ethnological hypotheses may still be rather nebulous from want of data. If the collection of native lore, and generally a scientific

examination and dissection of the aboriginal, is not looked upon as a public concern, much may be done by individual effort as has been shown in one or two cases. The field, too, is a wide one, and is one in which all kinds of workers may glean something, and it is a consolation to reflect that as there are captains and captains in the art of sailing ships so there may be philologists and philologists in the pursuit of the science of language and lore. There may be a dilettante who picks up odd words, phrases and facts, and may with practice be equal to a moderate suggestion in a philological notes and queries; there may be an erratic and discursive theoriser who is content to expatiate always upon a few *a priori* assumptions and aphorisms framed by himself; there may be the careful and discriminating collector who keeps an album and diary and does his best to distinguish between fact and fiction, wheat and chaff; and he is the most valuable ally and coadjutor of the patient philosopher who in the retirement of his study sifts and analyses and compares trustworthy data, and speaks only occasionally but impressively from this Delphic shrine.

In South Africa philology ought to be of particularly engrossing interest, as there are numerous languages and nations within the Colony and close to it; and if there is no one bold enough to investigate language in its physiological or psychological aspect, he can still do much by simple collection and recording. The savage life presents itself to us in its crudeness and dissimilarities, but it ought not to be so utterly effaced and stamped out as if unworthy to live even on paper. It is in accordance with a narrow spirit that men reject as valueless what is not immediately and obviously useful, and besides, in the work of conversion and evangelisation a study of the character of a subject race must be beneficial.

As an instance of the too purely utilitarian view of this question, the Revd. E. Davis remarks in the preface to his *Kafir Grammar*, where certainly we should not expect to find it: "Along the northern frontier of the Colony, the Namaqua, Koranna, and Bushmen dialects are yet spoken by a numerous, although scattered population. These dialects are entirely different in grammatical construction from the Kafir and Sechuana language; they abound in those peculiar and barbarous sounds called "clicks," and from their harshness and the limited nature of their vocabularies, appear to be barriers in the way of religious and intellectual culture, and as such doomed to extinction by the gradual progress of Christianity and civilisation. The writer of the *Kafir Grammar*, in the indulgence of his curiosity, once engaged in the task of compiling a sketch of the grammatical peculiarities of the Hottentot language, as spoken by the Gonaquas, now scattered in Kafirland, but relinquished the undertaking in consequence of its apparent inutility: for it is evident that the prevalence of Dutch and English among the few tribes which yet speak these uncouth and inharmonious dialects, will soon supersede the necessity of further literary labours, which in this language appear hitherto to have been more curious than useful." It is clear that the

writer of the *Kafir Grammar* would never have avowed his predilection for roots above lyrics, and scientific research into language would have been regarded by him as satisfying only a curious and antiquarian taste. In the same manner he would probably have regarded as useless the preservation of Bushmen paintings and drawings. Mr. Davis, like many others, had certainly studied the *Kafir* language with a noble object but had not thought of its scientific value, and the announcement that "the jargons of savage tribes, the clicks of the Hottentots, and the vocal modulations of the Indo-Chinese are as important, nay, for the solution of some of our philological problems more important than the poetry of Homer or the prose of Cicero," would have come as an entirely new revelation to him. Contrast also with his purely utilitarian view of the matter the statement of Hervas, a well-known missionary, who, working about 1809 among the polyglottous tribes of America, and studying language systematically, pointed out, first, that the true affinities of language must be determined by grammatical evidence not by mere similarity. Hear also what Whitney says generally about the value of studying the remains of language and preserving all that we can of it with especial reference, also, to South Africa. He says: "The superior capacity of the remains of language to cast light upon the affinities of tribes needs only to be illustrated by an instance or two. What could have impregably established the ethnological position of the ancient Persians like the decipherment of the inscriptions of Darius and his successors, which show that they spoke a dialect so nearly akin with that of Bactria and India, that it can be read by the latter's aid? What could exhibit the intimate mixture of races and cultures in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris and the presence there of an important element which was neither Indo-European nor Semitic, except the trilingual inscription of the Mesopotamian monuments? What a pregnant fact in African ethnology will be, if fully and irrefragably proved, the relationship of the Hottentot dialects with the ancient Egyptian?" Truly a great vision! the final completion of which is alike beyond the capacities of most men, both of the learned Greek Professor whose mind was so analytical that it compelled him to spend all his days in the study of a single Greek particle, and beyond that of the heroic Dr. Schmidt, whose generalisations were so hasty and his mind so synthetic that it enabled him to trace all Greek verbs to one single root. Time and labour judiciously applied will alone suffice to accumulate the mass of details to warrant the conclusion, and there will be need of much painstaking collection and assiduous comparison, both of native language, laws and character! To such men as Mr. Davis, conveniently situated for observation, the greatness of the value of scientific results may prompt them to unite with laudable missionary zeal an ethnological and philological enthusiasm which will deserve a better appellation than "curious."



Botanists tell us that the flora of St. Helena, from what is preserved of it at the present day, must have been of a particularly interesting and illustrative character. Within comparatively modern times, however, it was allowed to be destroyed and extinguished when the hand of science was not there to collect and classify. Regrets are in vain, for the living specimens were gone, root and branch, and the earth will never know their flowers and leaves again. A page has been lost in the continuous history of Botany, and can never be artificially replaced. Of what value therefore would a carefully assorted *hortus siccus* and descriptive catalogue of the flora have been to subsequent botanists? But the spirit of those who held the island with a view to the trade to India, was not in accordance with botanical research, and the goats, fatted and grazed for the passing East-Indiamen, were allowed to eat down and trample away stem, stalk, leaves, and blossom. When too during the excavations of a buried city, from among the rubbish and debris accumulated upon its site for ages, and now restored to light by the spade of the digger, a small flower was observed to sprout from a seed which, lying dormant for centuries, had germinated again beneath the warmth of the sun what curious eyes looked upon it and what interest it excited? Certainly it was only a solitary little waif and stray, summoned to bloom again by a wonderful resurrection, and could not tell a very great tale by itself, but it was unique, and as far as it went illustrative. If then there is in the botanist's world such wonder and interest over the unrecorded ones which have perished, and such inordinate joy over one that has been miraculously restored, what would the philologist's and ethnologist's satisfaction be in subsequent generations over a whole world of life, manners, and customs of a race of human beings noticed and recorded? Certainly greater in kind in as much as on the subject-matter, "Man," is more important. Their language too is of the highest importance.

Professor Max Müller tells us that the one great barrier between the brute and man is language. "Man speaks and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is our Rubicon, and no brute dare to cross it." And again, "Language in every part and particle is instinct with history, it is the picture of the internal life of the community." When other records do not exist; when neither monuments of brass or stone survive to tell their story, there remains for the philologist the testimony of language itself. It is the common heritage of all, and presents itself ready for dissection and analysis, and for the delectation of all who strive to attune themselves to appreciate the harmony of roots. But at the same time we are reminded how fugitive is the language and lore of savage tribes when, as the result of experience, it has been found that "among the wild and illiterate tribes of Siberia, Africa, and Siam, two or three generations are sufficient to change the whole aspect of their dialects." Robert Moffat remarks that in South Africa children romping and



playing by themselves become gradually habituated to a language of their own. In North America Jesuit Missionaries found that in ten years dictionaries became obsolete and unserviceable. There is all the stronger reason that we should endeavour to arrest that which is so fugitive and classify that which is permanent. The last old woman who spoke genuine Cornish had a monument erected to her, and she was in herself the sole representative of a long continuity of history. Around her grave many associations clustered, and the reminiscences of the primitive life of an aboriginal people. At her death one link was snapped which had bound the present with the past.

She may not have been a very romantic old personage, perhaps she was ugly, old, wrinkled and haggard, and the words she spoke sounded like queer jumbled-up jargon in the ears of her more civilized companions, and were almost as unintelligible as Hottentot clicks, but there was still an interest around her death. In South Africa there is a chance of hearing even an older language than that of the aged Cornish woman, and the last Bushman has not yet begun to tremble on the brink of his grave a study for dissecting Anglo-Saxons. The time may be far distant when we may raise a monument over the last aboriginal African, and write an epitaph or carve an inscription over his remains; but at the same time we must recollect that his customs, manners, and languages are being rapidly improved off the face of the earth, and the pure springs of primitive life are gradually being adulterated and spoilt for scientific analysis. The fate of the botanists regretting in full chorus the unrecorded flora of St. Helena, may be in store for future philologists lamenting over the unrecorded aboriginal language and lore of South Africa.

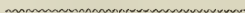
The common objections to a scientific study of language are that it involves an immense amount of toil and learning, and that its results when once attained are not obviously beneficial. The tendency of many is to argue that if our pursuits do not admit of a glimpse into the greatness and depth of the esoteric truths, we may therefore stand on one side with a contemptuous indifference. Why, ask they, should we devote our time to the strange contortions of human speech not much better than the gibbering articulations of the Troglodytes of Herodotus? The sooner they die out the better, and the sooner a more cultivated language takes its place the better. What ideas, they ask, can we borrow from it? what literature, or laws, or institutions worth copying or imitating? In studying the dead languages we do it with a more obvious purpose, for we can call up before us the whole world of Greek and Roman thought, by reading their languages. We can live in another and distant age and be imbued with their spirit and instructed by their example, but in being conversant with clicks and becoming acquainted with savage lore we are sensible of no great advantage. These, of course, would be the arguments of those who agree with the writer of the *Kafir Grammar* to whom a study is more "curious" than useful, if its

results are not immediately palpable. Superficially they may carry weight, as it cannot be denied that a higher civilisation will not be very greatly benefited by preserving the language, anomalies and all, belonging to an inferior one, but on the other hand the existence of a science of language is an accomplished fact, and it is impossible to pass a slight upon the whole range of inductive reasoning by ignoring one of the branches. If not able to rise to the height of the professor who found something greater in roots than lyrics, we can still be in the position of collectors, ministering to the wants of philosophers, supposing that we are not too proud to render simple ancillary aid. An intelligent herbalist who knew how to dry, collect and make notes of soil and surroundings, would have done much for the flora of St. Helena three hundred years ago.

Sir Bartle Frere sounded the right key on this subject, when he remarked in his speech before the Philosophical Society at Cape Town: "Let us remember that a study of these languages (Kafir and Bechuana) has a twofold use. The one social, connected with the art and usages of every day life the other scientific." And again, "That the collection of data, involving a record of fugitive traditions and folk-lore, was in itself a most interesting occupation, and that everyone who had patience to hear and record the stories of the old crone, or of the Nestor of the herdsman's kraal, could become instrumental in preserving invaluable data for the ethnologist and historian." Both this and all the other remarks of His Excellency, we hope, have fallen upon good ground, and that the frontier farmer of the future may be indefatigable with Note-book and Album. This method of working with its constant interrogation of fact might probably have been irksome to the great Egyptian King Psammithus, who came of a line accustomed to achieve off-hand magnificent results by speedy means, but the Bushmen in Namaqualand may be better witnesses in the history of the development of language than the two poor Phrygian babes who bleated *βέκος*! after two years of immurement; and, strange to say, may according to the philologist's vision, lead us back to Egypt in some of our conclusions.

W. H. G.

Rondebosch.



## Clouds and Sunshine ;

### A STORY OF SOUTH AFRICAN LIFE.

#### CHAPTER VI.

MR. HUGO, having only a limited time at his disposal for his stay in town, and being anxious to settle the object of it, namely, the placing of his nieces at school as soon as possible, lost no time in making inquiries of his hostess and her daughter-in-law ; several establishments were suggested, but there was some objection to each. At last it was decided that the children were to be left entirely under the care of Mrs. Van der Riet, junior, who would educate them, together with her own little girl, for a couple of years, and then send them for another year, or perhaps two, to a good boarding-school.

The elder Mrs. Van der Riet was a very type of an old Cape gentlewoman ; rather tall and slightly inclined to *embonpoint*, she still possessed a remarkably good figure ; she had clear blue eyes and slightly aquiline nose ; her hair, which was long and dark-brown, was only streaked with grey ; and to see her moving about the house, or walking to church on Sundays, no one would ever suppose that she was nearly seventy years of age. The old lady still took an active part in household matters : making the servants perform their duties properly, and superintending the culinary arrangements, such as the preparing of any particular dish, as, for instance, “babootie,” “visch vriedell,” “klip kous” and so forth. Her memory was not in the least impaired, and she often related to the children incidents of the days of her youth : such as the taking of the Cape by the English, the insurrection of the slaves, and many other interesting particulars of her childhood. She always dressed, when at home, in a plainly made dress of some soft, dark material (over which was worn a small three-cornered black silk shawl), plain under-sleeves, and collar, and on Sundays or on visiting days this was exchanged for a black satin dress, made exactly in the same fashion, with the accompanying little shawl of the same material, sleeves and collar of old fashioned lace, and a black silk bonnet, the latter of such a size as would have made at least half-a-dozen of the apologies for bonnets worn in the present day.

Mr. Hugo remained a couple of weeks in town, and was then obliged to tear himself away from the children. Poor Susie and Nettie shed many tears on his departure, and the two kind ladies tried hard to comfort them.

“Come children,” said “Auntie,” as they had already learned to call Isabel, “you must cheer up now ; to-morrow we are to commence lessons, you know, and you will have to work hard, so as to astonish your Uncle when he comes to visit you in a year’s time, as he has promised ; a year soon passes when one is well occupied. Now

you had better get ready for a walk with me ; I am going to Old Memma Setta's to get the ' *zuur vijgen* ' for Grandma to make 'comfyt' of. Annie, tell Galiema to bring the basket."

The children brightened up at the prospect of a visit to Memma Setta's establishment, where they had already been with Annie on several occasions with sundry pennies and threepenny pieces in their pockets.

The little shop was soon reached, and there at her little table sat the worthy old Memma, a great fat smiling woman, who rose and waddled towards her customers. What a supply of nice things the children beheld ! " *Kooksieters*," " *oublietjes*," " *gebrande amandels*," " *tamaletjes*," "comfyt," and fruit of all kinds, were temptingly laid out, and it required a great deal of whispered consultation between the little girls before they could decide in which of the numerous dainties they should invest their little fund of pennies. At last the difficult question was settled, the sweets bought, and the children followed Mrs. Van der Riet home, on the way making plans for a delightful tea-party amongst the three of them.

Next day school commenced in earnest, and as Mrs. Van der Riet had her whole heart and soul in the work, and the children seemed determined to do credit to her teaching, the days passed swiftly and pleasantly. Occasionally Nettie's exuberant spirits slightly interfered with the fulfilment of her tasks, but a gentle reproof from Aunt Isabel was sufficient to restore to her her sense of duty. The dining-room was used as a school-room, and old Mrs. Van der Riet generally sat on an arm-chair before one of the windows, engaged in some kind of needlework or in reading. In the afternoons, after the lessons for the following day had been prepared, each one took up a piece of plain or fancy needlework, and many a pleasant chat did the children enjoy over their work.

One bright afternoon Nettie's attention had been frequently distracted from her work, by the constant passing and repassing of carriages in front of the window near which she was seated.

"Nettie, my dear," said Grandma at last, "you are not making much progress with your work ; I thought that little bag was to be finished to day."

"Well, so I intended, but I cannot keep my eyes off the beautiful carriages. I wonder what makes people drive about so much this afternoon."

"I think," said Annie, "everyone is anxious to enjoy this beautiful day, after the miserable south-easters we have had the last week."

"How nice it must be," rejoined Nettie, "to keep a carriage and go for a drive whenever one likes ; Grandma," added she after a pause, "did your parents have a carriage when you were a little girl?"

"No, my dear ; carriages were very little used then, and were considered too expensive, and too great a luxury for people of



moderate means ; besides, people knew how to walk in those days, I have often, in company with my sisters and friends, walked out from our house in Heerengracht to enjoy a picnic at Sea Point and returned in the evening in the same way."

"And how did people go to evening parties?" asked Susie ; "surely they did not walk through the streets in their ball dresses."

"No ; we used to go in sedan chairs, carried by two slaves, and generally preceded by one carrying a lantern, for at that time the streets were not lighted by lamps as they are now. If you like I will tell you a little story about a sedan chair, which I think will amuse you."

"Oh ! please do," cried all three girls in a chorus.

"Very well, but then you must go on working as well as listening. When I was about nineteen, a grand ball was to be given at Government-house, and all the young ladies were in a great state of excitement about it, especially those who had never yet been to a ball at Government-house, among whom were myself and my intimate friend, Annie van der Velden, a very pretty girl. Now preparing for a grand ball like that was no small matter, and the hair-dressing was a most important item. It was then the fashion of ladies to have their hair done up very high on the top, over a little cushion, with two or three curls or 'skeertjes,' as they were called, gummed on to the sides of the forehead ; these operations were performed by a Malay barber."

"Oh ! how absurd," interrupted Nettie, "I am sure I would never allow a man, and that a Malay, to do up my hair !"

"You may laugh," replied Mrs Van der Riet, "but I can tell you it was no laughing matter ; there being only one barber at the time I speak of, the ladies who wished to procure his services used to engage him several days in advance. On the day of the ball, early in the afternoon, you would see old Jephtha with his long black velvet bag going his rounds ; the ladies were obliged to be ready dressed for the ball before his arrival, and then after he had finished they had to sit quietly in the drawing-room, until it was time to go to the ball : so you see those who had their hair done first had no pleasant time sitting in their finery for hours, and almost afraid to move lest some accident should occur to the *coiffure*. On the evening in question, owing to the great number of people who were going to the ball, there was a great scarcity of sedan chairs, and as it had been raining heavily for several days, it was impossible for ladies, at least, to go on foot. The Van der Veldens had only two chairs, in which Mrs. Van der Velden and her eldest daughter were carried, accompanied by Mr. Van der Velden on foot. It was arranged that two of the slaves were to return immediately with one of the chairs, to fetch Annie ; but who was to be the escort ? Mr. Van der Velden did not at all relish the idea of walking backwards and forwards through the muddy streets."

"Oh ! Mamma," said Annie, "don't bother about an escort ; I am



quite able to take care of myself, especially with two such careful creatures as Johannes and April.'

"So after a little demur, it was decided that Annie's advice should be taken, and the party set off. However, as it happened, instead of the two slow, careful slaves returning first, the two others, Camarai and Brill, were the first to make their appearance; and Annie, anxious to join her parents and friends, decided to go with them.

" 'Miss Annie,' said old Kaatje, 'you had better wait a little; you know what harum-scarum fellows these two are.'

" 'Ach, never mind, ayah, I shall be all right.' And Annie seated herself in the chair.

"It was a beautiful clear moonlight evening, so there was no necessity for the lantern, and the two slaves trotted along briskly, but just as they came to the gate of the Dutch Reformed Church Cemetery, a tall white object suddenly rose up as it were from out of one of the tombs. 'Daars een spook,' shrieked Camarai; and simultaneously the two slaves dropped the chair, and took to their heels, utterly regardless of the consequences. After some little trouble Annie extricated herself from the overturned chair, but just as she was stepping on the wet ground, her foot slipped and down she went into the mud; she was not long in getting up, and notwithstanding the unpleasant situation in which she found herself actually screamed with laughter. The ghost stood for awhile regarding the scene, and then quietly approaching the gate, deliberately climbed over it, and said in a quiet, gentlemanly tone, 'Good evening, madam, I am afraid some accident has occurred.' 'Well, yes, though it is nothing worse than being upset, or rather downset, into the mud, and my chance of going to the ball entirely spoilt. I must say you are a very impolite ghost to frighten my slaves into playing me such a trick;' and Annie laughed outright again at the thoughts of the fright the two slaves had had.

"The ghost joined in the laugh, and then bethought himself as to the best way of getting the young lady home. Just then a Hottentot boy (who also happened to be dressed in a light-coloured suit) was passing, so the gentleman called him, and his services were soon enlisted as assistant chair-bearer. Meanwhile, the two slaves, after the first effects of the fright was over, thought best to return to the place where they had so unceremoniously left their young mistress.

" 'We'll get a flogging to-morrow, that's certain,' said Brill, as they proceeded cautiously along. Just then they came in sight of the chair being carried in the opposite direction.

" 'Oh heavens,' cried Brill, 'there are two of them now, and they are carrying Miss Annie away.' And the two tore frantically through the streets to their master's house, and burst open the door, nearly rushing over old Kaatje who was standing in the hall.

" 'Op de aarde!' ejaculated the old woman, 'what is the matter with you two now?'

" 'Miss Annie, Miss Annie,' was all they could gasp.

“‘Has anything happened to Miss Annie?’ asked Kaatje in great fear; and catching hold of Camarai she shook him till his teeth chattered.

“‘Tell me at once what has happened or, I’ll shake you to pieces.’

“The two slaves now commenced an explanation in which ‘a ghost,’ ‘another ghost,’ ‘Miss Annie,’ and ‘the churchyard’ were so mixed up, that old Kaatje could make neither head nor tail of their story, and she was in such a state of anxiety and suspense that she almost throttled Camarai. Suddenly the hall door opened, and the two ghosts and Miss Annie appeared in view, the latter in such a mud begrimed state that the old nurse who had attended on her ever since her first appearance in this world scarcely recognized her.

“‘You two good-for-nothings,’ said Annie as she caught sight of the truants, ‘is that the way to treat your master’s daughter?’

“The two miscreants now fell on their knees and begged her pardon, which they knew was always easily obtained.

“‘Get away now,’ said Annie, ‘mind you behave better in future.

“‘And now, sir,’ said she, turning to the gentleman, ‘allow me to thank you for your kindness, and will you be good enough to give me your address; my father, I am sure, will call on you in the morning.’

“‘Pray do not thank me,’ answered Lieutenant Campbell, handing her his card, ‘but for my unlucky appearance this little episode would not have occurred;’ and after bidding her good-night he left the house.

“As soon as the door closed Annie burst into tears.

“‘After all my trouble about the ball, to come home in this mess and lose all the pleasure

“‘I am very sorry, my child,’ said kind old nurse, ‘but now you must write a note to your Mamma, and let me send it; she will be very anxious at your not coming.’

“Next day Mr. Van der Velden called on Lieutenant Campbell, and asked him to his house; the handsome Lieutenant accepted the invitation willingly, and if he was charmed with the mud begrimed vision of the previous evening, he was doubly enchanted with the fairy in her light muslin and blue ribbons, which he met in broad daylight. The end of it was that after a couple of months, my friend Annie became Mrs. Campbell.”

“And how did the gentleman explain his being in the churchyard at such an extraordinary time?” asked Annie.

“He had during a walk that afternoon strayed into the churchyard, and on his return home, missed his pocket book. After hunting about for a long time, to no purpose, he thought he might have dropped it in the burial-ground. As it was such a clear moonlight evening he determined to lose no time in seeking the lost book. Undeterred by finding the gates locked, he climbed the paling and then commenced his search; after some time he caught sight of something bright on

the ground, which proved to be the metal clasp of the lost pocket-book. Just as he rose, after picking it up, he heard a frightful yell which—but the rest you know, so I need not repeat it.”

“Put away your work now, children, and get ready for a walk ; it is almost too late already,” said Aunt Isabel.

“All owing to my long story,” smilingly said old Mrs. Van der Riet.

“Which we all enjoyed exceedingly,” retorted her daughter-in-law.

Just as they were ready to start for their walk, Nettie rushed back.

“Oh, Grandma, I quite forgot to ask. Did those poor slaves get punished next day ? ”

“No, thanks to Annie’s intercession. Her father was very angry, and was determined to punish them, but Annie begged so hard for forgiveness for the culprits, that he was obliged to relent.”

“Come along, Nettie,” called Susie, “we are waiting for you.”

“Yes, I am coming, now ; ” and away scampered Nettie.

#### CHAPTER VII.

And thus happily the days glided by, as the days of childhood pass away ; too swiftly, alas ! yet, to the child’s mind time does not pass too quickly. How eagerly we look forward to each returning birthday ; with what pleasure we think of the time to come when we shall have attained the height of our childish ambitions and become “grown up,” and only when childhood has passed for ever, and we find ourselves drifting away into manhood and womanhood, do we find out that Time moves on wings ; and when we think of the many, many things we wish to do, and we look back upon the little we have yet accomplished, then only do we begin to realize how swiftly Time is passing.

The children made good progress with their lessons, and “Aunt Isabel” was much pleased with her pupils. During the holidays they often spent a week or more with country friends of the Van der Riet’s. On one occasion they spent a week with Mr. Hugo’s old friends, the Le Roux’s, who lived on a farm near Wellington, where they spent nearly all the time in the beautiful orange groves which the children were never tired of admiring. Another holiday to which the three girls, and Susie in particular, looked back with delight, was the visit to the farm of Mr. Marais, near Tulbagh, which took place when they had been about three years at school. The house the Marais occupied, was a large old-fashioned building, to which, from time to time, additions had been made to suit the requirements of a rapidly increasing family. Two hugh oak trees stood sentinel before the door on either side of a small flower garden, in which flowers of all descriptions grew luxuriantly.

The interior of the house was the cream of neatnees, and the solid

old-fashioned furniture in keeping with outward appearances ; there were no light cane-bottomed chairs upon which one is afraid to sit, which require repairing every two or three weeks, and after a short life of ornamental uselessness, are doomed to the confines of the lumber room ; but these were real substantial articles, as were also the tables, benches, and, what amused the children most of all, the high wooden bedsteads, with their very much puffed out feather beds and highly starched curtains and vallances. The floors, which were regularly washed with blood, and occasionally oiled, had become so smooth that they were really almost dangerous to those unaccustomed to them, as Nettie found to her cost on several occasions. The children spent two happy weeks with their kind friends, and on the last but one of their stay a long-talked of little picnic took place. Susie, Nettie, and Annie were anxious to make a collection of the pretty little *immortelles* or “zeven jaartjes,” as they are called in Dutch, which grew on the farm, so they fixed upon the little vale where they grew most plentifully for the rendezvous. The little party, which had been increased by the addition of several young friends, set out early next morning, and the girls were in ecstasies at the sight of the everlastings.

Lovely little *immortelles*, your beautiful, bright, undying colours surely compensate for your want of perfume. I have often wondered whether a certain writer in an article on the Cape, many years ago, alluded to these pretty everlastings, when he mentioned, amongst other disqualifications of the Cape, the

“Flowers without scent.”

He surely could not have been aware of the sweet perfumes of the large variety of the “Trêvas,” and numerous other wild flowers which grow in the vicinity of Cape Town, the “baviaantjes,” a species of wild hyacinth, the “wilde angeliertjes,” or the sweet “evening flowers,” which grow in the “onderveldt.”

What visions of past joys the remembrance of these evening flowers bring back to my mind. In the quiet little village in which my childhood was spent the month of September was looked forward to by the children with the greatest joy, for it was then the evening flowers began to bloom. How hard everyone tried to have her lessons or household duties finished in time to join her friends in their walk to the “Poort,” where those sweet flowers were culled ; how we vied with each other who should gather the largest bunch ; and on our return home, how delighted we were to share our spoils with any friends, who had been prevented from joining us. But I fear I weary my indulgent readers with my prosy digressions.

The little party spent a pleasant day, gathering everlastings to their hearts' content, and did not think of returning homewards until late in the afternoon. Susie, who was anxious to procure a few bulbs of the wild carnation, walked on ahead, whilst the rest were busy packing the baskets ; she soon reached the hollow where



the carnations grew, and with the assistance of a knife she had brought for that purpose, easily removed as many bulbs as she wished to have.

"I wonder what the others are doing ; they ought to be here by this time," soliloquised Susie, "I have a good mind to hide myself ;" and looking about for a hiding place she soon discovered "just the thing," as she mentally exclaimed, and was not long in crouching down behind a large mound of earth and sand overgrown by bushes. She had scarcely concealed herself when she heard rapidly approaching footsteps, and she crouched lower still. Swifter came the footsteps, and as they neared Susie heard a strange voice.

"On, Bruno, on, you're losing, old fellow ;" and almost immediately some one jumped clean over the mound and Susie's head, and alighted almost on Susie's basket.

"Hullo ! what's this ?" exclaimed the "someone," a young man of about twenty-one, with a cheerful, pleasant face, light hair, and bright eyes.

"I beg your pardon, miss," added he on seeing Susie, who had jumped to her feet in great consternation. "Bruno and I were having a race, and of course I had no idea that there were fairies in this neighbourhood, nor that they hid away behind these little hills."

Susie blushed, and then laughingly explained that she was hiding from her friends.

"I hope I have not injured your basket," remarked the stranger, "I am so sorry I scattered the contents so," and he stooped to pick them up. "What a beautiful collection of immortelles, I had no idea there was such a variety !"

Having replaced the flowers in her basket, the stranger handing it to Susie said,

"Would you mind giving me a few in remembrance of our curious meeting ?"

"Oh, you are welcome to take as many as you please," answered Susie.

"Thank you ; but I should like *you* to give me a few ; who knows but that you and I may meet again at some future time, and then I shall be able to show you the little memento of our first meeting."

Susie smiled, and gave him a little knot of everlastings. Just then a shrill whistle sounded which made Bruno (who had hitherto watched his master's movements quietly), bound forward, wagging his tail.

"That whistle is for me ; my friends must be waiting for me, so I must be off ; will you shake hands with me ?"

"By the bye," said he, still retaining Susie's proffered hand, "will you think me very rude if I asked to know your name ? I don't like to think of anyone as "he" or "she," so if you don't mind I should like to know by what name I am to think of you."

"My name is Susie," she answered, smiling in spite of herself at the impetuous stranger.



"Susie!" he repeated slowly, "I shall not forget it." And again shaking Susie's hand vigorously, he rushed away after Bruno who was already scampering along in the direction from which the whistle had sounded.

Susie stood for awhile watching him; then hearing Nettie's voice walked slowly back to meet her friends, to whom she related her adventure, but somehow, she did not care to tell them about the little keepsake she had given to a perfect stranger.

After a rapid walk, the pleasure party reached the farm-house just in time for supper.

Next morning Mr. Marais drove their three visitors to the Paarl, whence they proceeded per passenger cart to Cape Town.

"I shall never forget our pleasant holiday, dear Mr. Marais," said Susie on bidding adieu, "you have all been so very kind."

"I hope you will let us know Susie," said Miss Marais, who had accompanied them, "if you ever meet your hero again," which made Susie's cheeks, much to her chagrin, flush crimson.

### Rainfall.

LONGWOOD, WYNBERG, 1877 AND 1878.

| 1877.     |   |         | 1878.     |   |         |
|-----------|---|---------|-----------|---|---------|
|           | = | inches. |           | = | inches. |
| January   | = | 0.28    | January   | = | 0.97    |
| February  | = | 1.61    | February  | = | 1.96    |
| March     | = | 0.58    | March     | = | 1.31    |
| April     | = | 4.78    | April     | = | 1.77    |
| May       | = | 18.40   | May       | = | 9.89    |
| June      | = | 7.07    | June      | = | 8.97    |
| July      | = | 2.59    | July      | = | 15.44   |
| August    | = | 6.13    | August    | = | 5.56    |
| September | = | 2.47    | September | = | 7.00    |
| October   | = | 2.43    | October   | = | 6.88    |
| November  | = | 2.67    | November  | = | 1.85    |
| Total     | = | 49.01   | Total     | = | 61.60   |

## State Aid to Science.

THE Scientific Journals in England are warmly discussing the necessity of endowment of research—and more especially with respect to Medicine. On this subject Professor Ray Lankester has given a most able and interesting address, which was published in full in the *Medical Journal* of October 5, and of which an admirable summary appears in *Nature*. As there is much interesting information contained in this address, respecting both Foreign and English Universities, we take the liberty of quoting the greater part of what appears in the latter periodical:—Mr. Lankester pointed out that in the present unsatisfactory state of the multitude of medical faculties in England, dependent on the voluntary services of busy medical practitioners, medical education must necessarily be defective; and that so far as this is concerned, the wealthy Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have for long most shamefully neglected their duty. As a result of this neglect on the part of our universities, medical education in the last century was a thing almost unknown in England. Those who were desirous of qualifying themselves for carrying on the profession with anything like thoroughness, had to go to Scotland, or Paris, or Italy, where the idea of a university with its various “faculties,” has all along been kept in view. The multitude, however, were content with a simple “apprenticeship” to a medical practitioner, while a few latterly took to following the hospital physician round the wards, to take note of the “great man’s” receipts. “But as for instruction in physics, in chemistry, in comparative anatomy, in physiology, in the general properties and activities of living things, it had no existence in London, and was not in any way required on the part of the licensing bodies. The English universities meanwhile, which possessed rich endowments for carrying on these studies, allowed jobbery and indifference to convert their ancient medical officers into sinecures.” It was from Scotland, where the torch of true university life was kept burning, that an impulse towards the establishment of better things in benighted England came, and set men to work in London. The origin of University College was then referred to, it being pointed out that Government, in its caprice, denied the privilege of granting degrees to the vigorous young institution, and conferred it upon a shadowy body, to which it misapplied the title of London “University,” a mere *nominis umbra*, and an utter misapplication of the venerable term. However well the London University may have carried out its anomalous duty, we share in Prof. Lankester’s profound regret, that the grand old title of “University” should have been in this way completely divorced from the work of study and teaching. The result is that, in this country, not one man in a hundred, even amongst those possessing

university degrees, knows what a university is. "The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, on the one hand, have entirely departed from the old standard, and ought long since to have been checked in their career and reformed by the power which chartered and protected them in their early days; whilst the admirable body which we call the University of London has precisely the same claim to be called a university as has the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Prof. Lankester then went on to show on how wide a basis of scientific investigation and study the medical art ought to be built; it is the outcome, the final result, of observation.

"This is the spirit," he said, "in which the great universities of Europe, with the exception of Oxford and Cambridge, have fostered the study of medicine. This is the explanation of the existence of chairs of Chemistry, of Physics, of Botany, and of Zoology, in all their Medical Faculties. Such is the nature of his work that the medical man needs instruction and training in all the great branches of physical science; and from time to time the methods of investigation, the modes of speculation and the generalisations with which he has become familiar in the course of these apparently remote studies, render him most efficient service in the attempt to ascertain and to deal with diseased states of the human body. It is thus that a thorough knowledge of the organization of both plants and animals becomes part of the equipment required by a medical man, but it is even more directly that the progress of knowledge relative to other organisms affects knowledge relative to the human organism. The knowledge of diseased and of healthy conditions of all organisms, all knowledge of living things, including necessarily man himself, forms one compact interwoven body of science termed biology, and upon this directly the medical art is built, in it all medical practice has its foundation."

But in order that the results of scientific research may be applied to the alleviation of human suffering there must be continued investigation in order to produce new knowledge. "The production of new knowledge," Mr. Lankester justly said, "is a most absorbing and arduous business. Men who have anything else to do except a small amount of teaching can do very little—only a bit here and there—in the production of new knowledge. Men who are earning their livelihood in the practice of a profession can do very little at it. Men who are preparing students for examination all day all the year round can do but little at it. Only men with fortunes, or men who are paid by the institutions especially founded and meant for the production of new knowledge, can be expected to do much in this way. The institutions especially founded and designed for this production of new knowledge, and richly supported by large annual grants of money in the form of salaries and stipends, are abundant on the Continent of Europe; they are the Universities. In London we have no such institution; there is no University of London in this sense of the word.

'The medical profession in England, though it has eleven 'Faculties' in London and other 'Faculties' in provincial towns, is almost totally devoid of those splendid opportunities for profound investigation—for the production of new knowledge bearing on medicine—which the appropriation of public money and ancient endowments to the payment of the Medical Faculties in Germany, for instance, provides.'

It is certainly, as Mr. Lankester said, at first sight rather astonishing that we laborious, hard-headed Englishmen, the countrymen of Harvey and Darwin, should have to go to Germany for so much of our new knowledge, and that our text-books of science, instead of being provided by the richly-endowed Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, should, to a large extent, bear on their title-pages the names of German professors. This surprise ceases when we are told that the German university system, consisting of twenty-one universities and 1,250 salaried professors, is carried on at an annual expense of more than £600,000. At the least, half of that sum and half of the number of salaried workers are devoted to the branches of science connected with medicine. "How is it we have nothing of the kind in England? Is it impossible?" The answer is, in Mr. Lankester's words, that "the production of new knowledge cannot go on without the assistance of endowments or their equivalent. It is impossible to name a single case of a man who did not enjoy either a private fortune or an endowment, and yet has added greatly to scientific knowledge. Medicine and the sciences which she protects have most urgent need of endowment for the purpose of supporting men who shall chiefly occupy themselves in the production of new knowledge." Mr. Lankester's words will show how things are managed in Germany:—

"It is a disgrace to English civilization that a true university—an endowed university, a university in which new knowledge is continually being produced, and in which men are trained for this work of production as the work of their lives—does not exist in London and in each one of our large cities. I can briefly tell you some of the circumstances which have prevented the foundation of such desirable institutions in this country; and I will further indicate to you what we may hope to see done in this direction in the future. But first let me give you a sketch of one of these German universities which we so much admire and envy. I advisedly select one situated in a small town—the University of Heidelberg. Heidelberg is one of the two universities of the Grand Duchy of Baden, Freiburg being the other; whilst at Carlsruhe, in the same state, is an important technical school. The town of Heidelberg numbers but 22,300 inhabitants. The university has 61 professors, and, by the last returns, 834 students. Of these, 23 professors and 106 students belong to the faculty of medicine. The Government of Baden, by which the salaries of the professors are paid and their number determined, does not consider that this proportion of one professor to

every five students is an excessive proportion on the side of the professorial staff. This university was founded nearly five hundred years ago (in 1386), and, like all the German universities, was remodelled and greatly improved at the beginning of this century, whilst since that time its wants have continually been provided for with ever-increasing liberality by the State Government. There are now four faculties—that of Theology, that of Law, that of Medicine, and that of Philosophy. The professors are divided into the ordinary and the extraordinary. The ordinary professors receive a stipend of about £400 yearly, besides their fees, which, in some cases, bring their incomes up to £1,000. When a vacancy occurs in a professorship the state minister invites the members of the faculty in which the vacancy has occurred to name two or more individuals whom they would recommend for appointment. The faculty meets, and the name of a professor in some other university is proposed. He is written to and asked whether he will come; he probably replies that he would require an increased salary and a new laboratory; very usually his terms are agreed to by the state minister on the recommendation of the faculty, and he is installed in the vacant chair. Sometimes, of course, a younger and less known man is appointed at a lower salary. As an example of the way in which these things are managed in Germany, let me give you an actual history of what recently occurred at Strasburg. I quote from an American journal. ‘After the transfer of that city to Germany neither pains nor money was spared to make the university a success. For the chairs of the medical faculty rising men were selected, all of whom were known for original research, and had practically proved their ability as teachers and writers. The chair of pathological anatomy was given to Von Recklinghausen, one of the most brilliant of Virchow’s pupils, who vacated a similar position at Würzburg in order to accept this new position. When the chair of pathological anatomy at Vienna became vacant by the retirement of the veteran Rokitansky it was offered to Von Recklinghausen, and the salary proposed was 25,000 *francs* (£1,000), or about three times the usual salary of such a professorship. But the Prussian Government was quite as anxious to retain Prof. Von Recklinghausen as the Austrian Government was to obtain him, and asked him to say what he wanted. His reply was to demand, as the condition on which he would remain, that there should be constructed a large pathological institute, in accordance with his plans, and in connection with the hospital—an institute which will cause something like £50,000, and will require a change in the fortifications. His demand was acceded to, and he is hard at work now in Strasburg.’”

Prof. Lankester then describes the magnificent arrangement in Heidelberg for carrying on all kinds of research by men whose great business is to add to new knowledge, with the minimum of destruction of any kind. Here, among other well-known names, Bunsen,



"the most eminent of living chemists," and Kühne, the physiologist, the author of the text-book as well known in England as in Germany, have their laboratories and class-rooms; and Gegenbaur is the head of the anatomical institute.

Other names equally great in original research in the various departments of science and other towns in Germany could be mentioned. "Berlin possesses laboratories and museums on a palatial scale, and a perfect army of investigators and students supported by State endowments. Leipzig, again, Strasburg, and Munich, are larger and more richly provided than Heidelberg. All the twenty-one German universities, the eleven Austrian, the four Swiss, and six or more Russian universities (I do not speak of those in Scandinavia, France, Holland, Belgium, and Italy), are fitted out in the same way. In all, medicine is being advanced and developed by the never-ceasing production of new knowledge."

"We, in England," as Mr. Lankester goes on to say, "benefit by this knowledge; we, in common with the rest of mankind, reap the rewards won by the activity of these noble corporations; and yet, it is neither more nor less than the fact that we Englishmen do not possess, throughout the length and breadth of our land, a single institution of our own where such work is done." In the three or four institutions where anything like original research is carried on in this country, the endowments are so inadequate as to seriously hinder anything like complete and satisfactory work. "To speak of these institutions as taking the place in this country of the vast machinery and resources of the Medical Faculties of Germany would be about as reasonable as to compare the pleasure-boats on the Lake of Geneva with the British navy."

Prof. Lankester then sketches the state of things which have come to exist at Oxford and Cambridge. These universities were founded for the purpose of giving education in medicine as well as in theology, and endowment after endowment was made by men anxious that the universities should fulfil their functions with efficiency; but through intrigue these magnificent endowments have been almost entirely filched from the purposes for which they were meant, and the property which was thus consigned to the tender mercies of the Church, is now estimated to produce yearly in each university over £300,000.

"For many years the faculties of law and medicine struggled on in Oxford, growing weaker and more neglected in each decade, until now, after 200 years of this usurpation, there is not a single medical student in the place. In Cambridge the story was very much the same, excepting that there the degradation of the medical faculty has never proceeded quite so far as it has at Oxford, and medical studies are now, we have some reason to hope, being resuscitated in that university by the strenuous efforts of Prof. Humphry and Dr. Michael Foster." We take a few instances from Mr. Lankester's address:—At Oxford, shortly before the destruction of its character as a uni-

versity, the King, Henry the Eighth, had founded a Regius Professorship of Medicine. The office still exists, and is worth about £500 a year, but the present tenant of the office gives no lectures and has no pupils. Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians of London, Mr. Lankester tells us, "left to Merton College in Oxford (in the reign of Henry the Eighth) a piece of land, the rental of which was to pay a lecturer in medicine. Within 100 years the office was abolished, and the money converted to the private uses of the Fellows of the College. Confiding benefactors came forward last century and put down their money, in the hopes of promoting medical study in Oxford. But they did not know—and at the present day you cannot make people believe—how shameless and unprincipled were the bodies to whom they entrusted their money. Lord Lichfield bequeathed £200 a year for the reading of clinical lectures in the Radcliffe Infirmary to the students in medicine of the university. The office is now held by the Regius Professor of Medicine, but no lectures are given. About the same time, Mathew Lee confided money to the care of the governing body of the cathedral house of Christ Church, for the payment of a teacher of human anatomy, and to buy subjects for his demonstrations, but no such teaching is given; the money is applied to other purposes. Dr. George Aldrich, in 1798, left £9,000 for similar purposes, but, at the present day, the bequest bears no fruit for the benefit of medicine."

These are only a few instances of the scandals connected with the history and present condition of our great universities, mainly owing to their complete subjection to clerical influence. The colleges, instead of being lodging-houses for poor students, as they were intended to be, were converted into boarding-schools, into which the Fellows received the sons of the landed gentry and wealthy citizens as pupils, on condition of certain payments. To quote Prof. Lankester:—

"The fees demanded by the College Fellows increased at last to such an extent, and the expense of residing in one of these boarding-houses became so great, that the universities entirely ceased to be popular or national institutions in function, though they were so in foundation. They became the exclusive possession of the clergy and the wealthy classes, and so they remain at the present day. Long ago, students ceased to seek the lecture-rooms of Oxford and Cambridge for the purpose of serious study or professional training. Whilst the Scotch farmer's lad can earn enough in the fields during summer to keep him during a winter's session in the University of Glasgow or Edinburgh, whilst all classes of the community contribute to form the student-world of the German Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, under the influence of clerical domination, have become simply 'finishing schools for young gentlemen' (I quote the words of Prof. Max Müller). Men of moderate means—that is to say, the majority of our fellow-countrymen—now only go

to Oxford or to Cambridge with the view of sharing in the scholarships and fellowships, which are annually distributed there by competitive examination. In their whole tenour, purpose, and being, these places are as different as they possibly can be from their quondam sisters, the universities of Germany."

What Prof. Lankester insists upon is the establishment of a fully-developed and amply-endowed Medical Faculty in both Cambridge and in Oxford, and, still further, the establishment of one or two such faculties in London. We are glad to think that there is an immediate prospect of a great development of the Medical Faculty at Cambridge, where already experimental physiology, human anatomy, and clinical medicine are taught and prosecuted with energy. There is indeed some prospect that in the course of years, when men with a better spirit have sway in both universities, they will be brought to fulfil all the functions for which they were originally established; and we trust that Prof. Lankester's address may act as the little leaven in the minds of all who heard or may read it, and that gradually not only professional men but the constituencies generally, will wake up to a realisation of the immense benefits which are the nation's birthright, but from the enjoyment of which it has for so long been barred.

Prof. Lankester then urges that one, or at most two, medical faculties should be established under the University of London.

"In this way," he concludes, "we might have in London, each provided with ample laboratory, museum, and assistants, two professors of physiology, one of surgical anatomy, one of comparative anatomy, one of embryology, one of botany, one of pathological anatomy, one of pharmacology, one of hygiene, one of forensic medicine, two of chemistry, one of experimental physics, and others of the history and practice of medicine, of surgery, of midwifery, and of psychiatry. The maintenance of such a staff, with their laboratories and assistants, would require an endowment of £20,000 a year, whilst £100,000 would have to be sunk in providing the necessary buildings. This proposition appears Utopian, but all I have to say further in defence of it is this, that in Berlin, Vienna, Leipzig, and other continental cities the thing is done, and on a more costly scale than I have here suggested.

"When such medical faculties as I have sketched to you exist in Oxford, and in London, England will have begun to do her duty by the great profession of medicine. Until then we are but hangers-on of foreign nations; until then we reap where we did not sow, we gather where we did not straw. Until that time I earnestly beg every man who enters on a medical career to remember that he is joining the cause of a profession deprived of its heritage, and to make it his business to reinstate medicine in her seat, and to secure the restitution of her possessions."

Prof. Lankester is not only Professor of Zoology at University College, but a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford: so that he speaks

with full knowledge, and not as an outsider, who might be accused of ignorance and of interested motives. The subject which he has thus brought prominently into notice concerns the highest welfare of this country and the place which she holds among the cultured nations of the world.

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### Song.

Through furious blasts and bursting waves

The sailor seeks the golden shore ;

The soldier, midst a thousand graves,

For fame defies the battles roar,

Then deem not love is lightly got,

Nor months, nor years of pain regard :

Hard is the lover's, soldier's lot,

But rich as Heaven the dear reward.

Then let us to our ladies bright—

Though coldness in their looks appear,

A gallant bumper crown to-night,

And bravely banish pride and fear.

For ours are not the hearts that rove

With selfish haste from flower to flower :

One early, first, eternal love,

Hath fixed us with the spell of power.

To each, to all whom we adore,

Pledge then the sacred goblet round,

And may true hearts for evermore

With friends and maids like ours be crowned.

Catalogue of the Mosses of the Cape Colony,  
ON THE BASIS OF  
MULLER'S "SYNOPSIS MUSCORUM FRONDOSORUM."  
WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF NEW SPECIES.

From the Collections of Prof. MACOWAN, Mr. BOLUS, Mr. McLEA, and the Author

CLASSIS III.—(continued).

TRIBE XIII. POTTIOIDEAE—SUB-TRIBE I. CALYMBERACEAE.

GENUS I. ENCALYPTA (SCHREH)

1. *Encalypta vulgaris* (Hdw.) Probably this species collected by McLea near Graaff-Reinet, but his specimens are too young. Collected there by Bolus and Shaw in 1869; generally distributed in the other parts of the world.

2. *Encalypta ciliata* (Ehr.) McLea, on high mountains near Graaff-Reinet; distributed in mountainous tracts (boggy) throughout the world. Mosses growing on soil, walls, and upland bogs.

GENUS II. SYRRHOPODON (SCHW.)

1. *Syrrhopodon Dregei* (Hsch.) On rocks on the summit of Table Mountain by Ecklon, Windvoegelberg by Drege, and on Winterhoek by Krauss.

2. *Syrrhopodon puniformis* (Hmp.) On moist rocks; Swellendam, by Burchell; also by Ecklon and Zeyher.

3. *Syrrhopodon obliquirostris* (C. Mull.) Collected by Ecklon, Hb. Kunz.

4. *Syrrhopodon recurvifolius* (Hsch.) Collected by Ecklon.

5. *Syrrhopodon clavatus* (Schw.) In Herb. Hook; as from the Cape; also from New Zealand. Mosses found in bogs, decayed trees, and occasionally on rocks.

SUB-TRIBE II. POTTIACEAE—GENUS III. POTTIA (EHRH.)

1. *Pottia Zeyheri* (Hmp.) Collected by Zeyher at the Cape.

2. *Pottia ceratondea* (C. Mull.) At the Kat River by Ecklon.

3. *Pottia customa* (Ehr.) McLea, near Graaff-Reinet. Distributed in grassy fields and humid meadows, and on the margins of ditches in Europe, Africa, and America. Mosses growing on soil.

GENUS IV. TRICHOSTOMUM (HDW.)

1. *Trichostomum systelium* (C. Mull.) McLea, near Graaff-Reinet, on mountains; found in Europe on Bavarian mountains.

2. *Trichostomum rigidulum* (Sm.) McLea, Graaff-Reinet, and Shaw on Katberg, and generally distributed in the Northern Hemisphere.



3. *Trichostomum squarrosum* (Schwgr.) Collected by McLea on Rhenosterberg, near Middelburg; 6,000 feet. Found also in Nepal, India, and in Abyssinia (Herb. Hook).

4. *Trichostomum convolutum* (Brid.) Cape, and distributed throughout Alsatia, France, Italy, Britain, Sardinia.

#### GENUS V. DIDYMODON (HDW.)

1. *Didymodon papillatus* (Hook filis et Wils). Collected by Zeyher at Uitenhage, and distributed throughout New Zealand and Vandiemans Land.

2. *Didymodon trifarius* (Sm.) Zeyher, South Africa. Found generally in the Northern Hemisphere.

#### GENUS VI. BARBULA (HEDW.)

1. *Barbula rigida* (Schultz). Collected by Drege in autumn and winter; and by McLea near Graaff-Reinet. Distributed in Europe, and the piliferous form in Italy and the Cape.

2. *Barbula lurida* (Harv.) On oak trees near the Cape by Harvey; and collected by McOwan near Somerset East, in Boschberg.

3. *Barbula leucostega* (C. Mull.) At Swellendam by Ecklon, October 1828.

4. *Barbula flexuosa* (Hook). Collected by Menzies, 1790.

5. *Barbula xanthocarpa* (C. Mull.) Amongst brushwood near the Zwartkop's River, Uitenhage, by Ecklon.

6. *Barbula muralis* (Hdw.); *var incana*. Walls on the Lion's Rump; May and June. The type generally distributed through the world.

7. *Barbula longipedunculata* (C. Mull.) Collected at Swellendam by Pappe in 1838.

8. *Barbula ruralis* (Hdw.)  $\beta$  *rupestris*. Collected by McLea, McOwan, Bolus, and Shaw, on trees and rocks. The variety is found South of France, Sardinia, and Smyrna. The type is distributed on trees and rocks in the Northern Hemisphere.

9. *Barbula pilifera* (Hook Musc. Exot.) Common at the Cape; collected first by Dickson in Java.

10. *Barbula pilifera* (Hook); *var gracilis*. Cape of Good Hope and in Manilla.

11. *Barbula mollis* (Br. et Sch.) Alyssinia, where W. Schimper first discovered it; by McLea, on rocks near Graaff-Reinet.

#### GENUS VII. CERATODON (BRID.)

1. *Ceratodon Capensis* (Schimp.) Specimen in Kew Herbarium, but locality and collector not named. It is a mere variety, however, I consider of *C. purpureus*.

2. *Ceratodon Stenocarpus* (Br. and Sch.) Humid places, by Ecklon. Distributed on the Neilgherry Mountains, Mexico, Columbia, and Caraccas. Mosses growing on soil.

## GENUS VIII. WEISSIA (HEDW.)

1. *Weissia viridula* (Brid.) Collected by Zeyher near Uitenhage. An extremely variable and generally distributed moss.
2. *Weissia linguaelata* (new species) Monoicous. Leave lingulate, concave, obtuse at the apex. Capsule oblong-ovate. Operculum conicum, with thickened margin. Calyptra, campanulate, acuminate. On rocks near Graaff-Reinet, by McLea.
3. *Weissia rigescens* (Bruch. and Sch.) McLea, near Graaff-Reinet. Discovered in Abyssinia by Schimper.
4. *Weissia tenuis* (Schrud.) McLea, near Graaff-Reinet. Found on sandstone in Europe.

## GENUS IX. ZYGODON (HOOK AND TAY.)

1. *Zygodon tristichus* (C. Mull.) A specimen in Hb. Hook ; collector not named ; is probably *Weissia tristicha*.
2. *Zygodon trichomitrius* (Hook et Wils). Zeyher, in trunks of trees near Swellendam.
3. *Zygodon cyathicarpus* (Mint.) On trees on the Devil's Mountain by Ecklon. Found also in Chile, Andes, and in America. Mosses of sub-tribe Orthotrichaceae confined to trees and rocks.

## GENUS X. ORTHOTRICHUM (HEDW.).

1. *Orthotrichum glaucum* (Spreng) Monoicous. Fort Beaufort, Mundt ; Table Mountain, Ecklon ; Cape Town and Stellenbosch, Shaw, 1867.
2. *Orthotrichum piliferum* (Schimper MSS.) Monoicous. The leaf hair point longer and more contorted than in *O. glaucum*. Capsule contracted near the annulus when dry. Teeth of the external peristome 16 reflexed, ciliae 8, and 8 rudimentary. alternatae. Collected at Genadendal and on trees by Mr. McLea near Graaff-Reinet.
4. *Orthotrichum affine* (Schw.) Trunks of trees in the Cave Mountain near Graaff-Reinet by Mr. McLea. Found in both Hemispheres.
5. *Orthotrichum Eckloni* (C. Mull.) In fissures of rocks on the summit of Table Mountain by Ecklon.
6. *Orthotrichum Macleanum* (new species). Monoicous. Leaves appressed when dry, recurved when moist, lanceolate obtuse, papillose ; nerve continuous. Calyptra campanulate very pilose. Capsule oblongo-ovate, apophysate, conspicuously striate, when dry deeply sulcate. Operculum rostrate. The teeth of the Peristome, geminate, erect when dry. No inner peristome. Annulus sanguineous. Discovered by McLea on trap rocks near Graaff-Reinet.
8. *Orthotrichum recurvifolium* (C. Mull.) On rocks on Table Mountain, Ecklon ; on rocks on Katberg, Shaw. A genus of mosses growing upon rocks and trees.

## GENUS XI. MACOMITRIUM (BRID.).

1. *Macomitrium tenue* (Brid.) Menzies, Burchell, Drege, Dickson, Harvey, and McGillivray near Cape Town on trees.
2. *Macomitrium mycophyllum* (Brid.) Burchell at the Cape.
3. *Macomitrium Dregei* (Hsch.) Albany, 1831, Drege. I cannot see that this species differs sufficiently from *M. macrophyllum*.
4. *Macomitrium lycopodioides* (Schw.) Burchell; on rocks and trees near Graaff-Reinet by Bolus, McLea, and Shaw; Katberg, Shaw. The Graaff-Reinet specimens have indications of a rudimentary peristome.
5. *Macomitrium pulchellum* (Brid.) On the bark of *Protea conocarpa*; Table Mountain by Bergius.
6. *Macomitrium serpens* (Brid.) On trunks and branches of trees, Swellendam, Drege; Olifant's Hoek, Ecklon; Burchell, Shaw near Adelaide.
7. *Macomitrium serpentinum* (Mitt. MSS.) Leaves oblong, obtuse, cirrhose; calyptra glabrous; teeth of the peristome 16; pale, very like *M. serpens*. Folia oblonga obtuse. Collected at Swellendam; Collector not mentioned in the Herbarium Hook.
9. *Macomitrium nitidum* (Hook et Wils.) Collected by Shaw, Katberg, May, 1869. Found also in Brazil. A genus of mosses found in trees and rocks.

## GENUS XII. SCHLOTHEIMIA (BRID.).

1. *Schlotheimia ferruginea* (Hook et Grev.) Burchell and Menzies, in trees at Swellendam; Bolus at Graaff-Reinet, and Shaw at Katberg; Ecklon and Drege also collected it.
2. *Schlotheimia Brownii* (Schwagr.) Dr. Zeyher; New Zealand, Brown, Hooker, &c.
3. *Schlotheimia ventricosa* (C. Mull.) Collected in Oliphant's Hoek by Ecklon. A genus of mosses with the habit of *Macomitrium* found in trees.

## GENUS XIII. GLYPHOMITRIUM (BRID.).

1. *Glyphomitrium crispatum* (Hsch.) Collected by McGillivray, Thunberg and Bergius on rocks on Table Mountain, and by McLea and Bolus, Graaff-Reinet, on rocks and trees; McOwan at Somerset; Shaw, Colesberg and Katberg.
2. *Glyphomitrium cuculatifolium* (C. Mull.) Burchell, McLea, Bolus and Shaw on trap rocks, but never on trees throughout the inner districts of the Cape Colony.

## GENUS XIV. BRACHYSTELIUM (RCHB.).

1. *Brachystelium convolutifolium* (new species). Leaves ovato-lanceolate obtuse, changing from an open base gradually into a convolute awl-like apex when dry. This fine species, the largest of the genus, is easily known from the wiry uncinat appearance of the apex leaves of the stem and convolute margins. Barren. Collected by McLea, Bolus and Shaw, near Graaff-Reinet.

## GENUS XV. GRIMMIA (EHRH.)

1. *Grimmia Eckloni* (Spreng.) On rocks on the Lion's Rump, Ecklon; also at Sweilendam. McLea, Graaff-Reinet; Bolus, do.; Shaw, at Colesberg.

2. *Grimmia depilis* (C. Mull.) Kat River, Pappe.

3. *Grimmia senilis* (new species). Leaves ovate, sub-obtuse, suddenly attenuated at the apex, which is white and diaphanous. Nerve nearly obsolete. Stems simple not fastigiate. Seta erect, short; calyptra covering the capsule entirely when young, when ripe only half. Collected by McLea on rocks, Graaff-Reinet, and by Shaw at Colesberg; by Bolus first gathered at Graaff-Reinet.

4. *Grimmia assurgens* (new species). Dioicous. Leaves papillose, open at the base, ovato-lanceolate, erect when dry, recurved when wet, and at length becoming erecto-patent. Older parts of stems destitute of leaves. Barren. This species has an aspect of *Racomitrium ellipticum*.<sup>1</sup> Collected by Shaw on Katberg, 1869.

## GENUS XVI. HYPOPTERYGIUM (BRID.)

1. *Hypopterygium capense* (Schimp.) Kew (Hookerianum) Herbarium. Locality not stated, nor by whom discovered.

2. *Hypopterygium laricinum* (Brid.) Collected by Menzies at the Cape; also in the Isle of France.

3. *Hypopterygium pennaeforme* (Hsch.) On rocks, by Drege, May 1832; also by Thunberg.

4. *Hypopterygium lutescens* (Hsch.) Collected by Drege; locality not known.

## GENUS XVII. CYATHOPHORUM (P.B.)

1. *Cyathophorum bulbosum* (C. Mull.) Collected by Shaw on Katberg. First collected by Sir Jos. Banks in Australia; in Van Diemen's Land by Labillardiere and Robert Brown; and in the Island of Auckland by Dr. J. D. Hooker.

## GENUS XVIII. MNIADELPHUS (C. MULL.)

1. *Mniadelphus Hornschuchii* (C. Mull.) On trees, Drege, October 1831.

2. *Mniadelphus pulchellus* (Hmp.) Cape Horn by Hooker, and from several parts of New Zealand. At the Cape by Shaw, in forests on Katberg.

## GENUS XIX. FABRONIA (RADDI).

1. *Fabronia pilifera* (Hsch.) On trunks of trees and on walls by Drege, November, 1832; Mr. McLea, Graaff-Reinet.

2. *Fabronia Gueinzii* (Hmp.) Collected by Gueinzii at the Cape.

3. *Fabronia pusilla* (Raddi). McLea near Graaff-Reinet. Shaw at Stellenbosch and near Bedford. Distributed in Italy, Spain, and Abyssinia.

## GENUS XX. NECKERA.

5. *Neckera dentata* (C. Mull.) Locality and collector not known.
6. *Neckera assimilis* (C. Mull.) Collected near Swellendam by Pappe; on trunks *enelea undulata* by Ecklon, near Uitenhage.
7. *Neckera* (*Leptodon*) *Smithii* (C. Mull.) Generally distributed in the northern and southern meridinal regions. Collected at the Cape by McOwan, McLea, Shaw, and Bolus.
8. *Neckera sericea* (C. Mull.) Collected by Mundt and Maire; by Pappe at George, and by Ecklon at Oliphant's Hoek.
9. *Neckera Africana* (C. Mull.) Collected by Ecklon at Oliphant's Hoek. The genus at the Cape is confined to trees.

## GENUS XXI. BRAUNIA (BR. AND SCH.)

1. *Braunia diaphana* (C. Mull.) Collected by McLea near Graaff-Reinet; by Pappe; by Mundt at Swellendam.
2. *Braunia Schimperiana* (C. Mull.) Collected by Shaw on the Katberg; first collected by W. Schimper in Abyssinia.
3. *Braunia producta* (Hsch.) Collected by McLea near Graaff-Reinet on Rhenosterberg; Mundt, Maire, Drege, Ecklon, and Shaw.
4. *Braunia julaceus* (Schw.) Collected by Shaw on Katberg. Collected in Nepul; also in America.

## GENUS XXII. PILOTRICHUM (P. B.)

1. *Pilotrichum flexicaulis* (Mitt.) Fern Kloof, Graham's Town, by McOwan and Shaw. Found in New Zealand.
2. *Pilotrichum fusescens* (Brid.) Shaw on Katberg, 1869. Distributed throughout New Zealand and India.
3. *Pilotrichum capense* (Mitt.) In Herb Hookerianum, Kew, but station and collector not mentioned.
4. *Pilotrichum stellatum* (Mitt.) In Herb Hookerianum, Kew, but station and collector not mentioned.
5. *Pilotrichum exiguum* (C. Mull.) Collected near Philip's Town; in Herb. Hook. and in Herb. Gottsch.
6. *Pilotrichum ciliatum* (C. Mull.) Bolus and Shaw, near Graaff-Reinet, on rocks and trees; McOwan and Shaw near Somerset East; McLea near Graaff-Reinet. A very generally distributed moss on uplands throughout the world.

## GENUS XXIII. HOOKERIA (SM.)

- Hookeria Pappeana* (Hmp.) Collected by Pappe in trunks of trees near Swellendam.

## GENUS XXIV. HYPNUM (DILL.)

(Feather Mosses.)

1. *Hypnum odontotylax* (C. Muller). Collected at the Cape of Good Hope by Drege.



2. *Hypnum complanatum* (Schimp.) In the Kew Herbarium. Collector not mentioned.
3. *Hypnum sylvaticum* (Mitt.) In the Kew Herbarium. Collector not mentioned.
4. *Hypnum senecdictyon* (C. Muller). Woods of Kraggakamma, near Uitenhage; collected by Ecklon, 1832.
5. *Hypnum brachypterum* (Hsch.) In woods; collected by Drege, 1831; elevation 1,500 feet.
6. *Hypnum mucronatum* (C. Mull.) Mundt and Zaire, Hanglip, Cape of Good Hope
7. *Hypnum kraggakammae* (C. Mull. Found in the primeval forest of Kraggakamma, in Uitenhage in 1832 by Ecklon.
8. *Hypnum cupressiforme* (L.) A cosmopolitan species.
9. *Hypnum Gueinzii* (Hmp.) At the Cape by Drege; at Natal by Gueinzius.
10. *Var prostrata*. Found on trunks of trees at Swellendam by Pappe.
11. *Hypnum Dregei* (C. Mull.) At the Cape by Drege; Natal by Gueinzius, and near Swellendam by Pappe.
12. *Hypnum depranophyllum* (C. Mull.) Collected at the Cape by Menzies; locality unknown.
13. *Hypnum maritimum* (C. Mull.) At the Cape amongst sandy slopes; amongst shrubs at Plettenberg, by Burchell.
14. *Hypnum brachycarpum* (Hmp.) At the Cape in the forests of Kraggakamma, near Uitenhage. Collected by Gottsche; in the woody side of Table Mountain by Mundt; and by Pappe in various places not named.
15. *Hypnum sphaerotheca* (C. Mull.) At the Cape by Pappe and Zeyher; on Table Mountain and Devil's Peak by Ecklon, 1824; and at Hanglip by Mundt and Zaire.
16. *Hypnum raphidorebynchum* (C. Mull.) Found in the Forest of Kraggakamma on putrid wood, Zeyher, 1832.
17. *Hypnum implicatum* (Hornsch.) Near Hanglip, Mundt and Zaire.
18. *Hypnum Breutelianum* (Schimp. MSS.) In Herb. Hooker, Kew. The collector and locality unknown.
19. *Hypnum lanceolatum* (Hmp. et Mull.) Found in the Forest of Kraggakamma by Ecklon.
20. *Hypnum versicolor* (Hsch.) On the bark of trees by Mundt and Zaire; in Forest of Kraggakamma by Ecklon, July, 1832.
21. *Hypnum phyllogonoides* (Lind.) Collected at the Cape (Kew Herbarium.)
22. *Hypnum carinatum* (new species) Monoicous. Stem creeping, julaceous, the branches rising up to a slightly incurved summit; leaves of the stem imbricate with recurved apex, when moist erectopate; ovate, acuminate obtuse at the apex, concave; nerve green and nearly continuous, cellules rotund. Capsule like that of *Hypnum polycarpus*, but the external peristome slightly recurved when dry, the teeth linear-lanceolate purple, the inner peristome ochre

## GENUS XXV. ACHYROPHYLLUM (MITT.)

1. *Achyrophyllum aciculare* (Brid.) Collected by Shaw on the Karberg, 1869; found in New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land by Dr. Hooker and others, also found in Australia. The species next to this, *A. densifolium* (Brid.), is from the Island of Tristan d'Acunha.

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Bernard and Edith.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. TENNYSON).

In the fair spring-time of our history,  
 Made beauteous by a veil of poesy,  
 Bernard, the bravest knight of Richard's court,  
 Surnamed the valiant by a valiant king,  
 Loved Edith, a fair maiden of the Weald.  
 Whose features were as fair as her pure life,  
 Which was of spotless innocence. But she,  
 Tho' loving him with all her maiden heart—  
 A foolish, tender heart scarce worth his love—  
 Was often harsh, to prove him; for she said,  
 "He loves me now, but not as I love him,  
 "He loves me now a little, but I am  
 "So poor, so simple, so unlike to him,  
 "The noblest 'mong the noble, that his love  
 "Will turn away to one more worthy him,  
 "To one who shines in Berengaria's court,  
 "To one more fair than I can claim to be.  
 "How can the courtly love simplicity?"  
 So nursed her love, tho' harsh to him, she loved,  
 And sitting in her chamber mused of him,  
 And thought him ever bravest of the brave,  
 And noblest of the noble, loved of men.

But Bernard from the day he saw her first  
 Kneeling beside her father's couch, loved her;  
 And she had 'twined herself about his heart  
 As 'twines the tender vine around the elm.

For once, when passing thro' a woody glen,—  
 Since then the moon had thrice fulfilled her course—  
 He chanced upon a cottage, ivy-clad,  
 A little rustic place half hid in trees.  
 And, weary with long riding, for the West  
 Already glowed a welcome to the sun,  
 And, he had ridden since early morning's break,  
 Opening a door half hid in ivy sprays,  
 Entered to beg some slight refection  
 And shelter for the night; within he saw  
 A maiden bending o'er a dying form,  
 And would have gone unnoticed, but the maid

Lifting large eyes of sorrow bade him stay,  
 And when he spake not, bade him stay again.  
 So he obeyed in silence, all-abashed,  
 Lost in the blue depths of those mournful eyes,  
 And from that hour he loved her with a love  
 Which lesser natures may but wonder at.

But now her harshness stupified him, and,  
 For that there was a tourney three days hence,  
 Which Richard of the Lion's heart had made  
 For his whole realm, to try of all his knights  
 Who was the bravest, the most valiant,  
 He vowed that day either to win her love,  
 Or, perishing, her pity.

For three days  
 Knights came from all the land ; and the third morn  
 A golden sun brought in a golden day,  
 Of golden deeds ; and all that day the sun  
 Looked down on clashing arms, and starting lance,  
 And valiant knights meeting in full career.

And ever foremost in the thickest fight  
 Sir Bernard, who was clad from head to foot  
 In armour black, battled, and everywhere  
 Where his arm fell knight reeled, and every eye  
 Looked on him with amaze as noblest there :  
 So fought he bravely, till, borne done by three,  
 He reeled in turn and fell ; and a great cloud  
 Cast a dark shadow on the tented lists.  
 How long he lay he knew not. For the cloud  
 Had cast its shadow o'er his darkened mind.  
 But when again the day brake in upon him  
 And the cloud lifted, in the twilight hour  
 He saw, in thought, a cottage ivy clad,—  
 A little rustic place half hid in trees,  
 And entering, as he entered once before,  
 He saw in fancy—if indeed 'twere not  
 In very truth—fair Edith ; and the maid,  
 Lifting large eyes of sorrow, bade him stay ;  
 And as he turned and sighed, it seemed to him  
 The maiden knelt beside his couch, and called,  
 And in a voice impassioned bade him stay,  
 She could not part with him ; he must not die.  
 Oh God ! why was she born. And his cold hand  
 Seemed wet with tears and kisses. His great chest  
 Heaved with a deep-drawn breath ; a smile  
 Played faintly o'er his pallid death-marked face ;  
 His thin lips slowly moved, "She loves me now !"  
 "She loves me now," he murmured, and again,  
 "She loves me now !" and murmuring, passed away.









